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The One Hundred and One Best Songs

Revised Twenty-Ninth Edition

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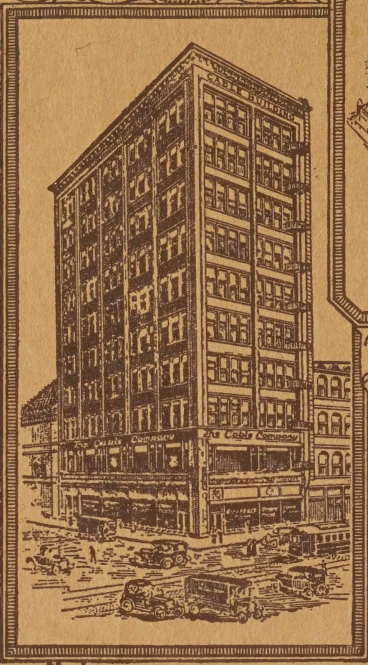

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Revised Twenty-Ninth Edition

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A—National and Patriotic
B—College and Humorous
C—Sacred
D—Songs for Children
E—Songs of Sentiment
F—Miscellaneous

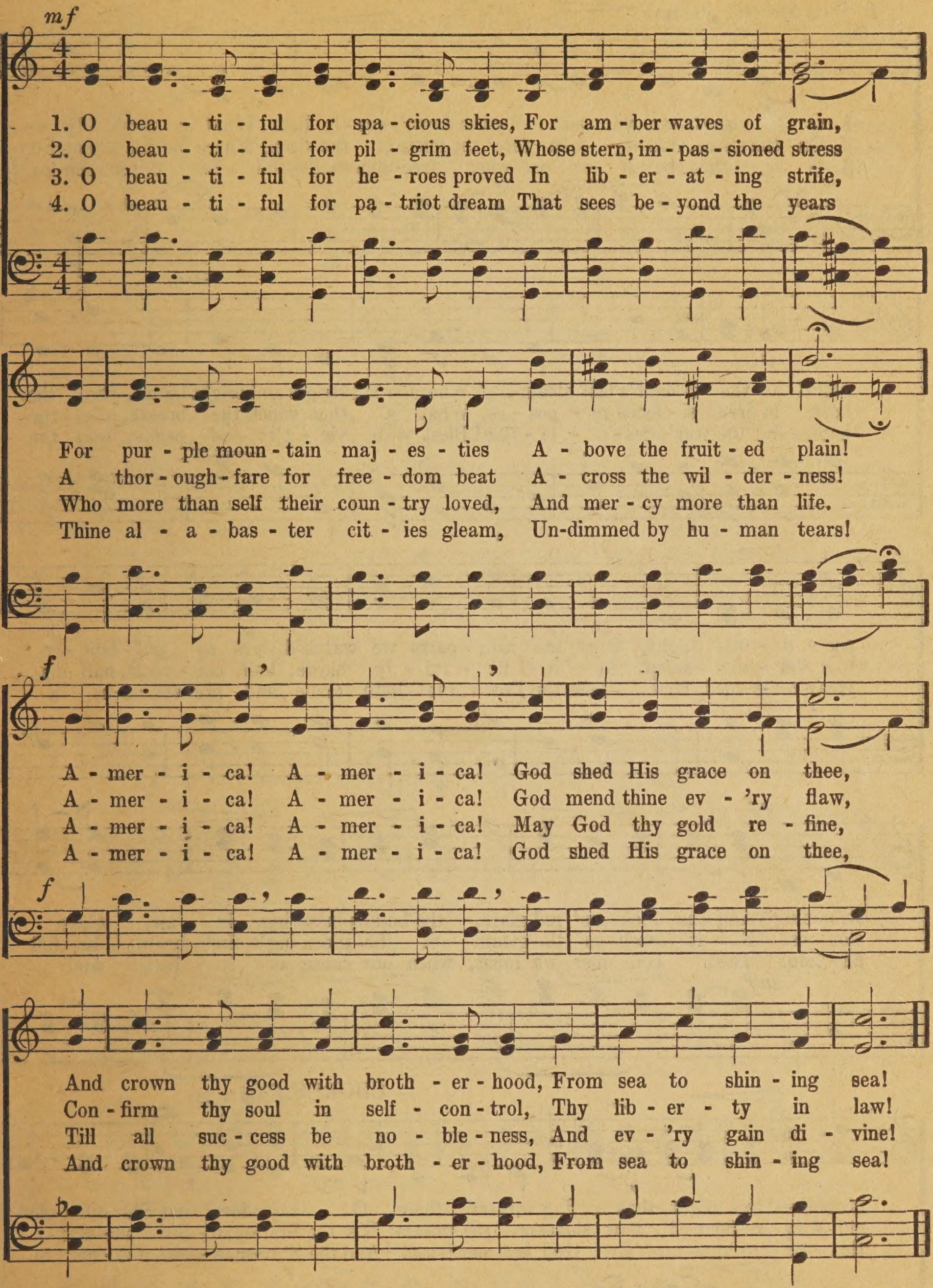
MARCHES WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 32—37—39—71—91

1

America the Beautiful.

("MATERNA.")

Katherine Lee Bates, 1904. Samuel A. Ward.

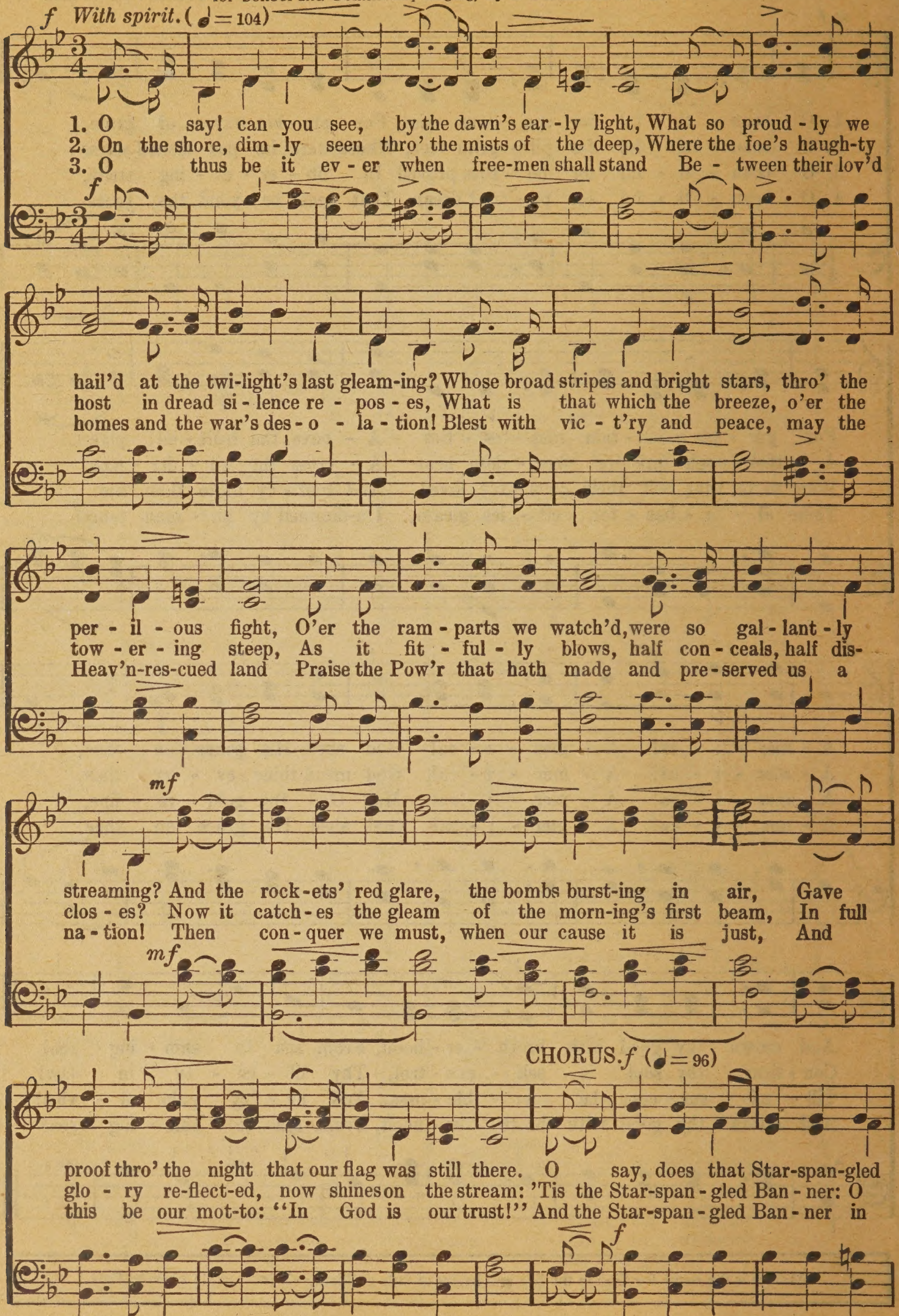

mf
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life.
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
f
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
f
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray's Vanity Fair.*

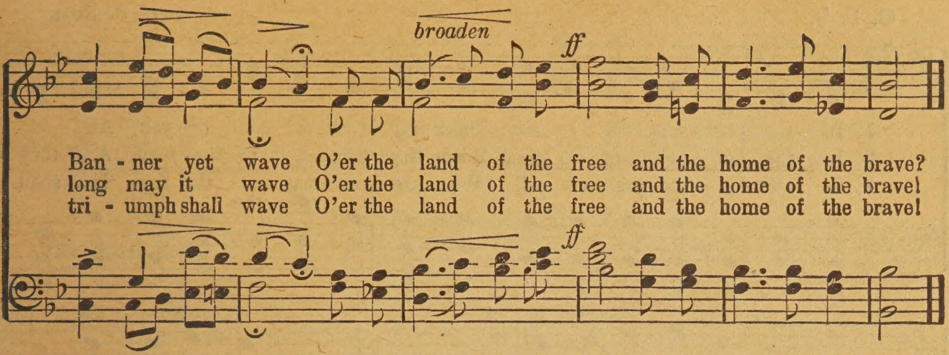
The Star-Spangled Banner.

(Service Version.)

Francis Scott Key. Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12.* John Stafford Smith.


f With spirit. (♩= 104)
1. O say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty
3. O thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be-tween their lov'd
f
hail'd at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the
per-il-ous fight, O'er the ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal-lant-ly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
Heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a
mf
streaming? And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
na-tion! Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
mf
CHORUS. f (♩= 96)
proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O say, does that Star-span-gled
glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner: O
this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in
f

The Star-Spangled Banner.


broaden
ff
Ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
ff

***The Star-Spangled Banner—Service Version.**

The great growth of community singing, and the systematic introduction of mass singing as a factor in the training of the American army, brought into prominence the fact that there has never been an authorized official version of our national anthem. Probably this accounts for the many variations in printed and sung versions. In an effort to bring about greater unity, a representative committee worked for almost a year on this Service Version with the hope that it might be widely used. The Committee of Twelve was composed of the following members: John A. Carpenter, Frederick S. Converse, Wallace Goodrich, W. R. Spalding, representing the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities; Hollis E. Dann, Peter W. Dykema, Osbourne McConathy, representing the Music Supervisors' National Conference; C. C. Birchard, Carl Engel, W. A. Fisher, Arthur Johnstone, E. W. Newton, representing Music Publishers. In their conferences, the Committee were agreed, as a fundamental point of departure, that the Star-Spangled Banner was to be regarded as a "folk song" and that therefore their efforts should be directed to determining what is the present commonly accepted version of the American people rather than to endeavoring to establish the authentic and original version from the historic standpoint. This principle led to a unanimous agreement regarding the version of the melody and the greater part of the harmony. Details concerning the deliberations of the Committee may be obtained from the Chairman, Peter W. Dykema, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

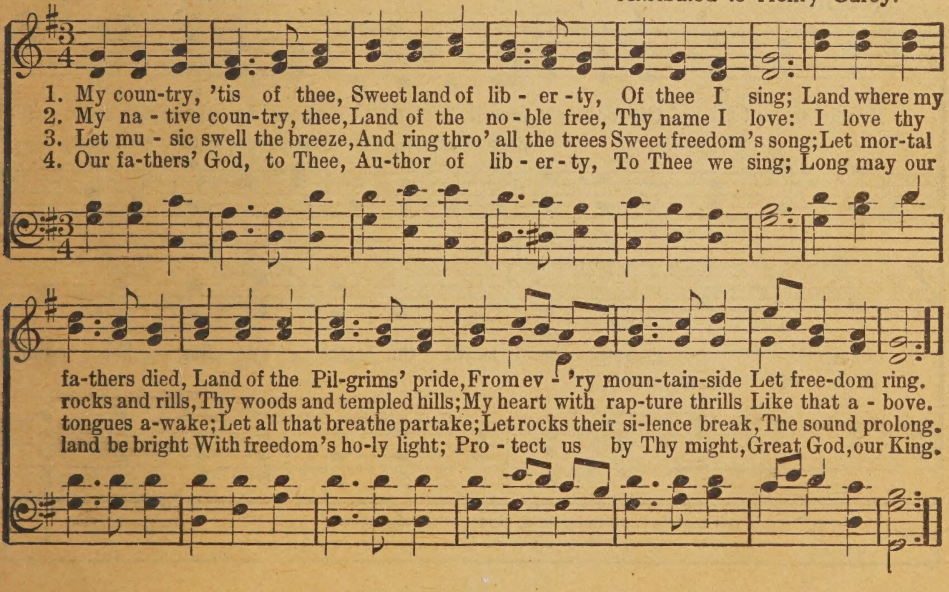
3

America.

(MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.)

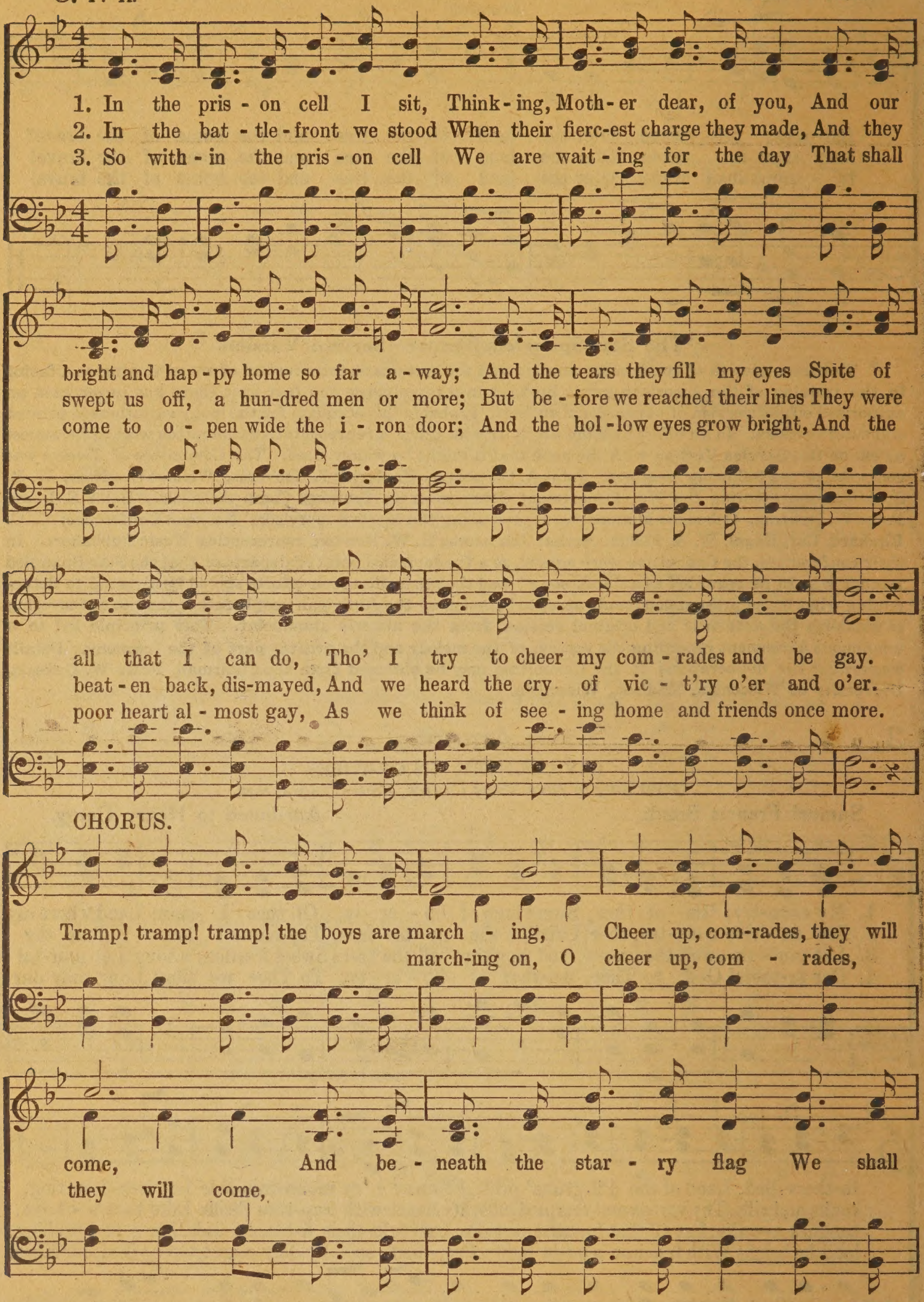
First sung in Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, 1832.

Samuel Francis Smith. Attributed to Henry Carey.


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring thro' all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the Pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

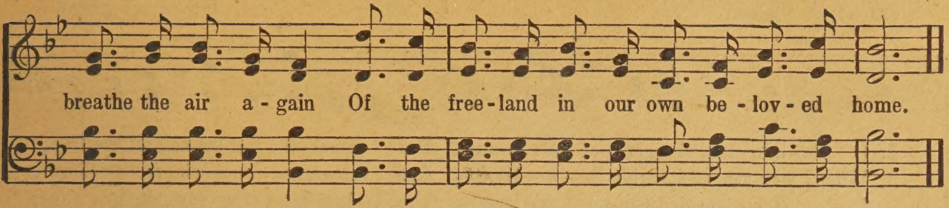
G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. In the pris - on cell I sit, Think - ing, Moth - er dear, of you, And our
2. In the bat - tle - front we stood When their fierc-est charge they made, And they
3. So with - in the pris - on cell We are wait - ing for the day That shall
bright and hap - py home so far a - way; And the tears they fill my eyes Spite of
swept us off, a hun-dred men or more; But be - fore we reached their lines They were
come to o - pen wide the i - ron door; And the hol - low eyes grow bright, And the
all that I can do, Tho' I try to cheer my com - rades and be gay.
beat - en back, dis-mayed, And we heard the cry of vic - t'ry o'er and o'er.
poor heart al - most gay, As we think of see - ing home and friends once more.
CHORUS.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! the boys are march - ing, Cheer up, com-rades, they will
march-ing on, O cheer up, com - rades,
come, And be - neath the star - ry flag We shall
they will come,

Progress is made by work alone.—*Mendelssohn.*

The new scale Conover is the best piano that ever left our factories.

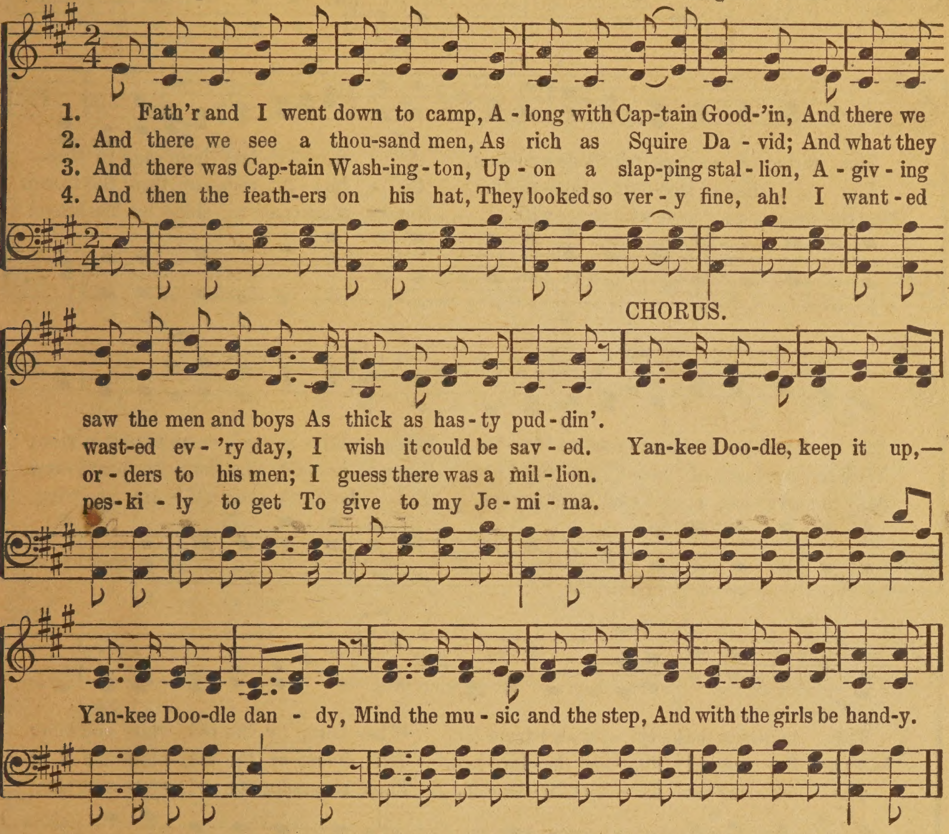
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!


breathe the air a - gain Of the free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

5

Yankee Doodle.

Dr. Schamburg. Old English Tune—1755.


1. Fath'r and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good-'in, And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.
2. And there we see a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid; And what they wast-ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing - ton, Up - on a slap-ping stal - lion, A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil - lion.
4. And then the feath-ers on his hat, They looked so ver - y fine, ah! I want - ed pes-ki - ly to get To give to my Je - mi - ma.
CHORUS.
Yan-kee Doo-dle, keep it up,— Yan-kee Doo-dle dan - dy, Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand-y.

5. And there I see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart;
A load for father's cattle.

6. And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

7. And there I see a little keg,
Its head all made of leather;
They knocked upon't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

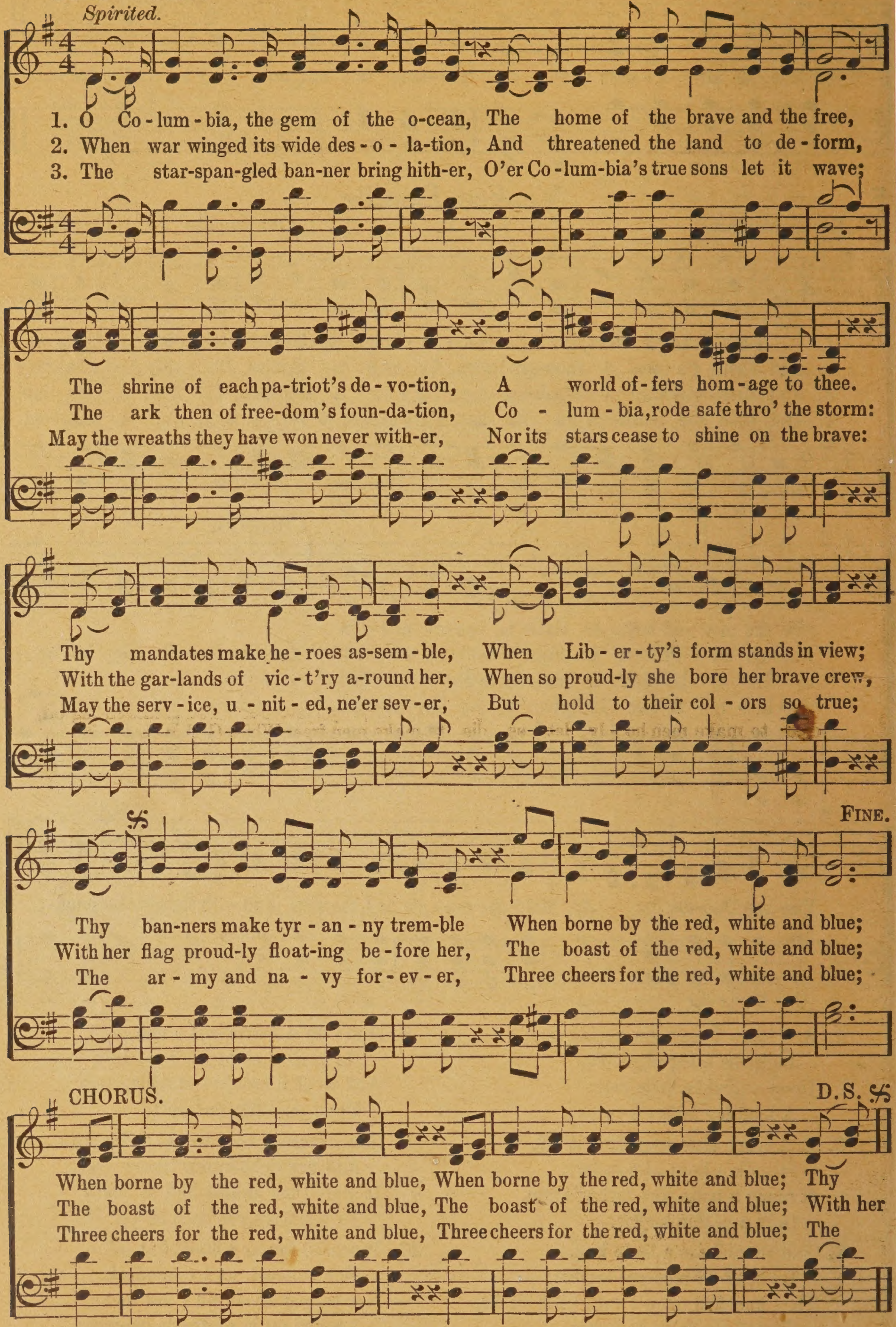
8. And Cap'n Davis had a gun,
He kind o' clapt his hand on't
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron
Upon the little end on't.

9. The troopers, too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

10. It scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

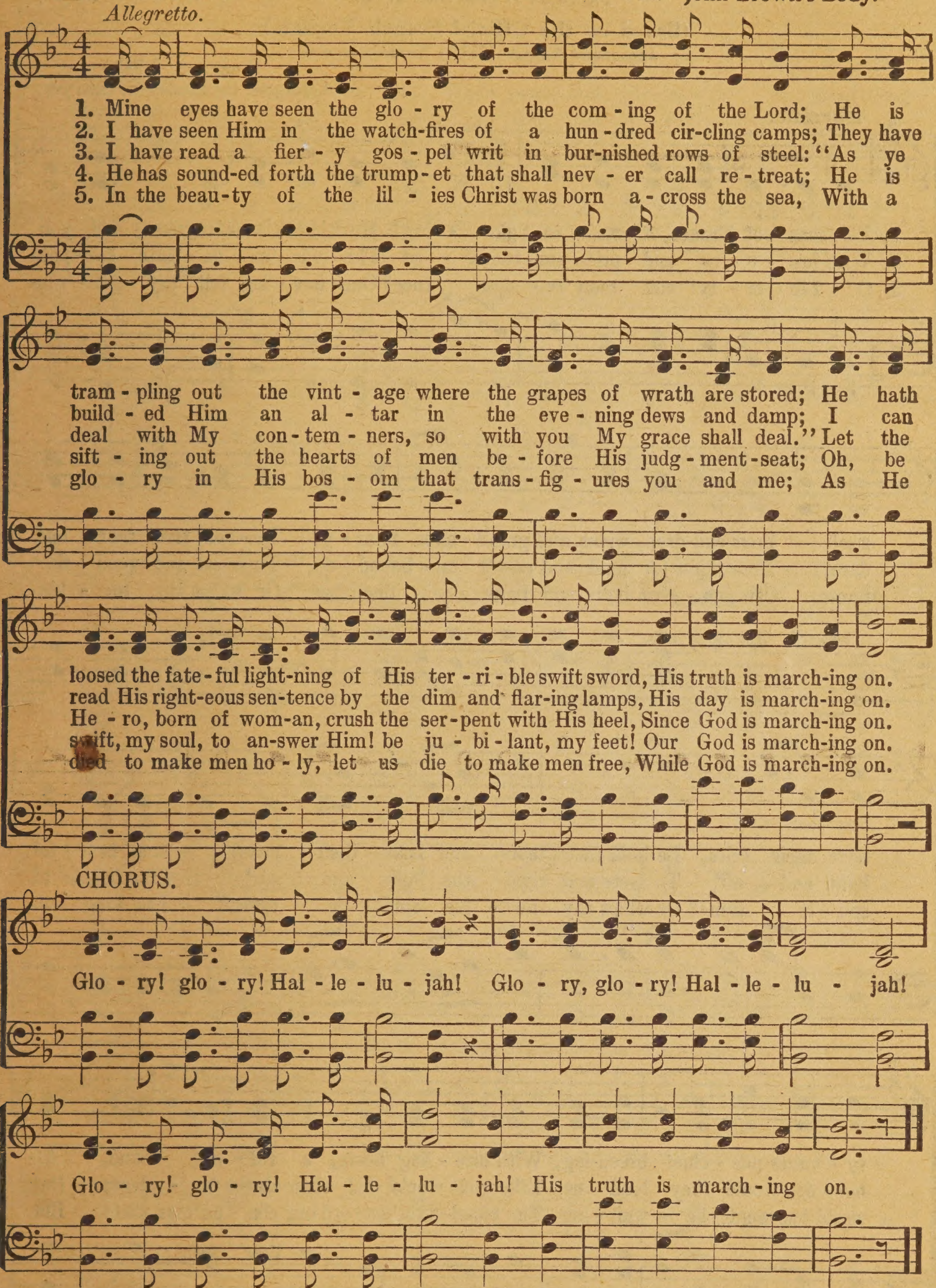
David T. Shaw. David T. Shaw.


Spirited.
1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;
The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:
Thy mandates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With the gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;
Fine.
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble When borne by the red, white and blue;
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue;
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;
CHORUS.
D.S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

7 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe

Air: "John Brown's Body."


Allegretto.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound-ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damp; I can
deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal." Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment-seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march-ing on.
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps, His day is march-ing on.
He - ro, born of wom-an, crush the ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Mrs. John A. Logan, wife of the great Volunteer General, noticed while visiting Richmond, in March, 1868, that the Confederate women decorated the graves of their dead. Upon her return she mentioned this to General Logan, who was Commander-in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He said it was a beautiful custom and worthy of being copied. Thereupon he issued the first order that May 30, 1868, he observed as Decoration Day, and this was so enthusiastically received that Congress made it a National holiday.

La Marseillaise.

FRENCH NATIONAL HYMN.

(Based on the Official French Version.)

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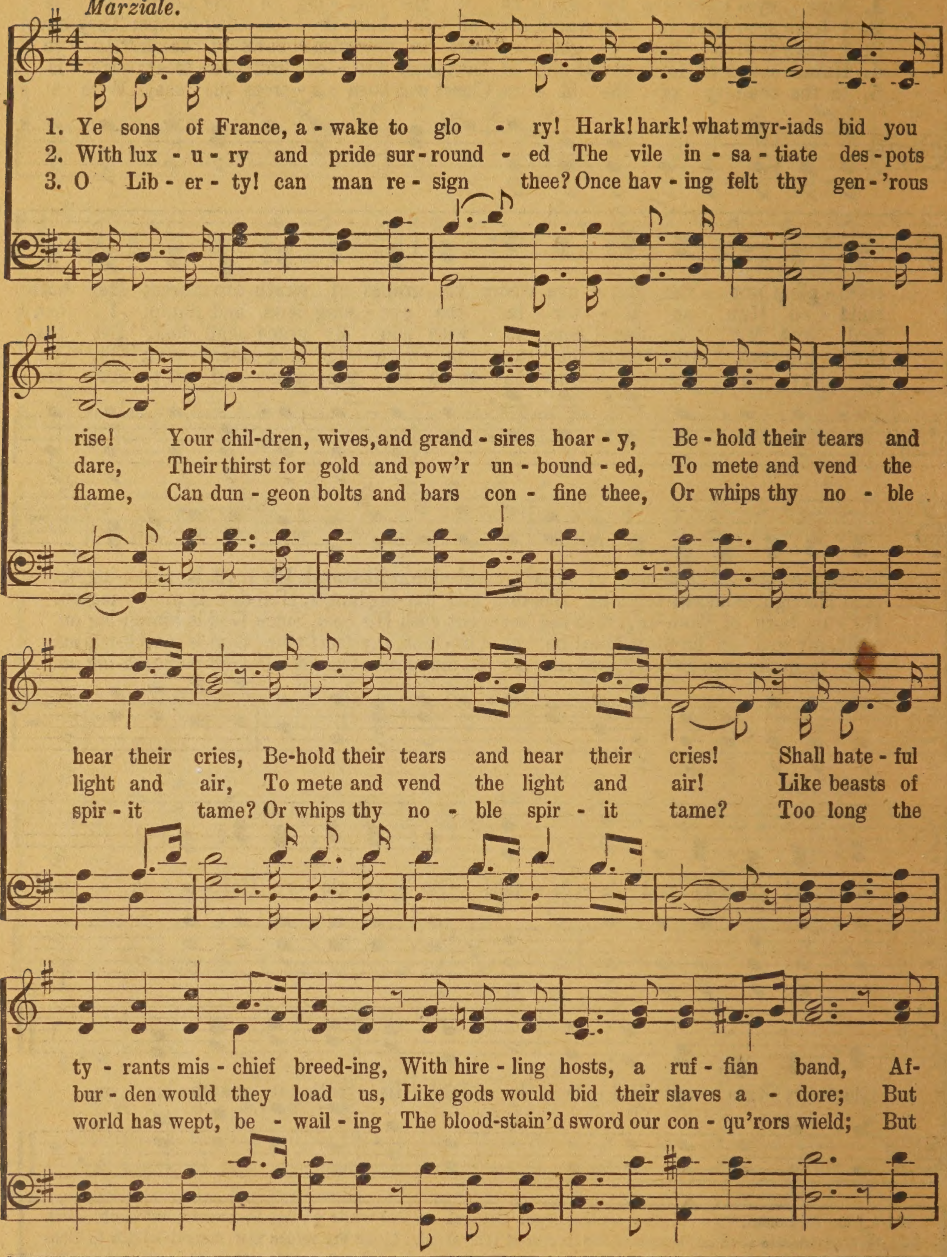
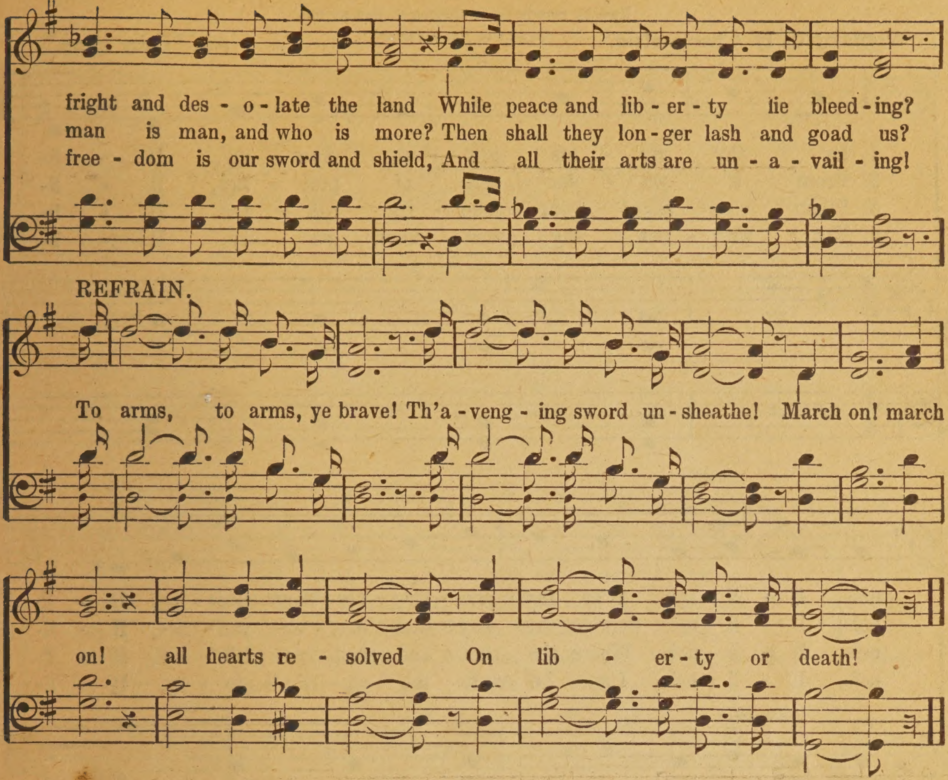
Rouget de L'Isle.
Arranged by Henry S. Sawyer.


Marziale.
1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you
2. With lux - u - ry and pride sur - round - ed The vile in - sa - tiate des - pots
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee? Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous
rise! Your chil-dren, wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and
dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and vend the
flame, Can dun - geon bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble
hear their cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful
light and air, To mete and vend the light and air! Like beasts of
spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the
ty - rants mis - chief breed-ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af-
bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a - dore; But
world has wept, be - wail - ing The blood-stain'd sword our con - qu'rors wield; But

Friendship throws a greater luster on prosperity, while it lightens adversity by sharing in its griefs and anxieties.—*Cicero.*

La Marseillaise.

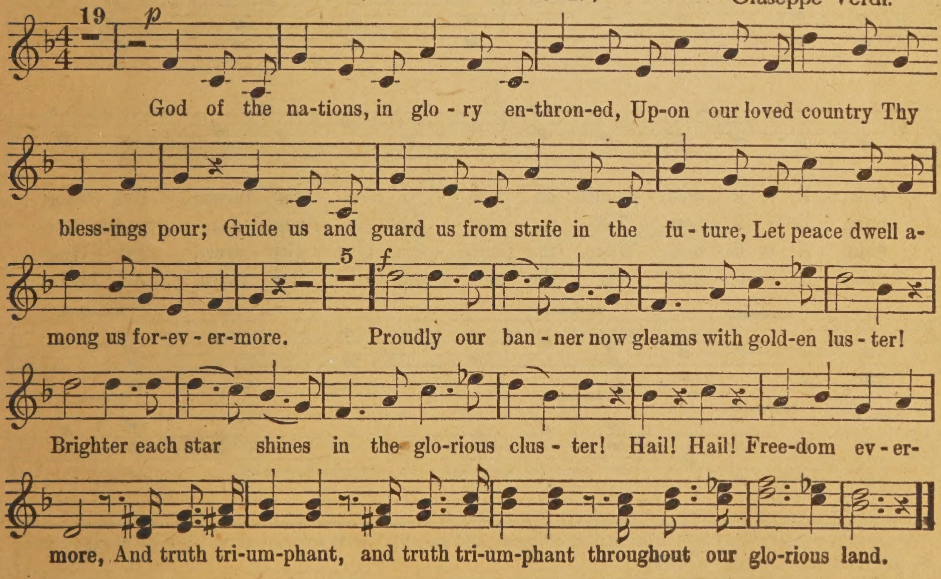

fright and des-o-late the land While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleed-ing?
man is man, and who is more? Then shall they lon-ger lash and goad us?
free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un-a-vail-ing!
REFRAIN.
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng-ing sword un-sheathe! March on! march
on! all hearts re-solved On lib-er-ty or death!

9

Anvil Chorus.

(From "IL TROVATORE.")

Giuseppe Verdi.


19
p
God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our loved country Thy
bless-ings pour; Guide us and guard us from strife in the fu-ture, Let peace dwell a-
mong us for-ev-er-more.
5
f
Proudly our ban-ner now gleams with gold-en lus-ter!
Brighter each star shines in the glo-rious clus-ter! Hail! Hail! Free-dom ev-er-
more, And truth tri-um-phant, and truth tri-um-phant throughout our glo-rious land.

Illinois.

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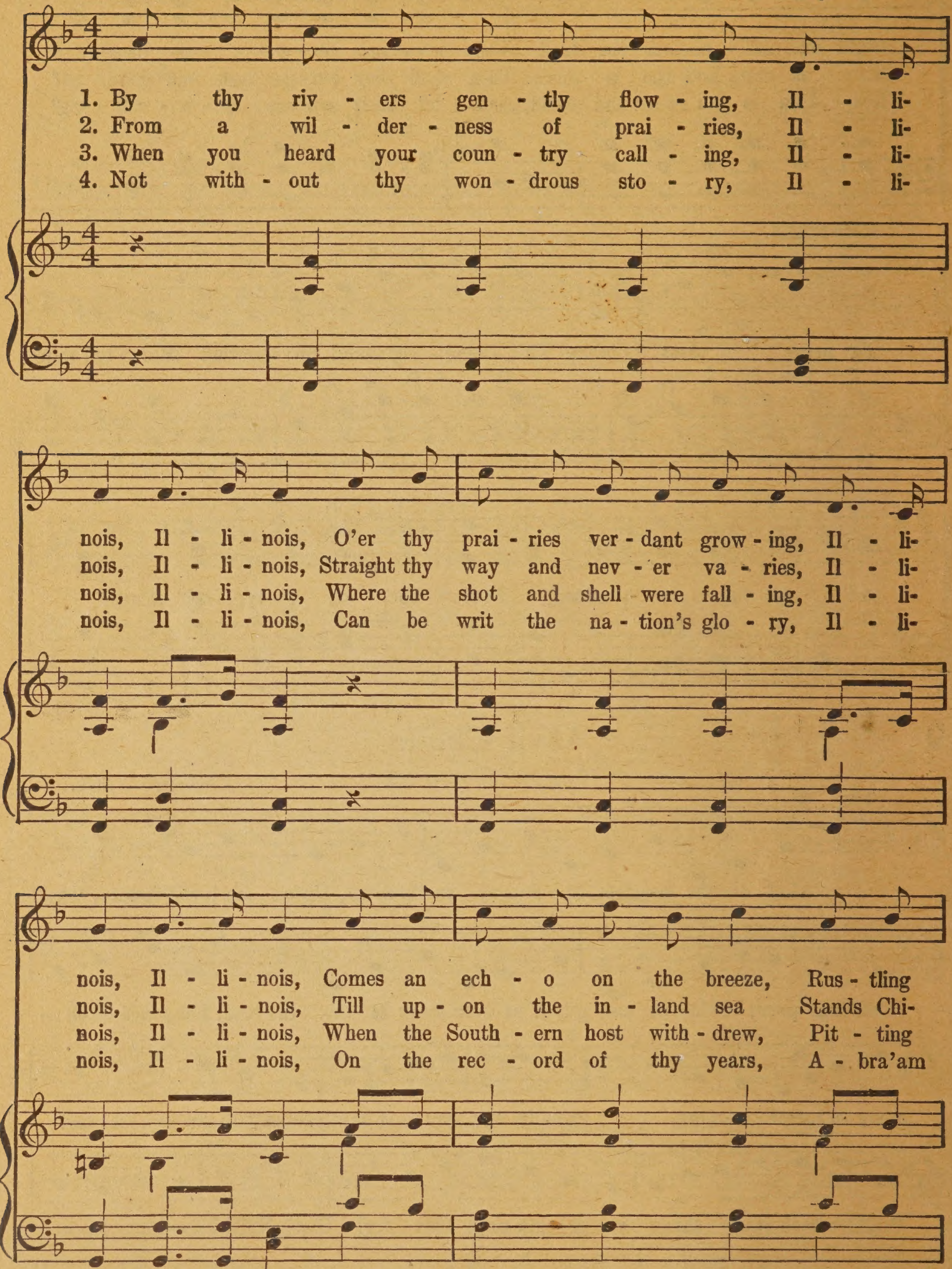
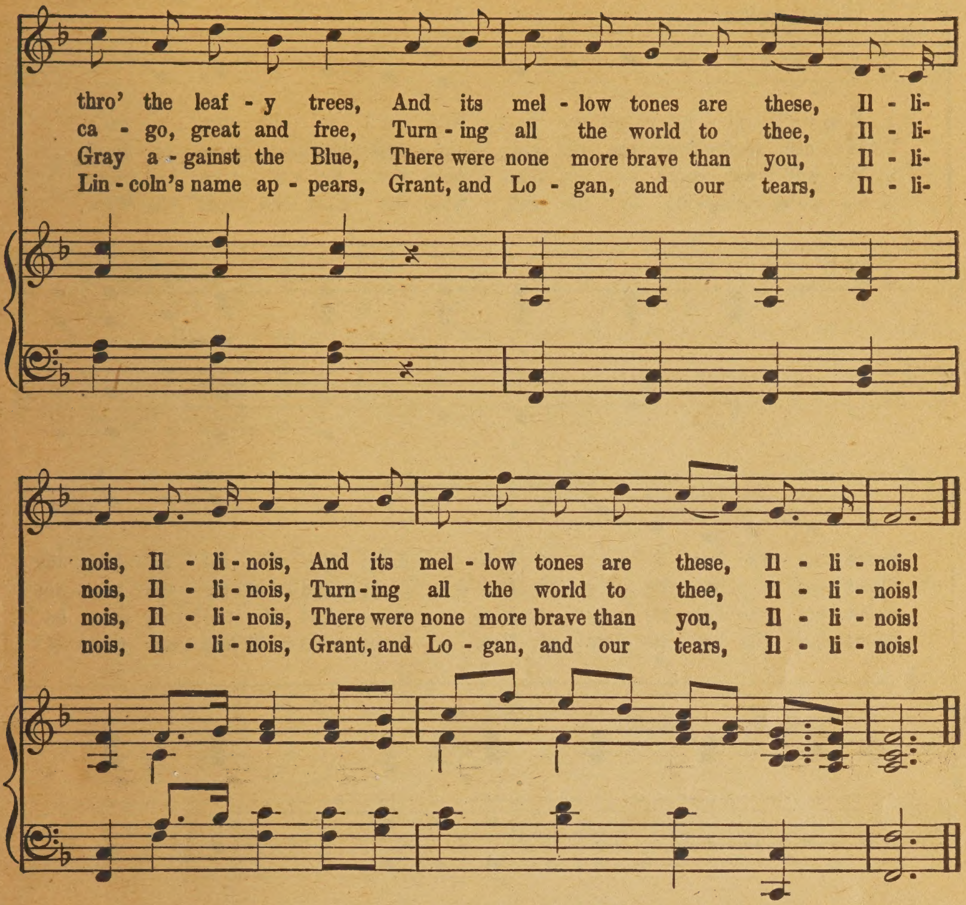
Words by C. H. Chamberlain.

Air: "Baby Mine."


1. By thy riv - ers gen - tly flow - ing, Il - li-
2. From a wil - der - ness of prai - ries, Il - li-
3. When you heard your coun - try call - ing, Il - li-
4. Not with - out thy won - drous sto - ry, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, O'er thy prai - ries ver - dant grow - ing, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, Straight thy way and nev - er va - ries, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, Where the shot and shell were fall - ing, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, Can be writ the na - tion's glo - ry, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, Comes an ech - o on the breeze, Rus - tling
nois, Il - li - nois, Till up - on the in - land sea Stands Chi-
nois, Il - li - nois, When the South - ern host with - drew, Pit - ting
nois, Il - li - nois, On the rec - ord of thy years, A - bra'am

The public school should lay the foundation of morals, and music is clearly recognized as one of the moral forces by all students of sociology.—*Hawley*.

Illinois.


thro' the leaf - y trees, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li-
ca - go, great and free, Turn - ing all the world to thee, Il - li-
Gray a - gainst the Blue, There were none more brave than you, Il - li-
Lin - coln's name ap - pears, Grant, and Lo - gan, and our tears, Il - li-
nois, Il - li - nois, And its mel - low tones are these, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, Turn - ing all the world to thee, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, There were none more brave than you, Il - li - nois!
nois, Il - li - nois, Grant, and Lo - gan, and our tears, Il - li - nois!

5

When the Cubans struck for freedom, Illinois, Illinois,
Uncle Sam resolved to aid them, Illinois, Illinois,
  And for men on land and sea,
  Illinois said, "Call on me!
For the Cubans must be free!" Illinois, Illinois,
For the Cubans must be free, Illinois!

6

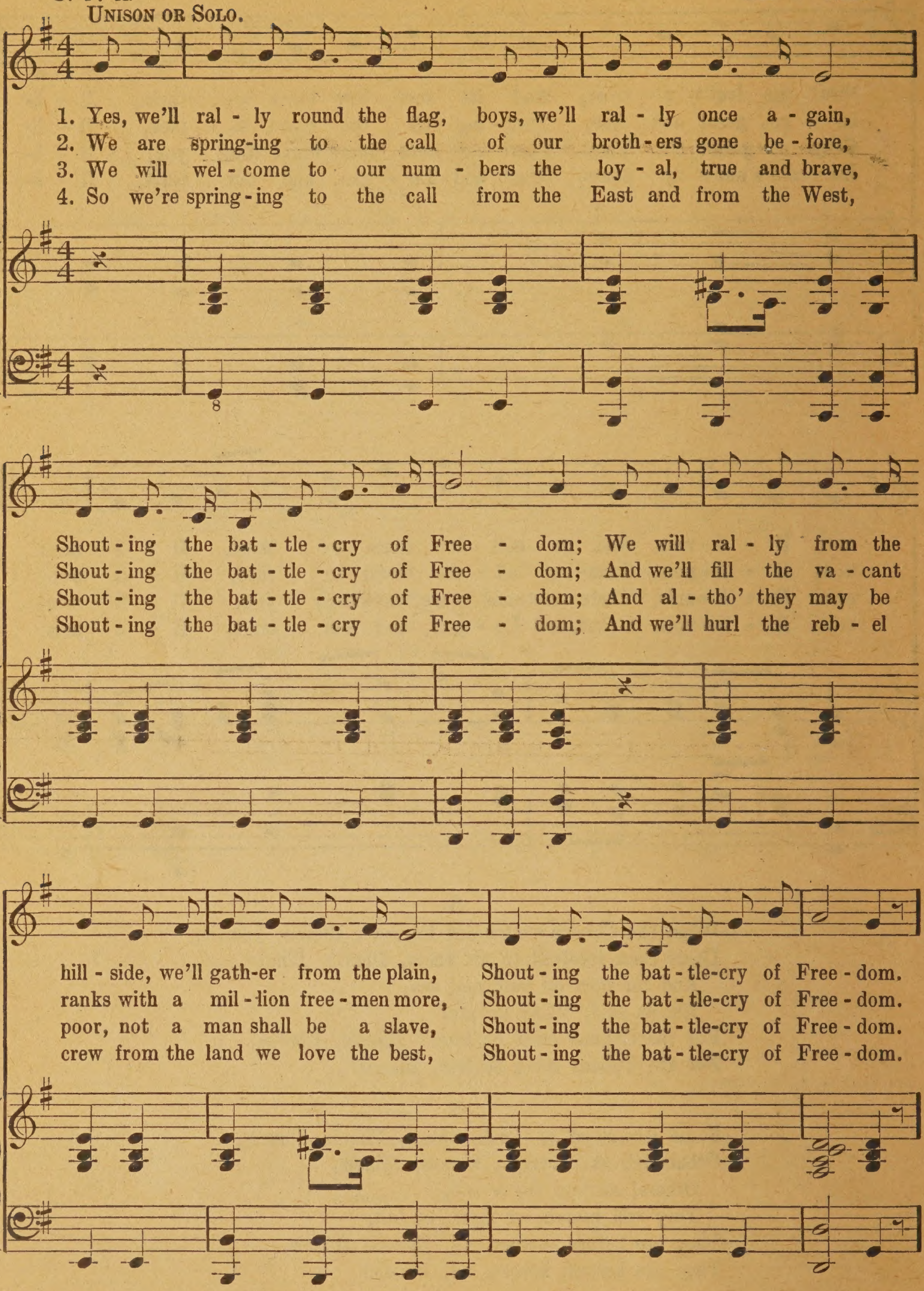
Some encamped at Chickamauga, Illinois, Illinois,
Others fell at Santiago, Illinois, Illinois,
  Others, anxious for a call,
  They will march, or fight, or fall,
They are heroes, heroes, all, Illinois, Illinois,
They are heroes, heroes, all, Illinois!

"Each child in our public schools should be given the chance to the greatest joy in life—the art of music."—*Dr. Charles W. Eliot.*

The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

G. F. R.

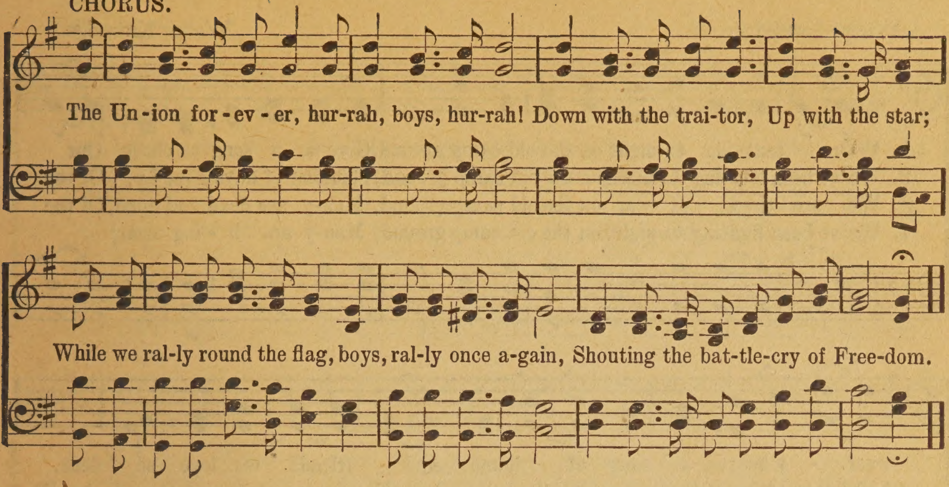
Geo F Root.


UNISON OR SOLO.
1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring-ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,
3. We will wel - come to our num - bers the loy - al, true and brave,
4. So we're spring - ing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And al - tho' they may be
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll hurl the reb - el
hill - side, we'll gath-er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.
ranks with a mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.
poor, not a man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.
crew from the land we love the best, Shout - ing the bat - tle-cry of Free - dom.

> Of what avail the plow or sail
> Or Land or Life, if Freedom fail?
> —*Emerson.*

The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

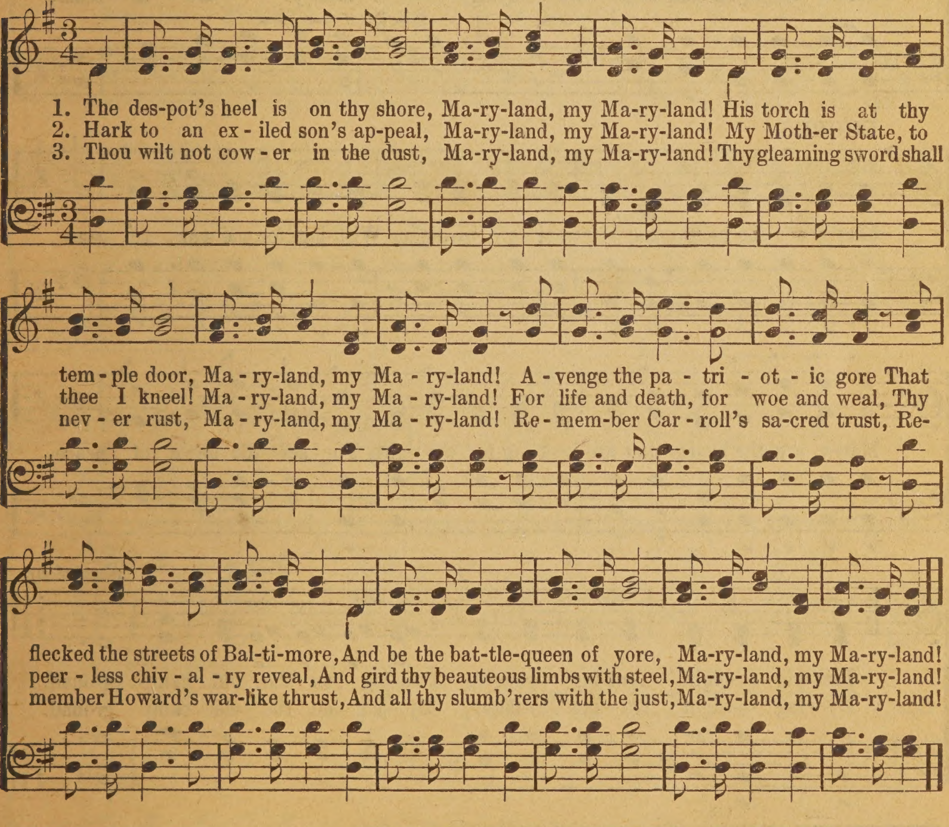
CHORUS.


The Un-ion for-ev-er, hur-rah, boys, hur-rah! Down with the trai-tor, Up with the star;
While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, ral-ly once a-gain, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Free-dom.

12

My Maryland.

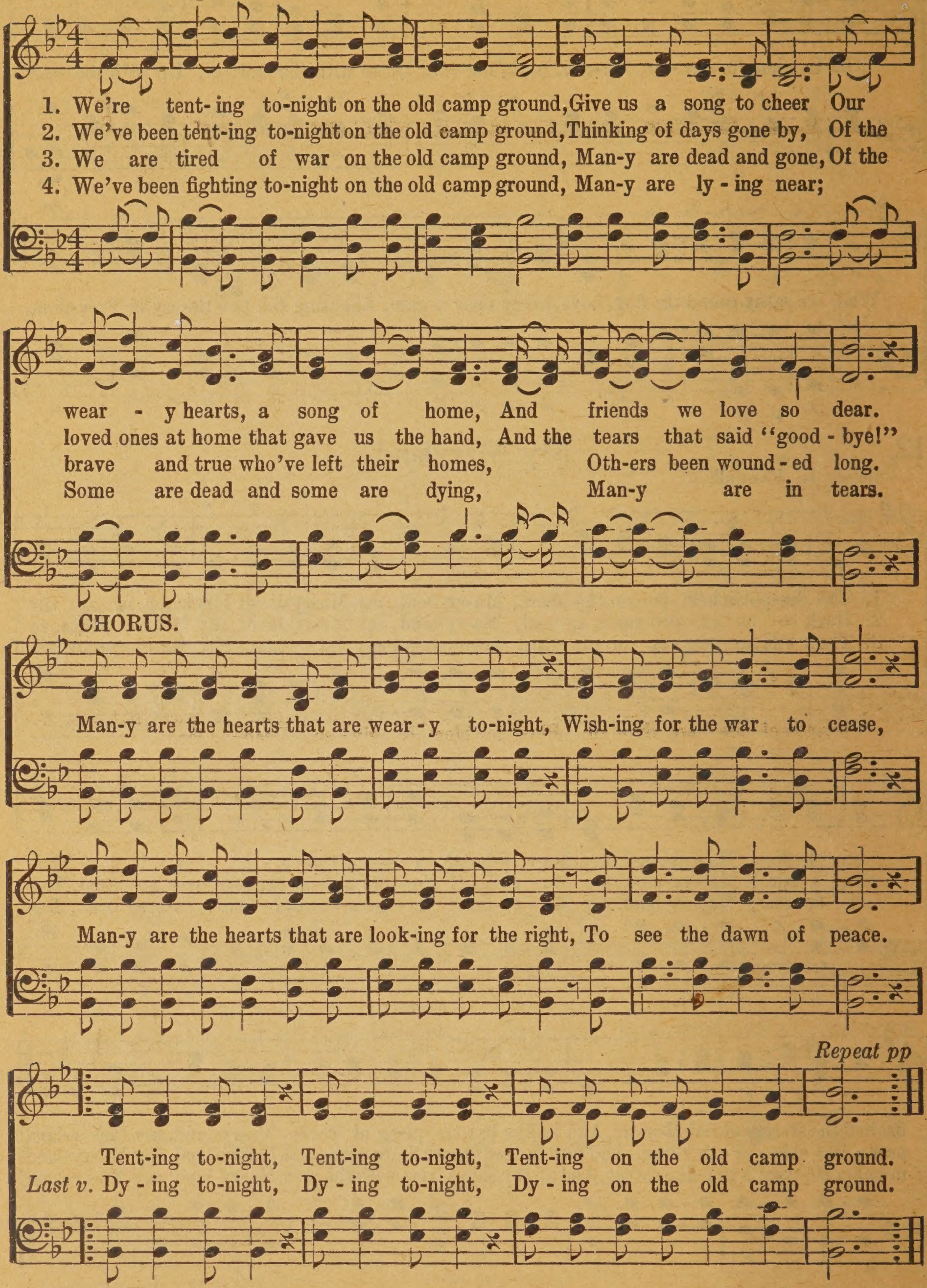
James R. Randall.


1. The des-pot's heel is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! His torch is at thy
2. Hark to an ex-iled son's ap-peal, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! My Moth-er State, to
3. Thou wilt not cow-er in the dust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Thy gleaming sword shall
tem-ple door, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! A-venge the pa-tri-ot-ic gore That
thee I kneel! Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy
nev-er rust, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land! Re-mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Re-
flecked the streets of Bal-ti-more, And be the bat-tle-queen of yore, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
peer-less chiv-al-ry reveal, And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!
member Howard's war-like thrust, And all thy slumb'rers with the just, Ma-ry-land, my Ma-ry-land!

> I count this thing to be grandly true that a noble deed is a step toward God, lifting the soul from the common sod, to a purer air and a brighter view.—*Holland.*

We're Tenting To-Night.

Walter Kittredge. Walter Kittredge.


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our wear - y hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tears that said "good - bye!"
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone, Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wound - ed long.
4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground, Man-y are ly - ing near; Some are dead and some are dying, Man-y are in tears.
CHORUS.
Man-y are the hearts that are wear - y to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease,
Man-y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Last v. Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing to-night, Dy - ing on the old camp ground.
Repeat pp

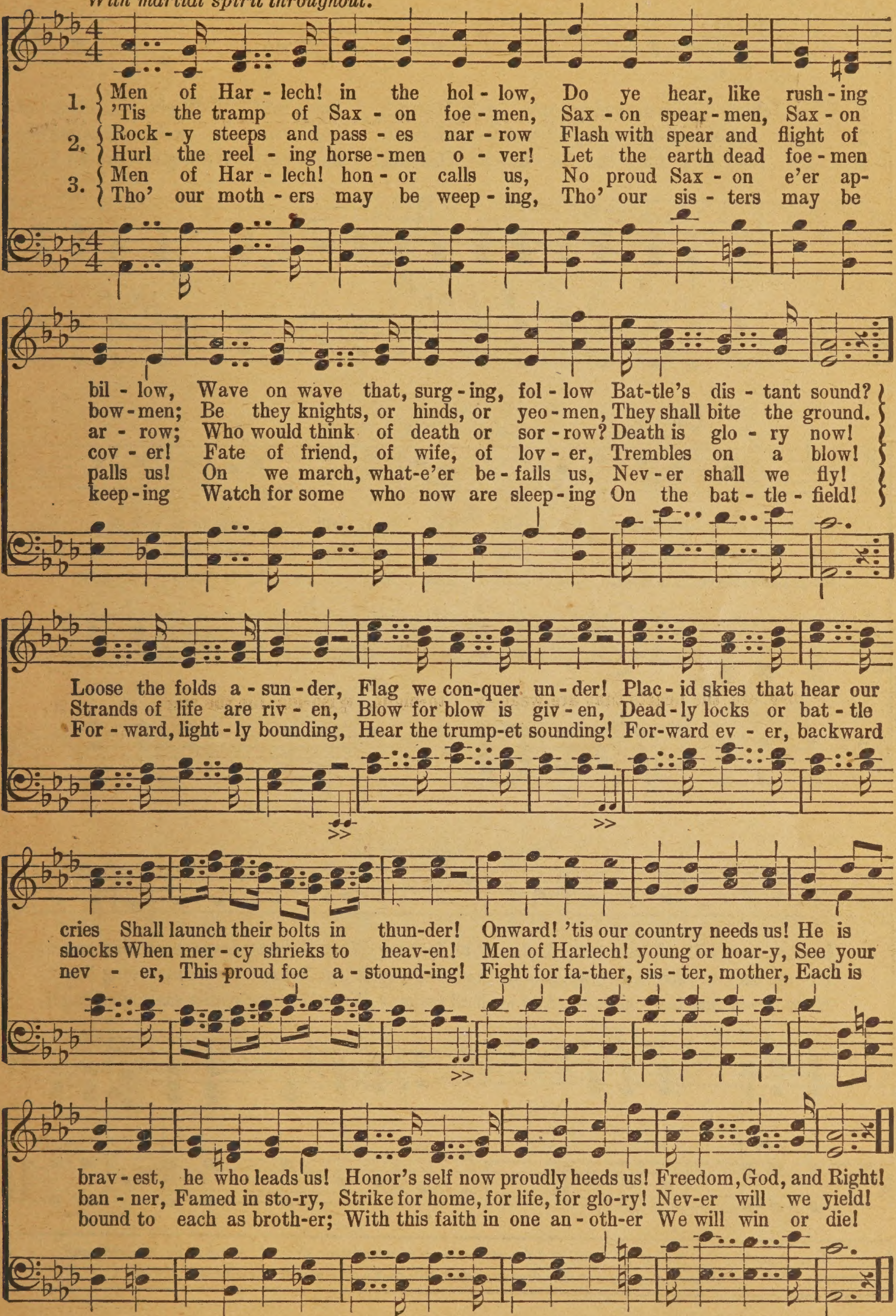
"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."

March of the Men of Harlech!

English Words by
John Oxenford.

Welsh National Melody.

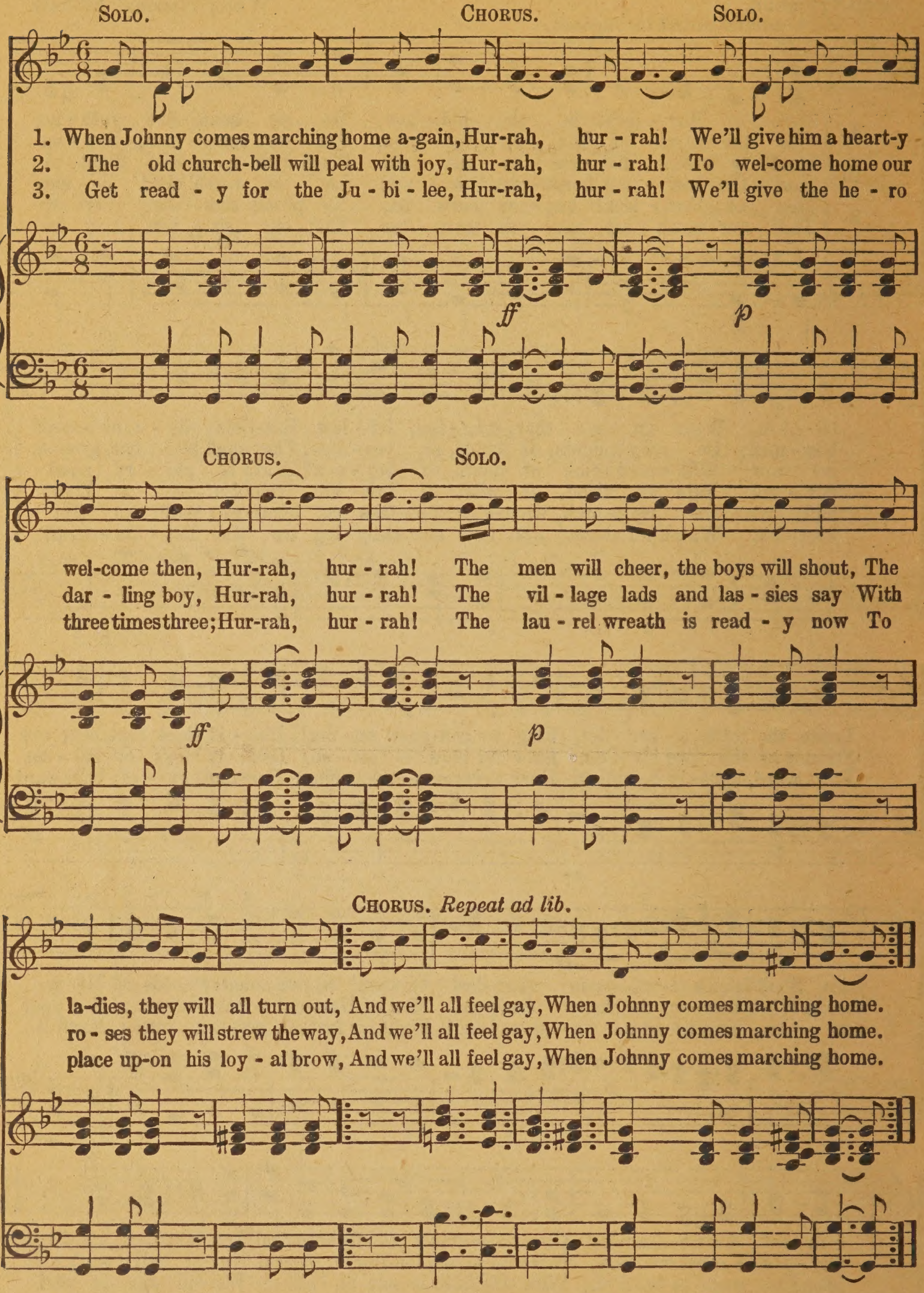
With martial spirit throughout.


1. Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear, like rush-ing bil-low, Wave on wave that, surg-ing, fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spear-men, Sax-on bow-men; Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! Plac-id skies that hear our cries Shall launch their bolts in thun-der!
Onward! 'tis our country needs us! He is brav-est, he who leads us! Honor's self now proudly heeds us! Freedom, God, and Right!
2. Rock-y steeps and pass-es nar-row Flash with spear and flight of ar-row; Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo-ry now!
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver! Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov-er, Trembles on a blow!
Strands of life are riv-en, Blow for blow is giv-en, Dead-ly locks or bat-tle shocks When mer-cy shrieks to heav-en!
Men of Harlech! young or hoar-y, See your ban-ner, Famed in sto-ry, Strike for home, for life, for glo-ry! Nev-er will we yield!
3. Men of Har-lech! hon-or calls us, No proud Sax-on e'er ap-palls us! On we march, what-e'er be-falls us, Nev-er shall we fly!
Tho' our moth-ers may be weep-ing, Tho' our sis-ters may be keep-ing Watch for some who now are sleep-ing On the bat-tle-field!
For-ward, light-ly bounding, Hear the trump-et sounding! For-ward ev-er, backward nev-er, This proud foe a-stound-ing!
Fight for fa-ther, sis-ter, mother, Each is bound to each as broth-er; With this faith in one an-oth-er We will win or die!

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

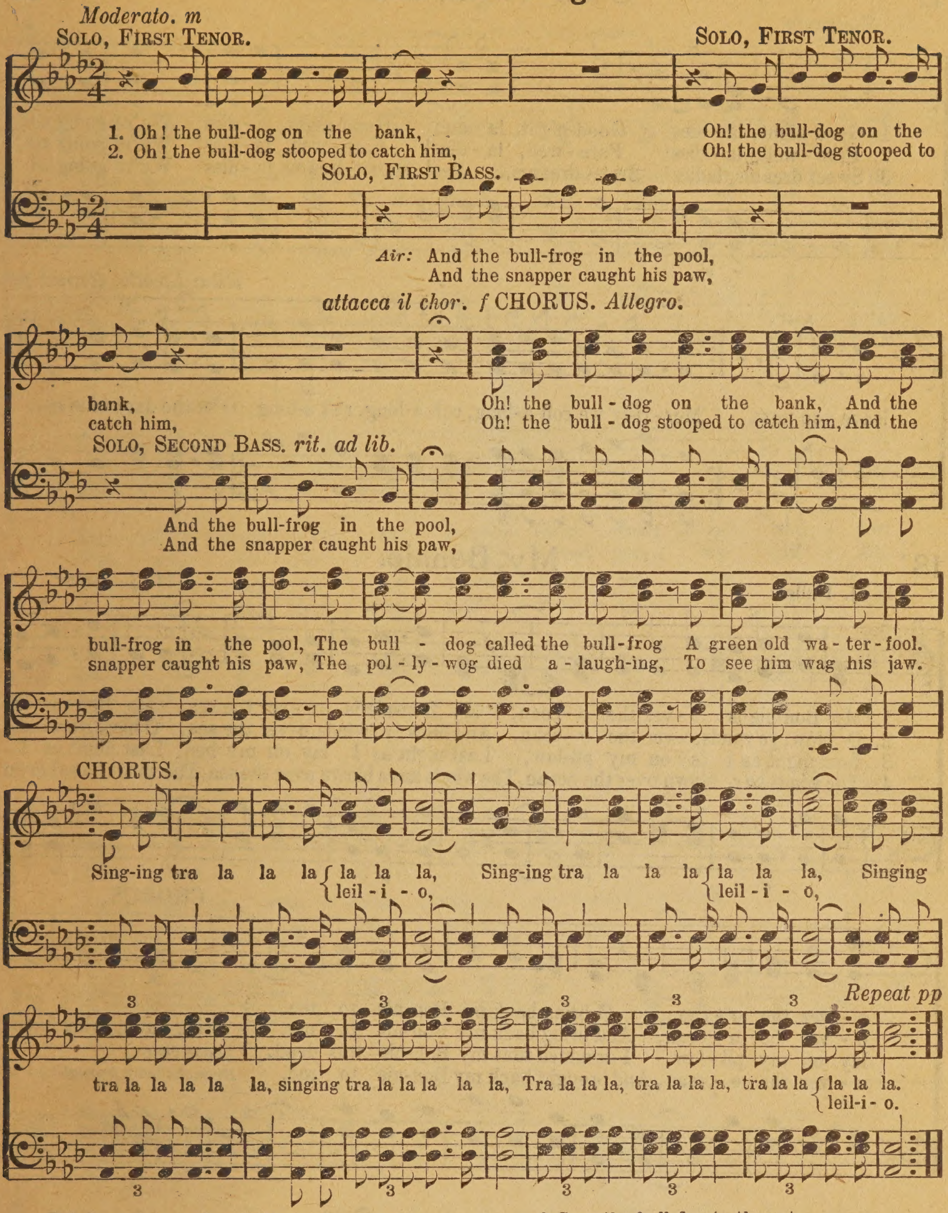
With spirit.

Louis Lambert.


Solo.
Chorus.
Solo.
1. When Johnny comes marching home a-gain, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give him a heart-y
2. The old church-bell will peal with joy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! To wel-come home our
3. Get read - y for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur-rah, hur - rah! We'll give the he - ro
ff
p
Chorus.
Solo.
wel-come then, Hur-rah, hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar - ling boy, Hur-rah, hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies say With
three times three; Hur-rah, hur - rah! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To
ff
p
Chorus. *Repeat ad lib.*
la-dies, they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
ro - ses they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.
place up-on his loy - al brow, And we'll all feel gay, When Johnny comes marching home.

It is character that makes the man, and the character is always being shaped by the daily thoughts and actions. We are building day by day the character that will make or mar our happiness. *Anon.*

The Bull-Dog.


Moderato. m
Solo, First Tenor.
1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank,
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
Solo, First Tenor.
Oh! the bull-dog on the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to
Solo, First Bass.
Air: And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
attacca il chor. f CHORUS. Allegro.
bank,
catch him,
Solo, Second Bass. rit. ad lib.
And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snapper caught his paw,
Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, And the
bull-frog in the pool, The bull - dog called the bull-frog A green old wa-ter-fool.
snapper caught his paw, The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.
CHORUS.
Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Singing
leil-i-o, leil-i-o,
3 3 3 3
Repeat pp
tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.
leil-i-o.
3 3 3 3 3

3 Says the monkey to the owl:
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh! the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practicing the Highland Fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

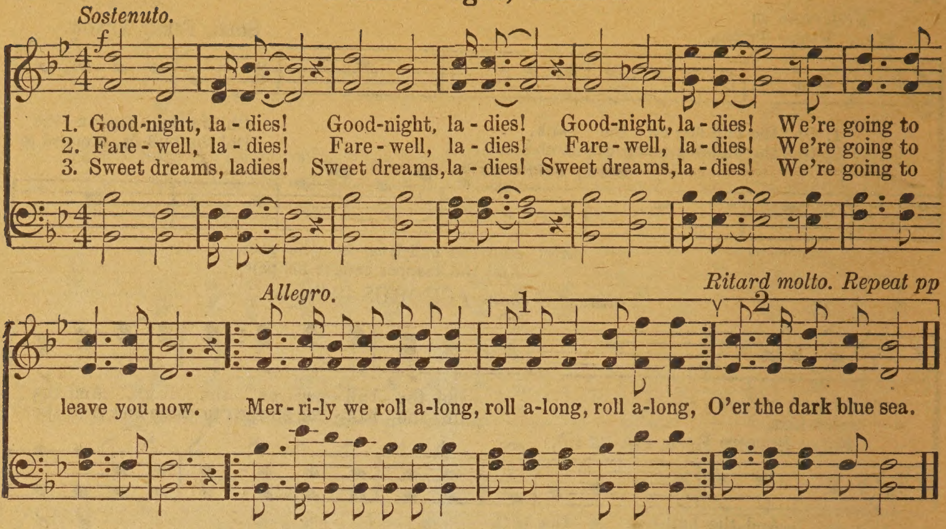
5 Says the tom-cat to the dog:
"Oh! set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to tete-a-tete
With Romeo, incog."

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat:
"Oh! what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night:
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

17

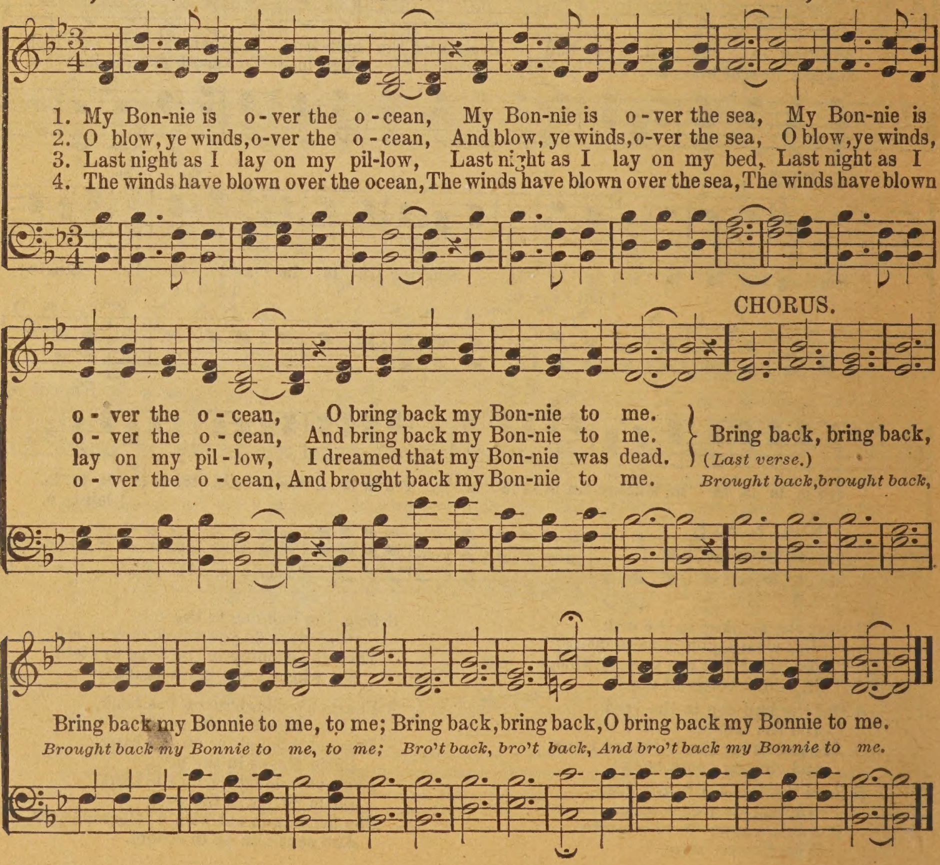
Good-Night, Ladies.


Sostenuto.
f
1. Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! Good-night, la-dies! We're going to
2. Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! Fare-well, la-dies! We're going to
3. Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! We're going to
Allegro.
Ritard molto. Repeat pp
1
2
leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea.

18

My Bonnie.

H. J. Fuller. H. J. Fuller.


1. My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie is o-ver the sea, My Bon-nie is o-ver the o-cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
2. O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea, O blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
3. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed, Last night as I lay on my pil-low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead.
4. The winds have blown over the ocean, The winds have blown over the sea, The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, And brought back my Bon-nie to me.
CHORUS.
Bring back, bring back,
(Last verse.)
Brought back, brought back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bonnie to me.
Brought back my Bonnie to me, to me; Bro't back, bro't back, And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

19 Santa Lucia.*

English words by
Theo. Marzials.

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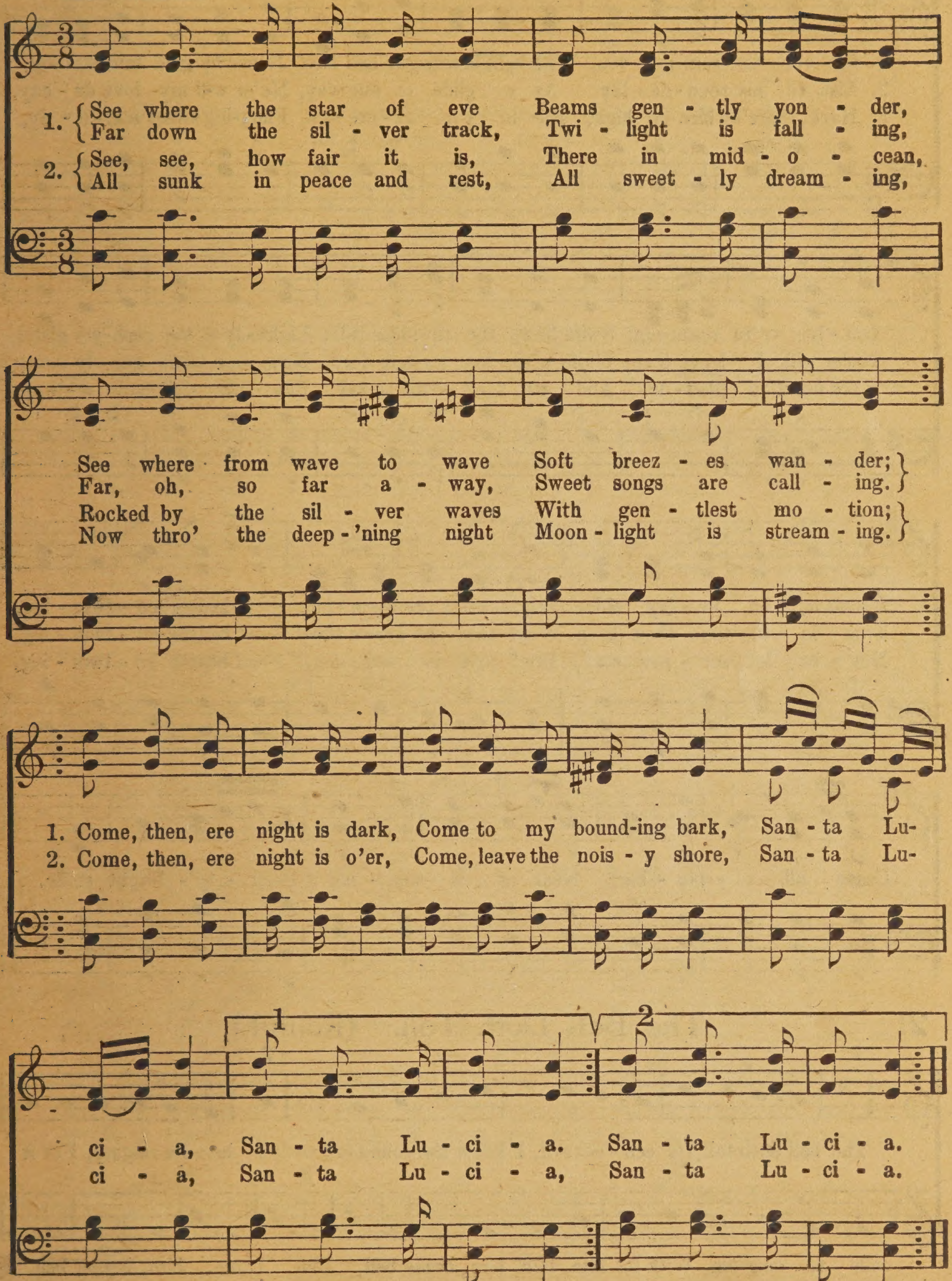
Arr.
W. A. W.


1. See where the star of eve Beams gen - tly yon - der,
Far down the sil - ver track, Twi - light is fall - ing,
2. See, see, how fair it is, There in mid - o - cean,
All sunk in peace and rest, All sweet - ly dream - ing,
See where from wave to wave Soft breez - es wan - der;
Far, oh, so far a - way, Sweet songs are call - ing.
Rocked by the sil - ver waves With gen - tlest mo - tion;
Now thro' the deep - 'ning night Moon - light is stream - ing.
1. Come, then, ere night is dark, Come to my bound-ing bark, San - ta Lu- ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a.
2. Come, then, ere night is o'er, Come, leave the nois - y shore, San - ta Lu- ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a,
1
2
San - ta Lu - ci - a.
San - ta Lu - ci - a.

*Pronounced Lu-chē'-a.

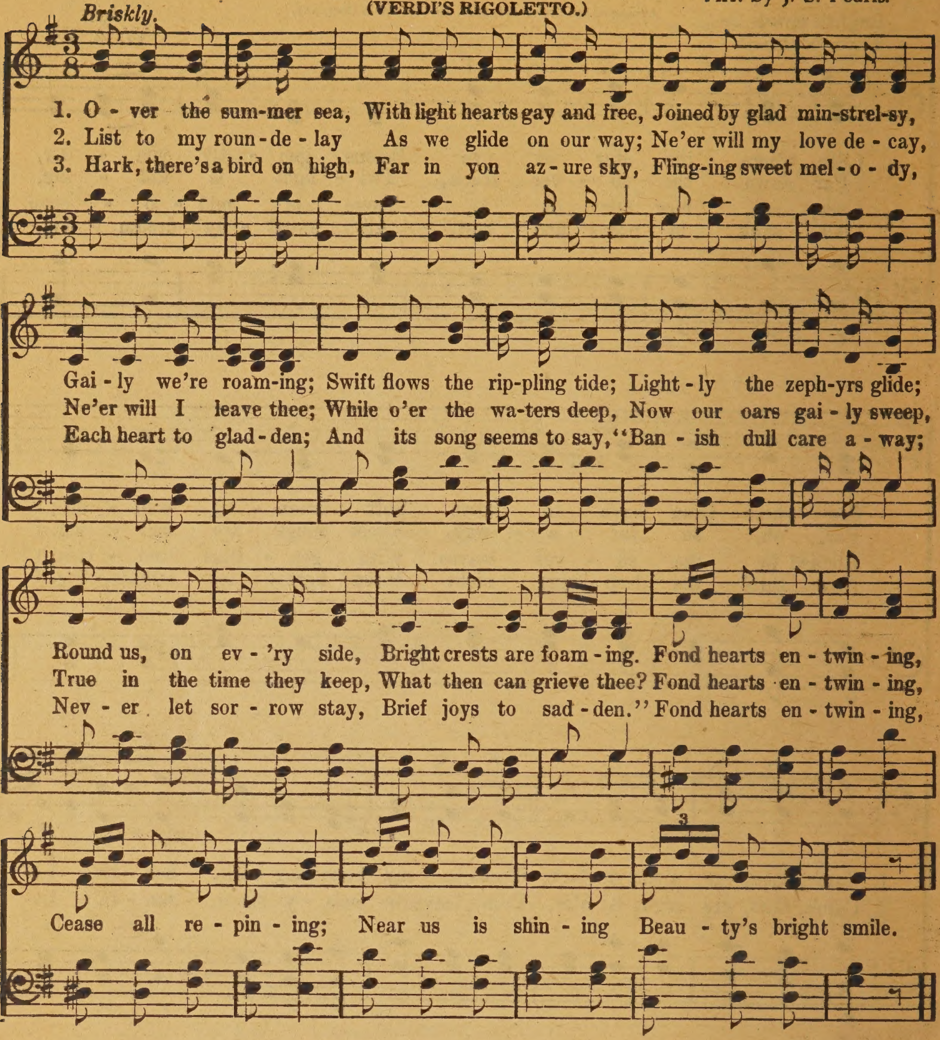
Life without industry is Guilt:
Industry without Art is Brutality.—*John Ruskin.*

Over the Summer Sea.

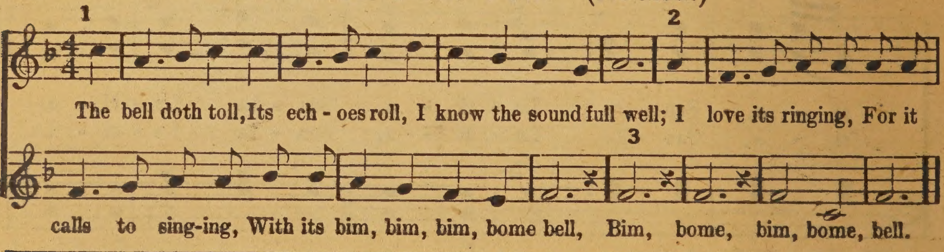
Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

(VERDI'S RIGOLETTO.)

Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


Briskly.
1. O - ver the sum-mer sea, With light hearts gay and free, Joined by glad min-strel-sy,
2. List to my roun-de - lay As we glide on our way; Ne'er will my love de - cay,
3. Hark, there's a bird on high, Far in yon az - ure sky, Fling-ing sweet mel - o - dy,
Gai - ly we're roam-ing; Swift flows the rip-pling tide; Light - ly the zeph-yrs glide;
Ne'er will I leave thee; While o'er the wa-ters deep, Now our oars gai - ly sweep,
Each heart to glad - den; And its song seems to say, "Ban - ish dull care a - way;
Round us, on ev - 'ry side, Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
True in the time they keep, What then can grieve thee? Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Nev - er let sor - row stay, Brief joys to sad - den." Fond hearts en - twin - ing,
Cease all re - pin - ing; Near us is shin - ing Beau - ty's bright smile.

21 The Bell Doth Toll. (Round.)


1
2
3
The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well; I love its ringing, For it
calls to sing-ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bome bell, Bim, bome, bim, bome, bell.

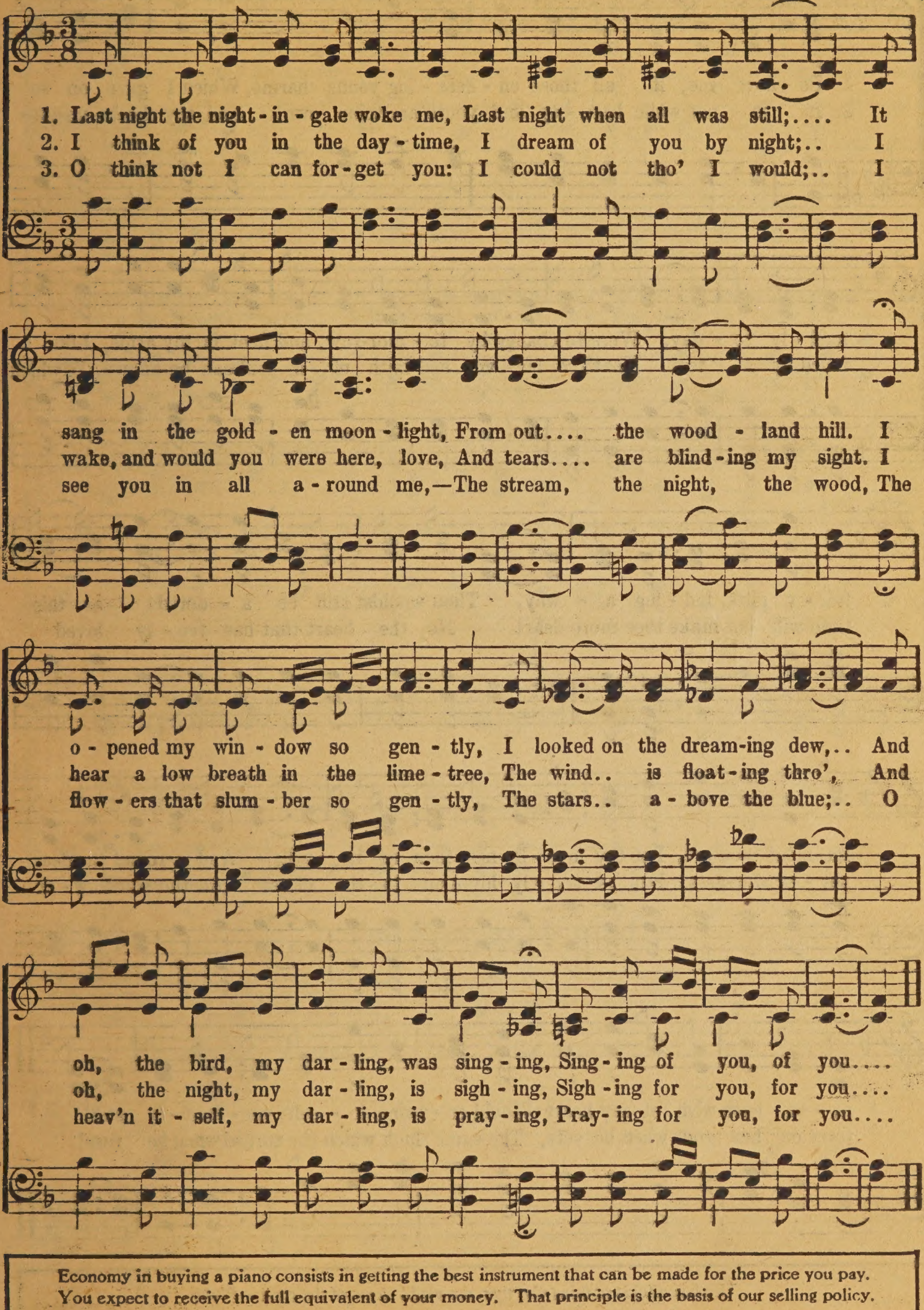
"The Kingsbury Piano reached us in fine condition and we are delighted with it. The piano was in perfect condition in every way, which speaks highly for it, when you consider the many thousands of miles it has traveled. We cheerfully recommend it."—*Herbert E. House, Tientsin, China.*

Last Night.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

Theo. Marzials, after German
trans. by Chr. Winter from Swedish.

Halfdan Kjerulf.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still;.... It
2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night;.. I
3. O think not I can for-get you: I could not tho' I would;.. I
sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out.... the wood-land hill. I
wake, and would you were here, love, And tears.... are blind-ing my sight. I
see you in all a-round me,—The stream, the night, the wood, The
o-pened my win-dow so gen-tly, I looked on the dream-ing dew,.. And
hear a low breath in the lime-tree, The wind.. is float-ing thro', And
flow-ers that slum-ber so gen-tly, The stars.. a-bove the blue;.. O
oh, the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing, Sing-ing of you, of you....
oh, the night, my dar-ling, is sigh-ing, Sigh-ing for you, for you....
heav'n it-self, my dar-ling, is pray-ing, Pray-ing for you, for you....

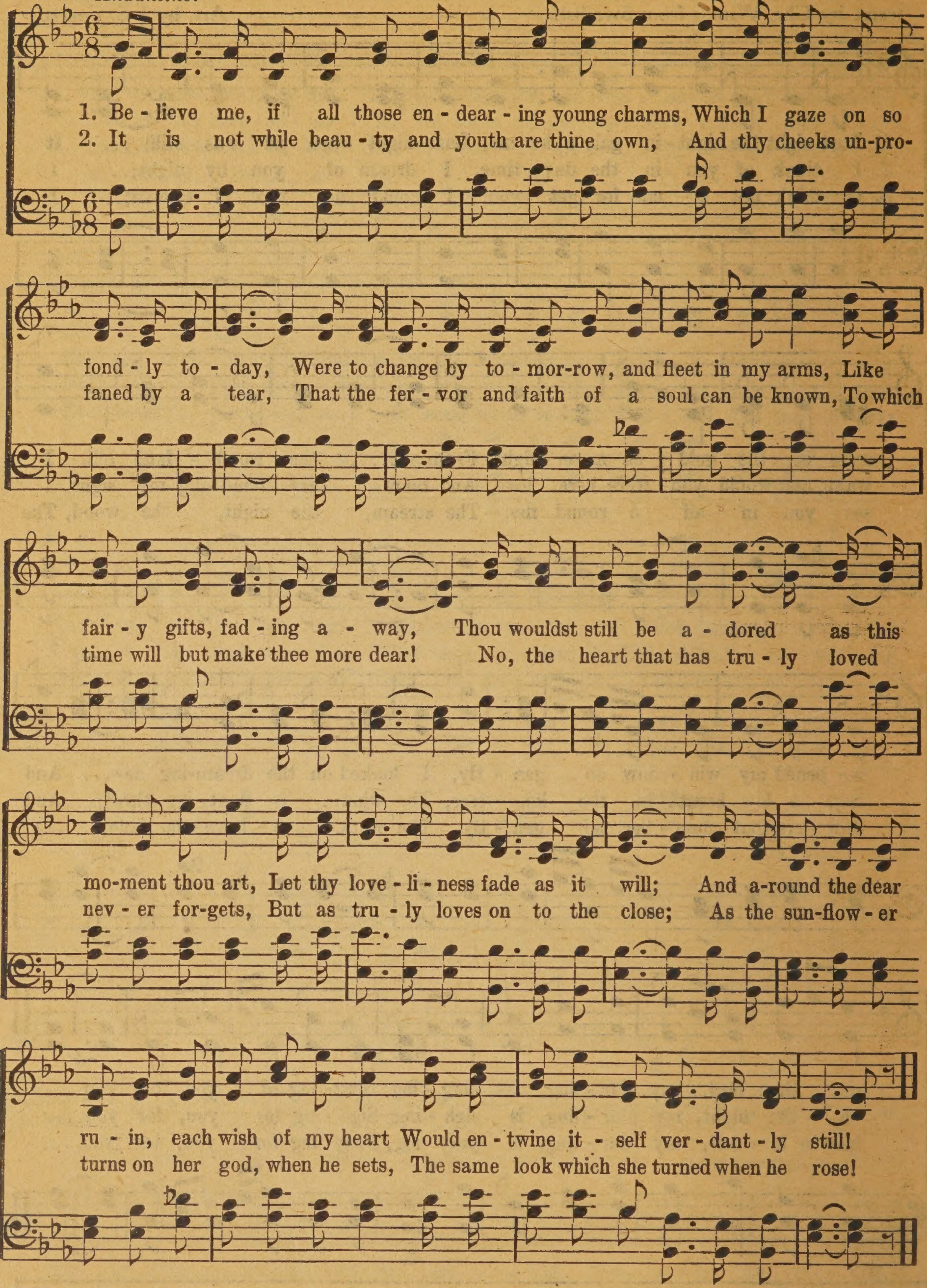
Economy in buying a piano consists in getting the best instrument that can be made for the price you pay. You expect to receive the full equivalent of your money. That principle is the basis of our selling policy.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

Thomas Moore.

Irish Air: "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground."

Andantino.

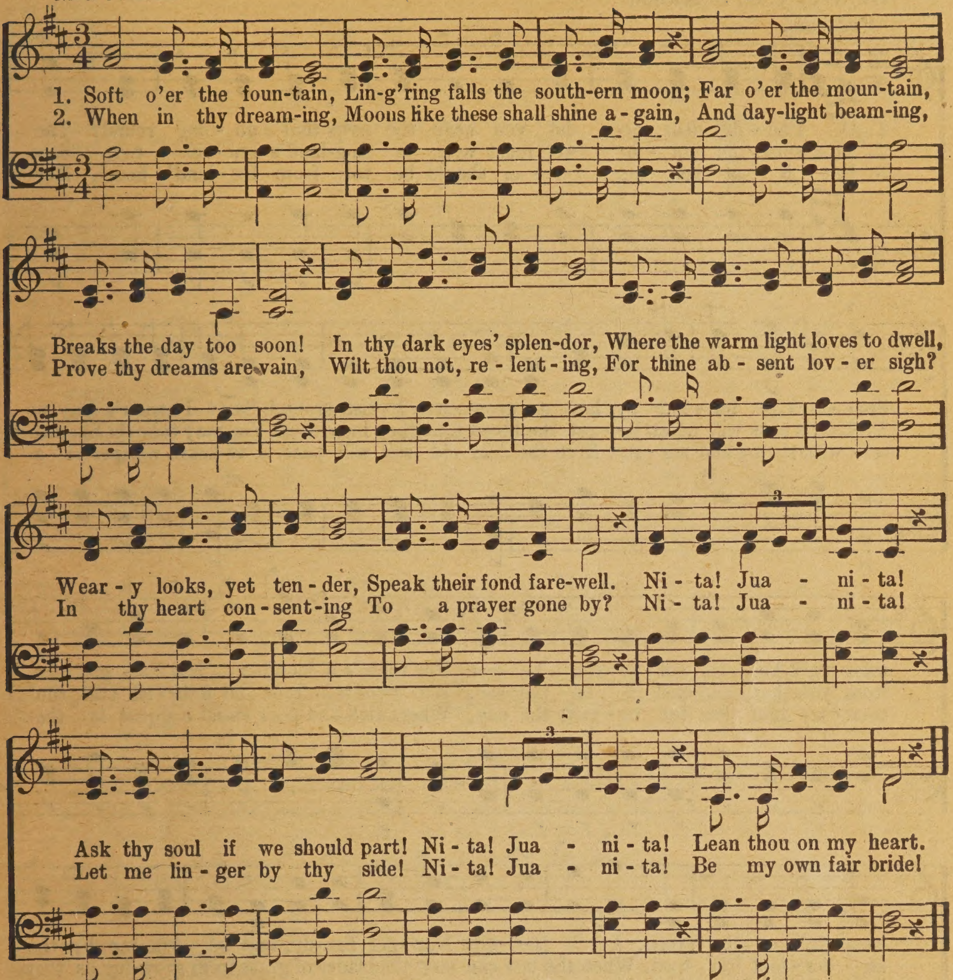

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-
fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like
faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which
fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved
mo-ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear
nev - er for-gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow - er
ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still!
turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose!

The beautiful is nothing else than the visible form of the good.—*Plato.*

24 Juanita.

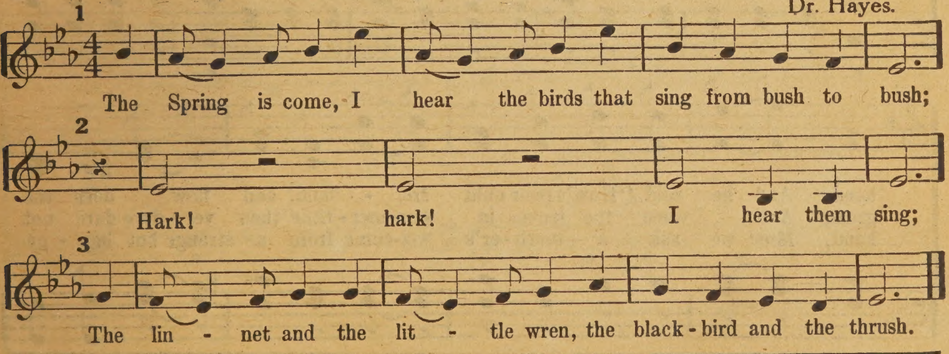
Mrs. Norton.

Spanish Melody.


1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wear-y looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh? In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!
3
3

25 The Spring.—Round.

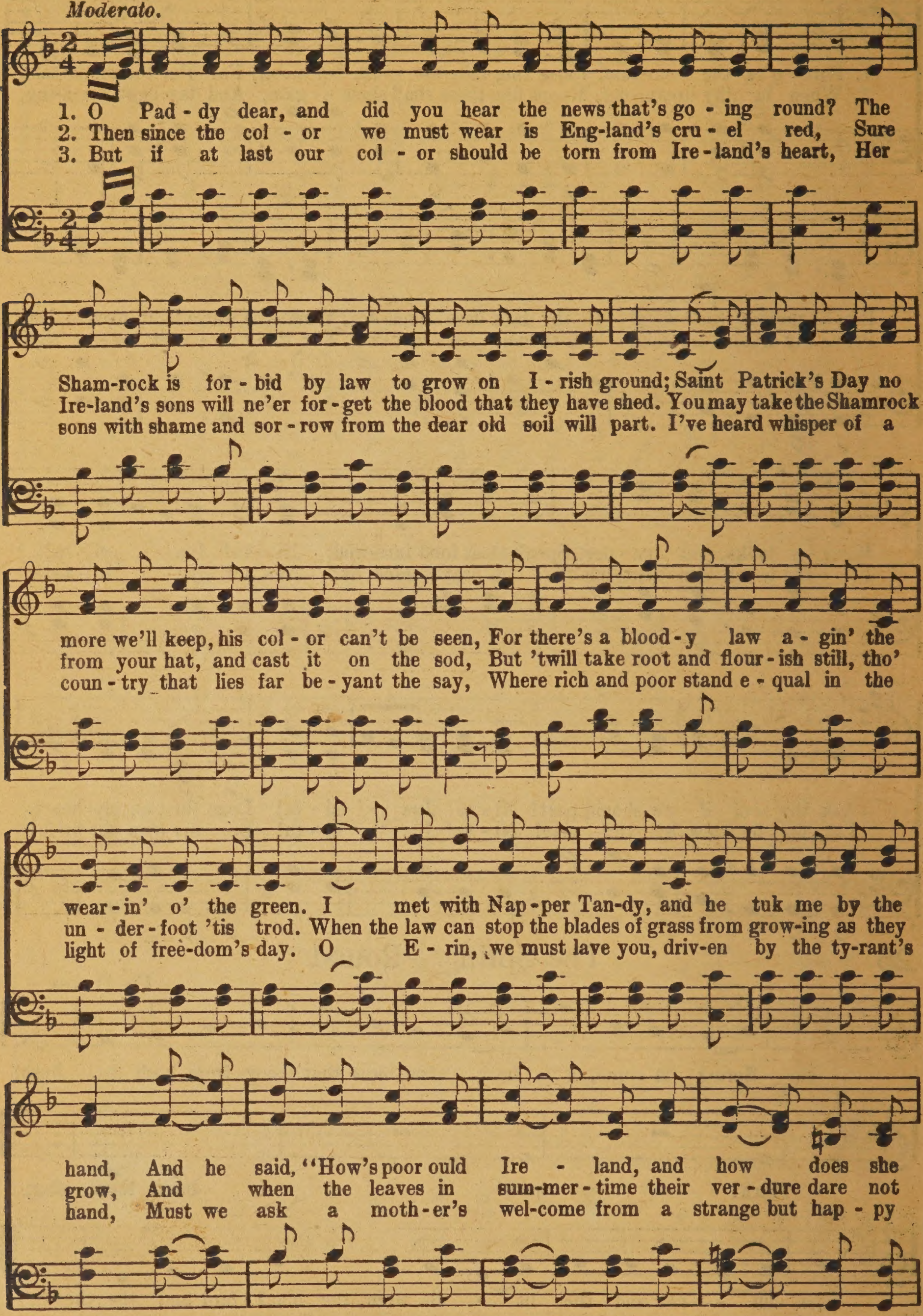
Dr. Hayes.


1
The Spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush;
2
Hark! hark! I hear them sing;
3
The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the black-bird and the thrush.

The University of Nebraska recently ordered two carloards (thirty) Wellington Pianos for use in its New School of Music. They were made by The Cable Company, Chicago.

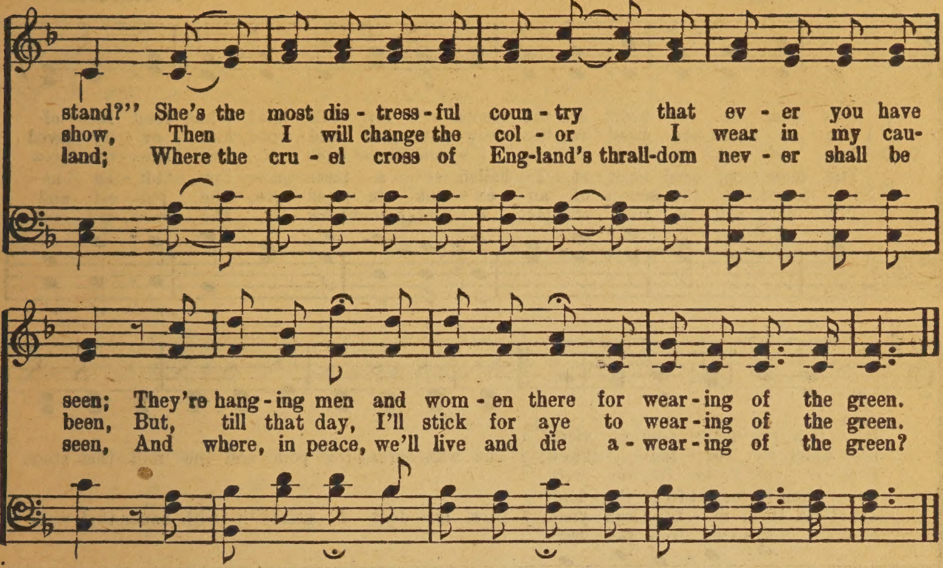
The Wearing of the Green.

Words by Dion Boucicault.


Moderato.
1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round? The
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng-land's cru - el red, Sure
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart, Her
Sham-rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground; Saint Patrick's Day no
Ire-land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed. You may take the Shamrock
sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part. I've heard whisper of a
more we'll keep, his col - or can't be seen, For there's a blood - y law a - gin' the
from your hat, and cast it on the sod, But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho'
coun - try that lies far be - yant the say, Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the
wear - in' o' the green. I met with Nap - per Tan-dy, and he tuk me by the
un - der - foot 'tis trod. When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow-ing as they
light of free-dom's day. O E - rin, we must lave you, driv-en by the ty-rant's
hand, And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she
grow, And when the leaves in sum-mer - time their ver - dure dare not
hand, Must we ask a moth - er's wel-come from a strange but hap - py

"After the beginnings of reading, writing, arithmetic and geometry, music has greater practical value than any other subject taught in the schools."—*Dr. P. P. Claxton.*

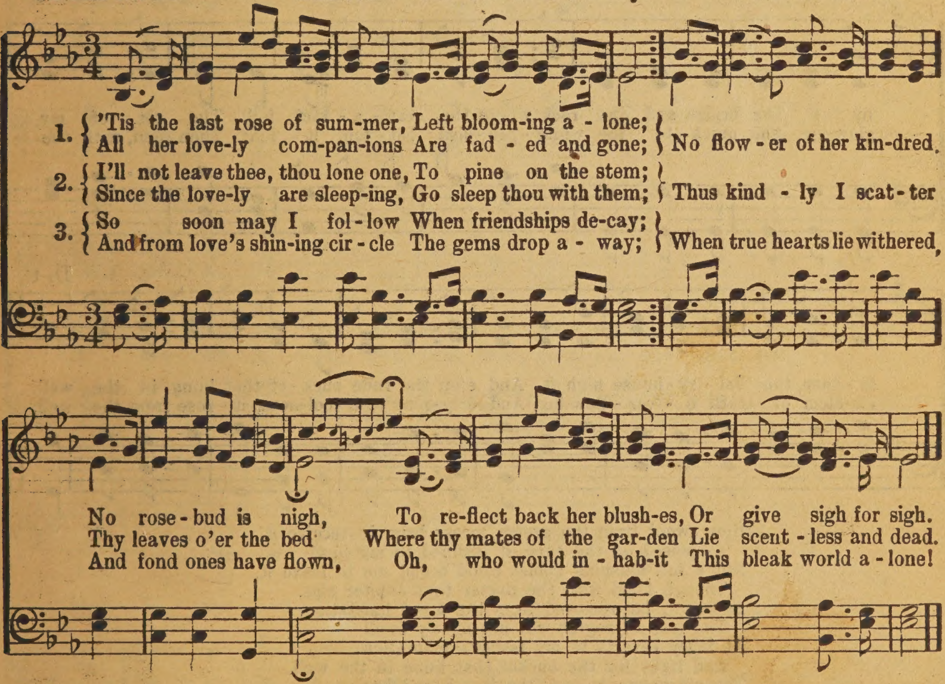
The Wearing of the Green.


stand?" She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try that ev - er you have
show, Then I will change the col - or I wear in my cau-
land; Where the cru - el cross of Eng-land's thrall-dom nev - er shall be
seen; They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
been, But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
seen, And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green?

27

The Last Rose of Summer.

Thomas Moore. Irish Air:—"The Groves of Blarney." Flotow's "Martha."

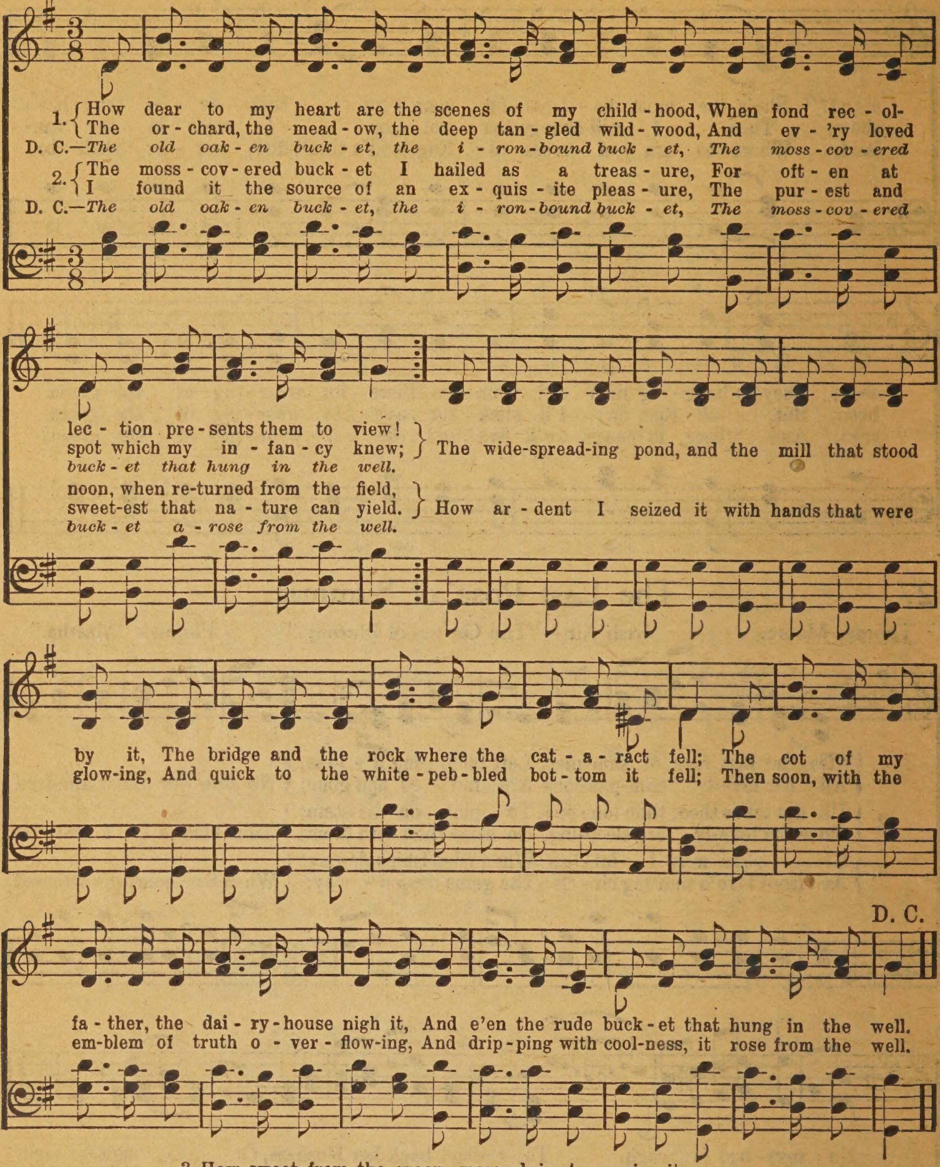

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom-ing a - lone;
All her love-ly com-pan-ions Are fad - ed and gone; No flow - er of her kin-dred,
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
Since the love-ly are sleep-ing, Go sleep thou with them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter
3. So soon may I fol - low When friendships de-cay;
And from love's shin-ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way; When true hearts lie withered,
No rose - bud is nigh, To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
Thy leaves o'er the bed Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
And fond ones have flown, Oh, who would in - hab-it This bleak world a - lone!

Noah was 600 years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't lose your grip.—Elbert Hubbard.

You can play Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and thousands of other selections on the Inner-Player Piano, no matter what your age.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

Samuel Woodworth. F. Kaillmark.

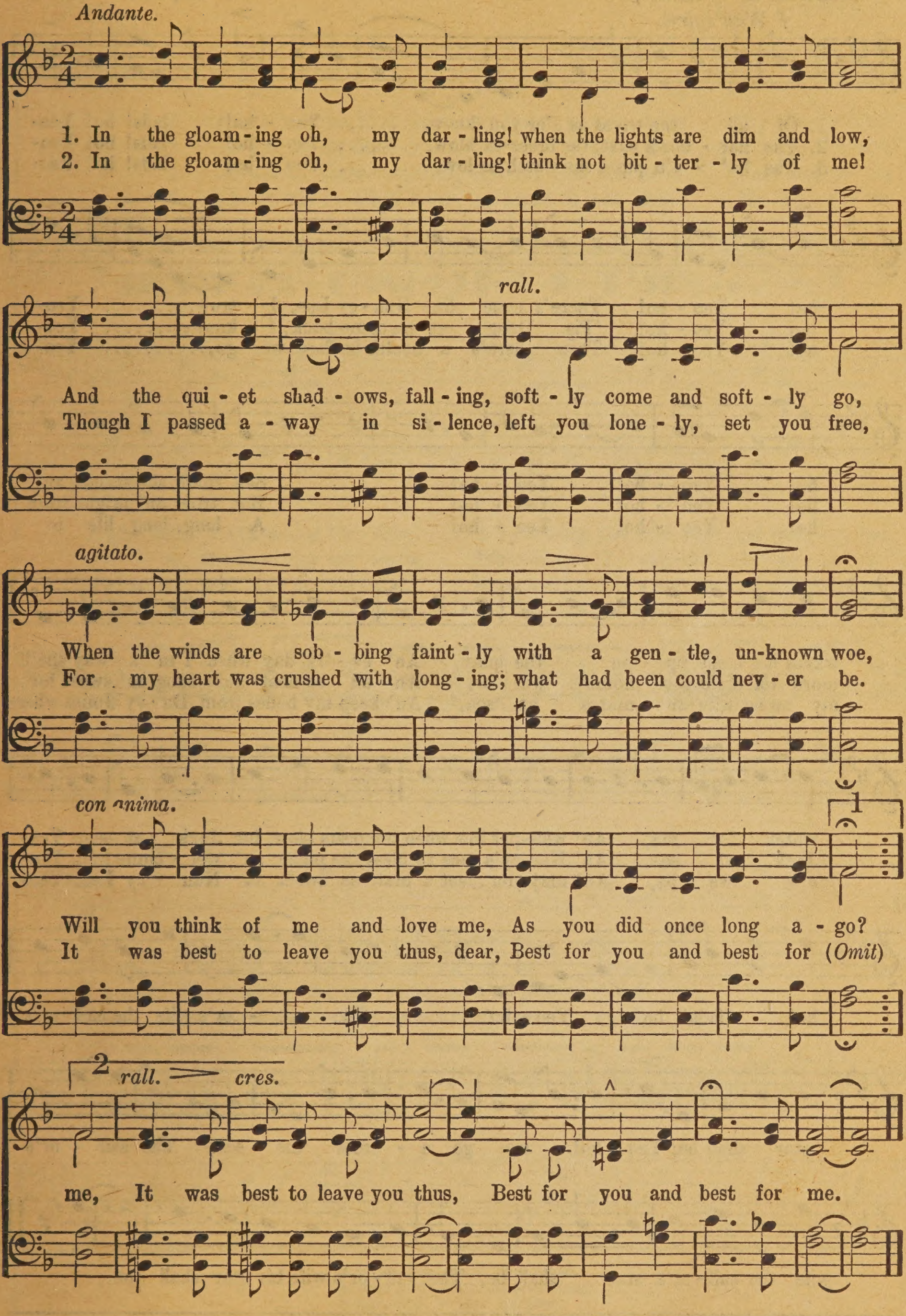

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood, And ev'ry loved spot which my infancy knew;
D. C.—The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
2. The moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure, For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
D. C.—The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell; The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it, And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell; Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing, And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
D. C.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Some one has said that no home is complete without music. If that be true, we say that no home need now be incomplete, because anyone can have the best of music with one of our Inner-Player Pianos.

In the Gloaming.

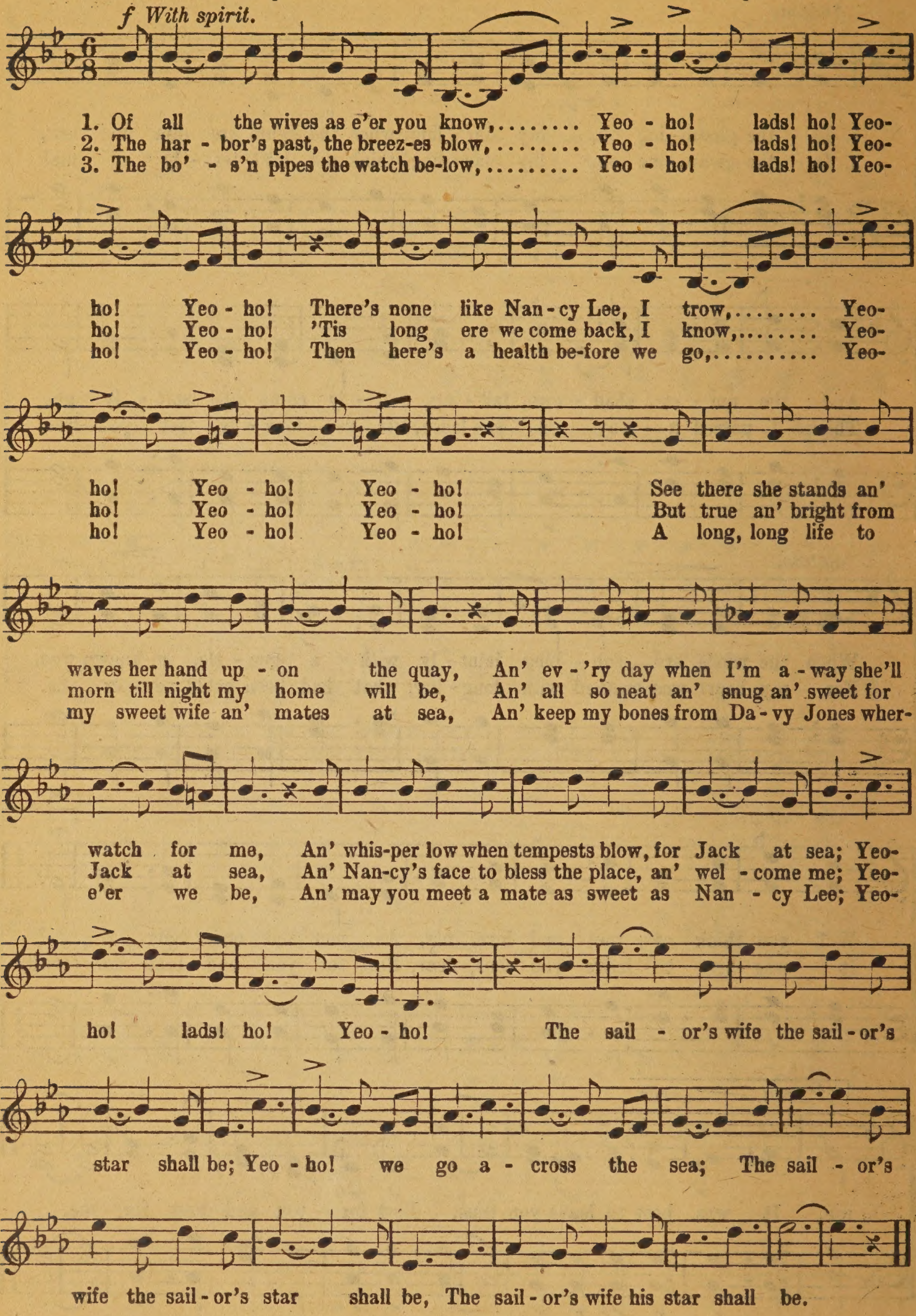
Meta Orred. Annie F. Harrison.


Andante.
1. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling! when the lights are dim and low,
2. In the gloam - ing oh, my dar - ling! think not bit - ter - ly of me!
rall.
And the qui - et shad - ows, fall - ing, soft - ly come and soft - ly go,
Though I passed a - way in si - lence, left you lone - ly, set you free,
agitato.
When the winds are sob - bing faint - ly with a gen - tle, un-known woe,
For my heart was crushed with long - ing; what had been could nev - er be.
con anima.
1
Will you think of me and love me, As you did once long a - go?
It was best to leave you thus, dear, Best for you and best for (Omit)
2
rall.
cres.
me, It was best to leave you thus, Best for you and best for me.

Be not simply good—be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

Nancy Lee.

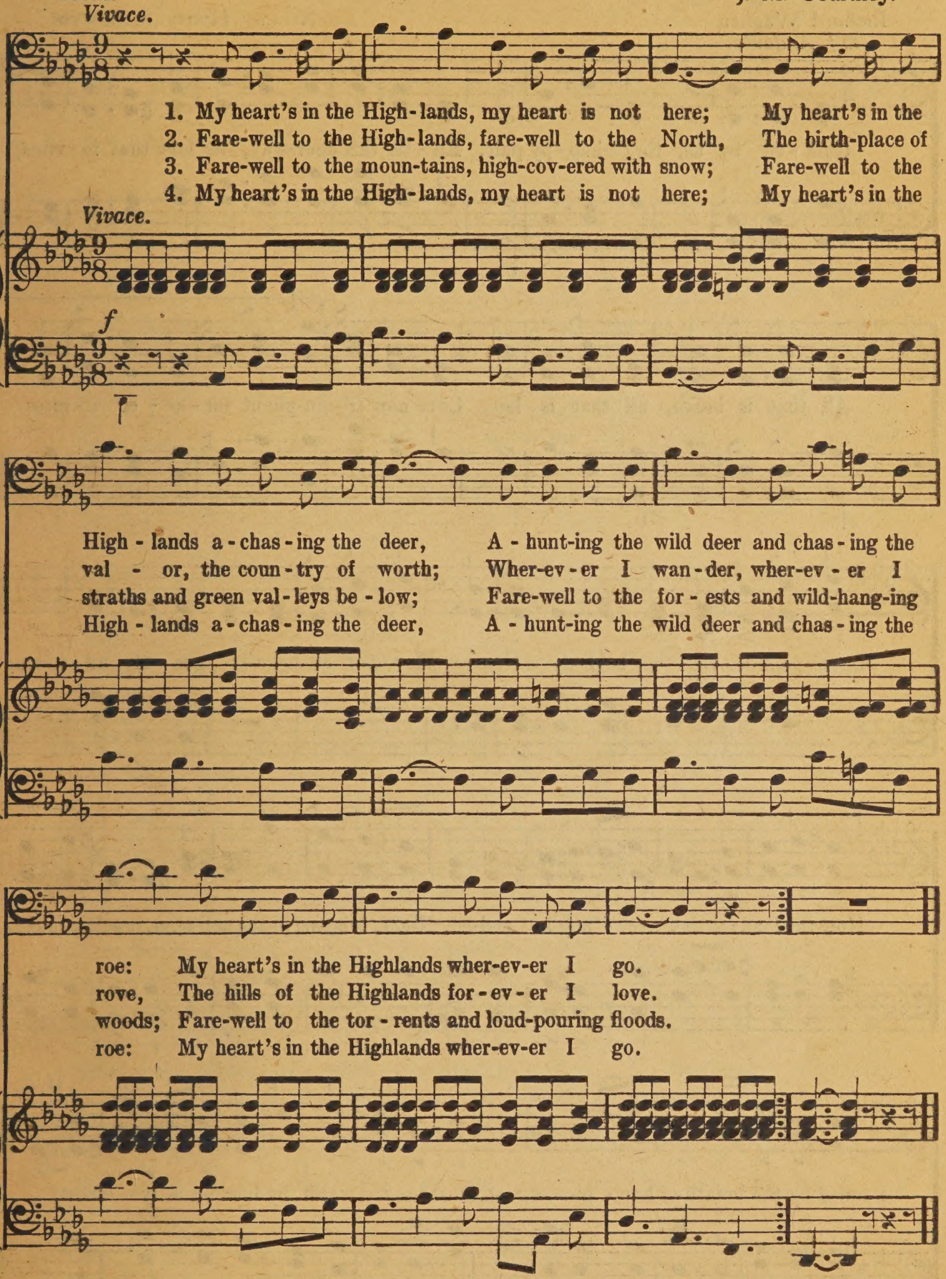
Frederick E. Weatherly. Stephen Adams.


f With spirit.
1. Of all the wives as e'er you know,......... Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo-
2. The har - bor's past, the breez-es blow, ... Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo-
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch be-low, ... Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee, I trow,......... Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! 'Tis long ere we come back, I know,......... Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! Then here's a health be-fore we go,........... Yeo-
ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! See there she stands an'
ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! But true an' bright from
ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! A long, long life to
waves her hand up - on the quay, An' ev - 'ry day when I'm a - way she'll
morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Da - vy Jones wher-
watch for me, An' whis-per low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo-
Jack at sea, An' Nan-cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come me; Yeo-
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy Lee; Yeo-
ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho! The sail - or's wife the sail - or's
star shall be; Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the sea; The sail - or's
wife the sail - or's star shall be, The sail - or's wife his star shall be.

The most truthful music is the most religious, and the most religious is the most beautiful.—*Van Cleve.*

My Heart's in the Highlands.

Burns. J. M. Courtney.

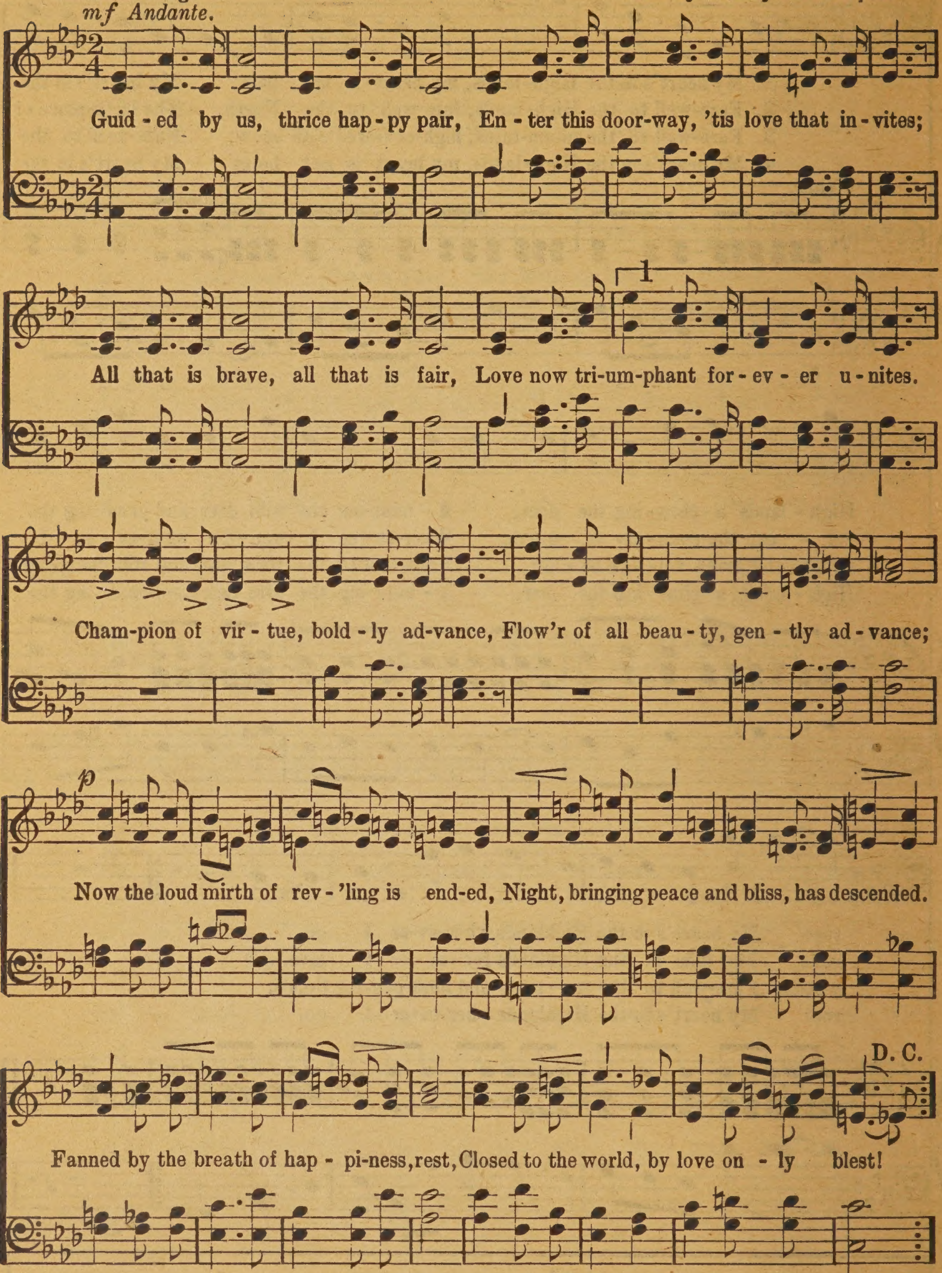

Vivace.
1. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the High-lands, fare-well to the North, The birth-place of
3. Fare-well to the moun-tains, high-cov-ered with snow; Fare-well to the
4. My heart's in the High-lands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
Vivace.
f
High - lands a - chas - ing the deer, A - hunt-ing the wild deer and chas - ing the
val - or, the coun - try of worth; Wher-ev - er I wan - der, wher-ev - er I
straths and green val - leys be - low; Fare-well to the for - ests and wild-hang-ing
High - lands a - chas - ing the deer, A - hunt-ing the wild deer and chas - ing the
roe: My heart's in the Highlands wher-ev-er I go.
rove, The hills of the Highlands for - ev - er I love.
woods; Fare-well to the tor - rents and loud-pouring floods.
roe: My heart's in the Highlands wher-ev-er I go.

> A little romance in your heart,
> A little horse-sense in your head,
> A little iron in your purpose.
> "These things will keep a man going in the
> world as long as it is decent for him to stay."

Bridal Chorus From "Lohengrin."

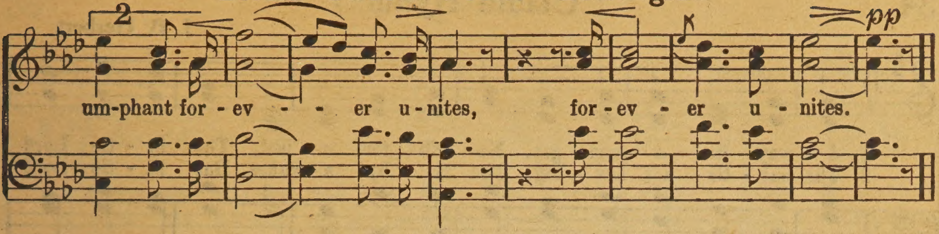
Arrangement copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

Richard Wagner. Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


mf Andante.
Guid - ed by us, thrice hap - py pair, En - ter this door-way, 'tis love that in - vites;
All that is brave, all that is fair, Love now tri-um-phant for - ev - er u - nites.
1
Cham-pion of vir - tue, bold - ly ad-vance, Flow'r of all beau - ty, gen - tly ad - vance;
p
Now the loud mirth of rev - 'ling is end-ed, Night, bringing peace and bliss, has descended.
Fanned by the breath of hap - pi-ness, rest, Closed to the world, by love on - ly blest!
D. C.

For the home of moderate means, the Cable-made Kingsbury Piano is the ideal instrument because of its unusual quality and low price.

Bridal Chorus From "Lohengrin."

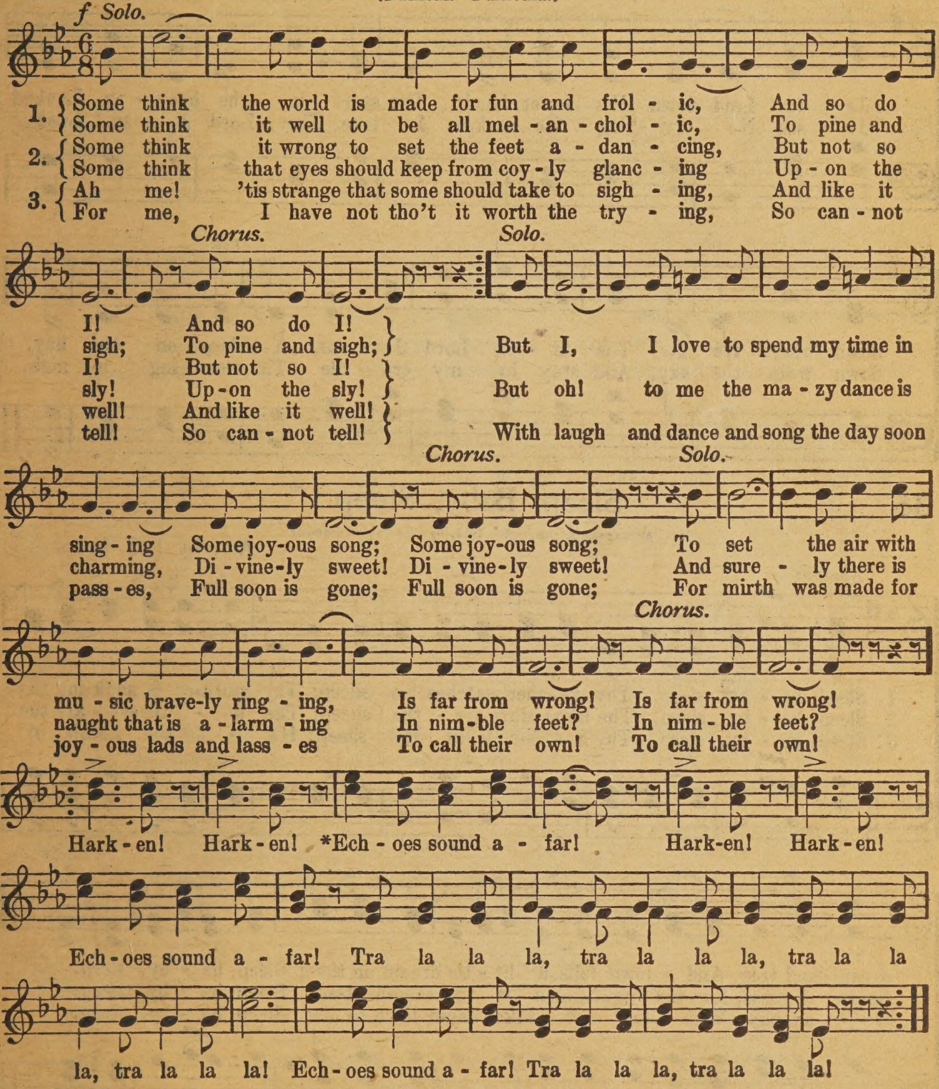


33 A Merry Heart.

E. Oxenford.

(Funiculi—Funicula.)

L. Denza.

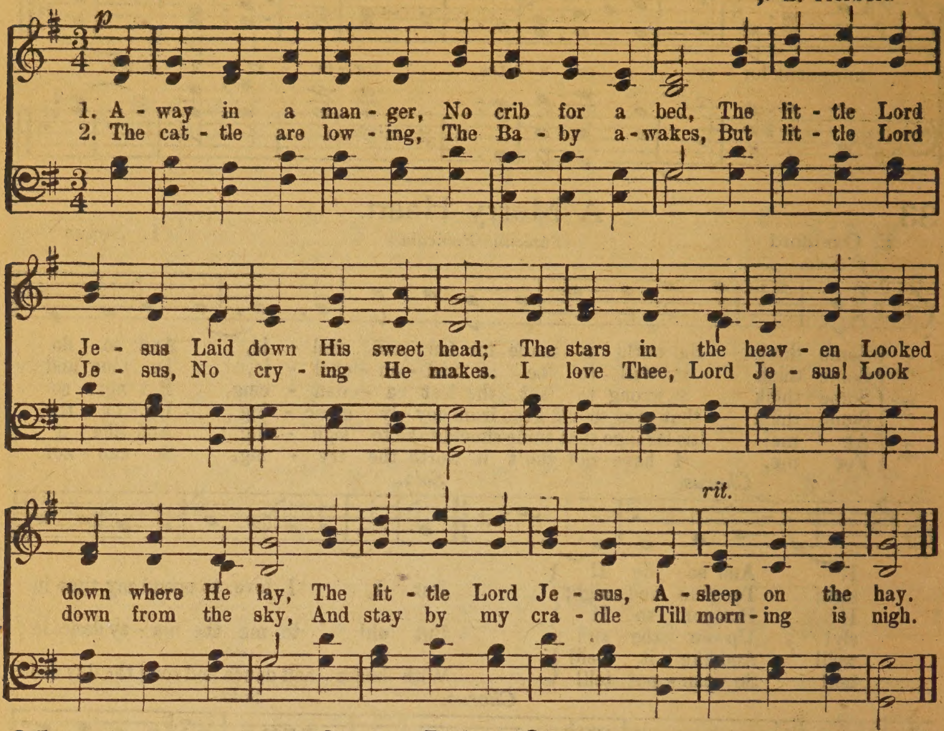

f Solo.
1. Some think the world is made for fun and frol - ic, And so do
Some think it well to be all mel - an - chol - ic, To pine and
2. Some think it wrong to set the feet a - dan - cing, But not so
Some think that eyes should keep from coy - ly glanc - ing Up - on the
3. Ah me! 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, And like it
For me, I have not tho't it worth the try - ing, So can - not
Chorus.
Solo.
I! And so do I!
sigh; To pine and sigh; But I, I love to spend my time in
I! But not so I!
sly! Up-on the sly! But oh! to me the ma - zy dance is
well! And like it well!
tell! So can - not tell! With laugh and dance and song the day soon
Chorus.
Solo.
sing - ing Some joy-ous song; Some joy-ous song; To set the air with
charming, Di - vine-ly sweet! Di - vine-ly sweet! And sure - ly there is
pass - es, Full soon is gone; Full soon is gone; For mirth was made for
Chorus.
mu - sic brave-ly ring - ing, Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
naught that is a - larm - ing In nim-ble feet? In nim - ble feet?
joy - ous lads and lass - es To call their own! To call their own!
Hark - en! Hark - en! *Ech - oes sound a - far! Hark-en! Hark - en!
Ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la
la, tra la la la! Ech - oes sound a - far! Tra la la la, tra la la la!

***2nd Verse: Music sounds afar, etc. 3rd Verse: Hark the soft guitar, etc.**

Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be drudgery. There is no work, from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make that sacrifice.—*Bishop of Exeter*.

Cradle Hymn.

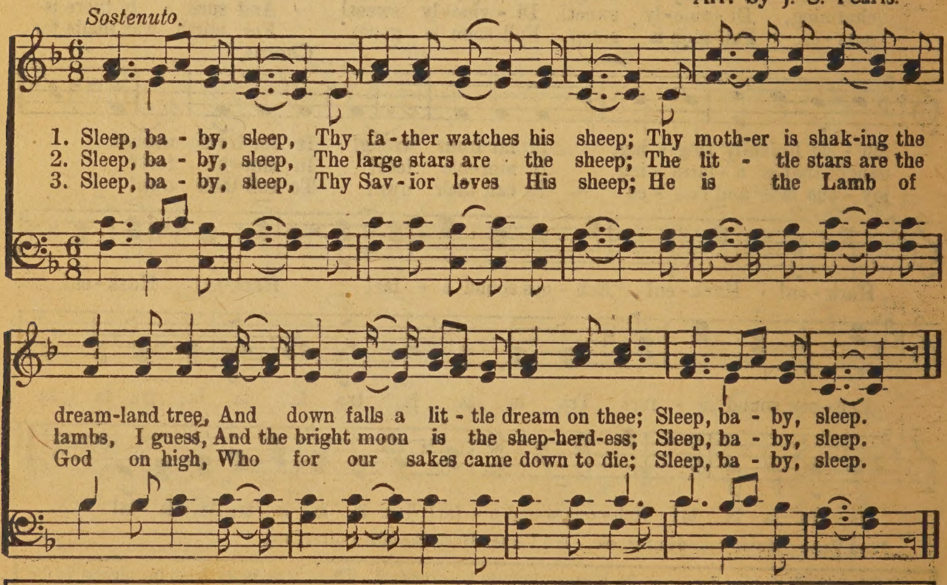
J. B. Herbert.


p
1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The Ba - by a - wakes, But lit - tle Lord
Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the heav - en Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus! Look
rit.
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle Till morn - ing is nigh.

35 Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Arrangement copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


Sostenuto.
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy fa - ther watches his sheep; Thy moth-er is shak-ing the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, The large stars are the sheep; The lit - tle stars are the
3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy Sav - ior loves His sheep; He is the Lamb of
dream-land tree, And down falls a lit - tle dream on thee; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
lambs, I guess, And the bright moon is the shep-herd-ess; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
God on high, Who for our sakes came down to die; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

I verily think, and am not ashamed to say, that next to divinity, no art is comparable to music.—*Selected.*

Thanksgiving Song.

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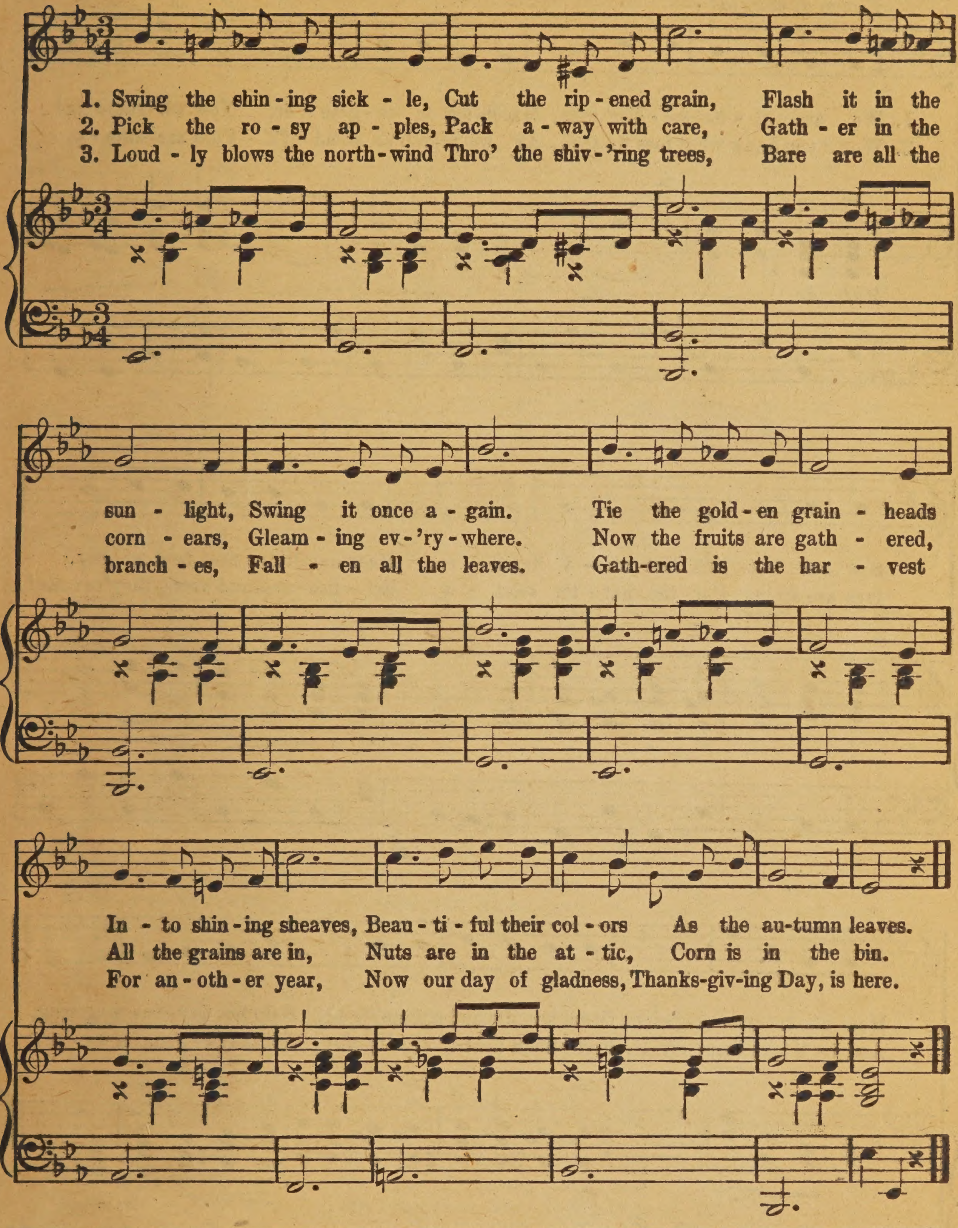
"Songs of the Child World."—John Church Co.

J. L. G

Jessie L. Gaynor

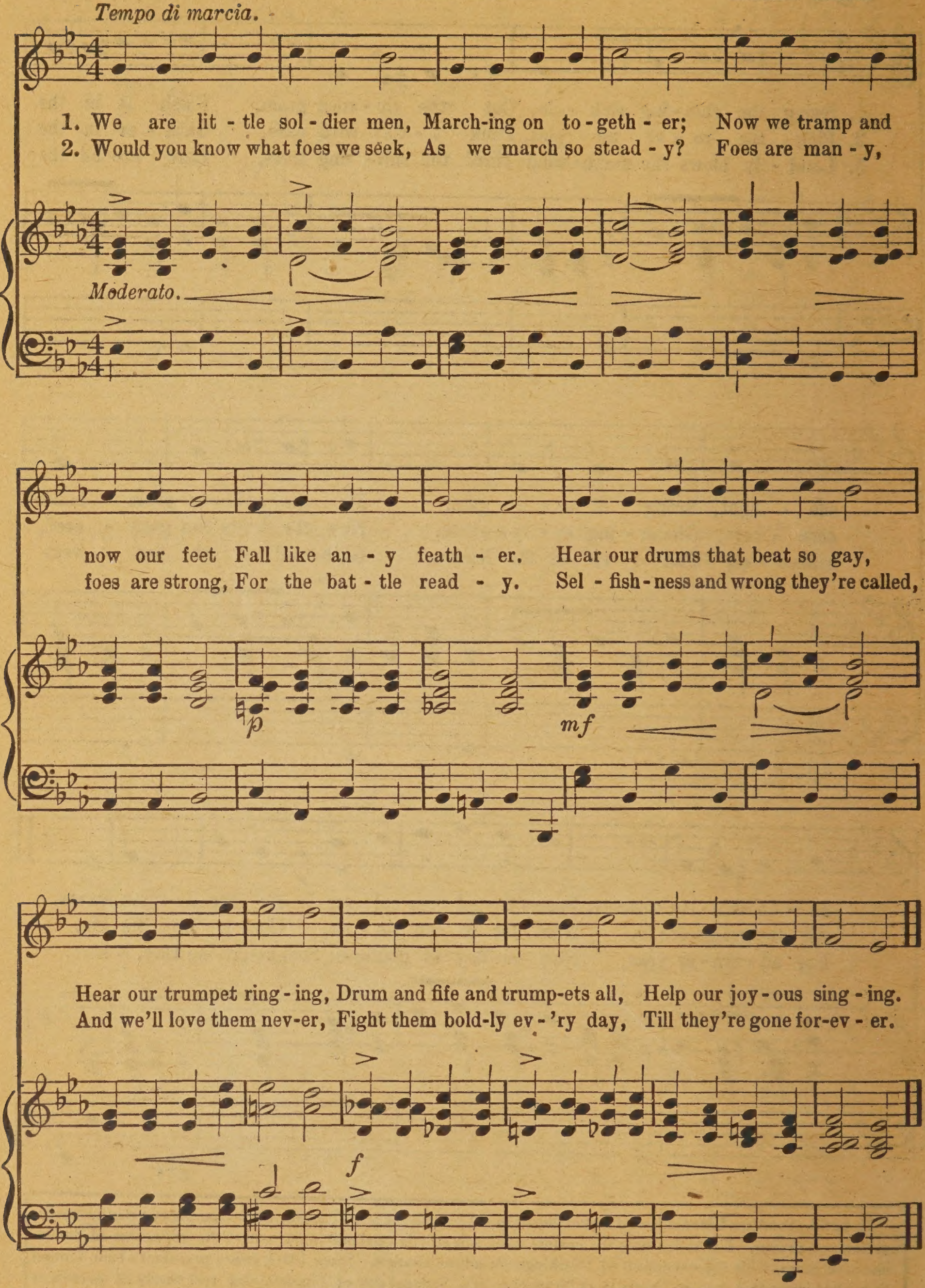

1. Swing the shin-ing sick-le, Cut the rip-ened grain, Flash it in the sun-light, Swing it once a-gain. Tie the gold-en grain-heads In-to shin-ing sheaves, Beau-ti-ful their col-ors As the au-tumn leaves.
2. Pick the ro-sy ap-ples, Pack a-way with care, Gath-er in the corn-ears, Gleam-ing ev-'ry-where. Now the fruits are gath-ered, All the grains are in, Nuts are in the at-tic, Corn is in the bin.
3. Loud-ly blows the north-wind Thro' the shiv-'ring trees, Bare are all the branch-es, Fall-en all the leaves. Gath-ered is the har-vest For an-oth-er year, Now our day of gladness, Thanks-giv-ing Day, is here.

In 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday of November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Up to this time the custom had been strictly confined to the will of the governors of the respective states, with the exception of Washington's administration. Since 1863, every president of the United States has appointed the last Thursday of November as a National day of Thanksgiving, and nearly all governors of the states have followed with proclamations for their respective states.

37 We Are Little Soldier Men.

Used by permission
Thomas Charles Company, Chicago.

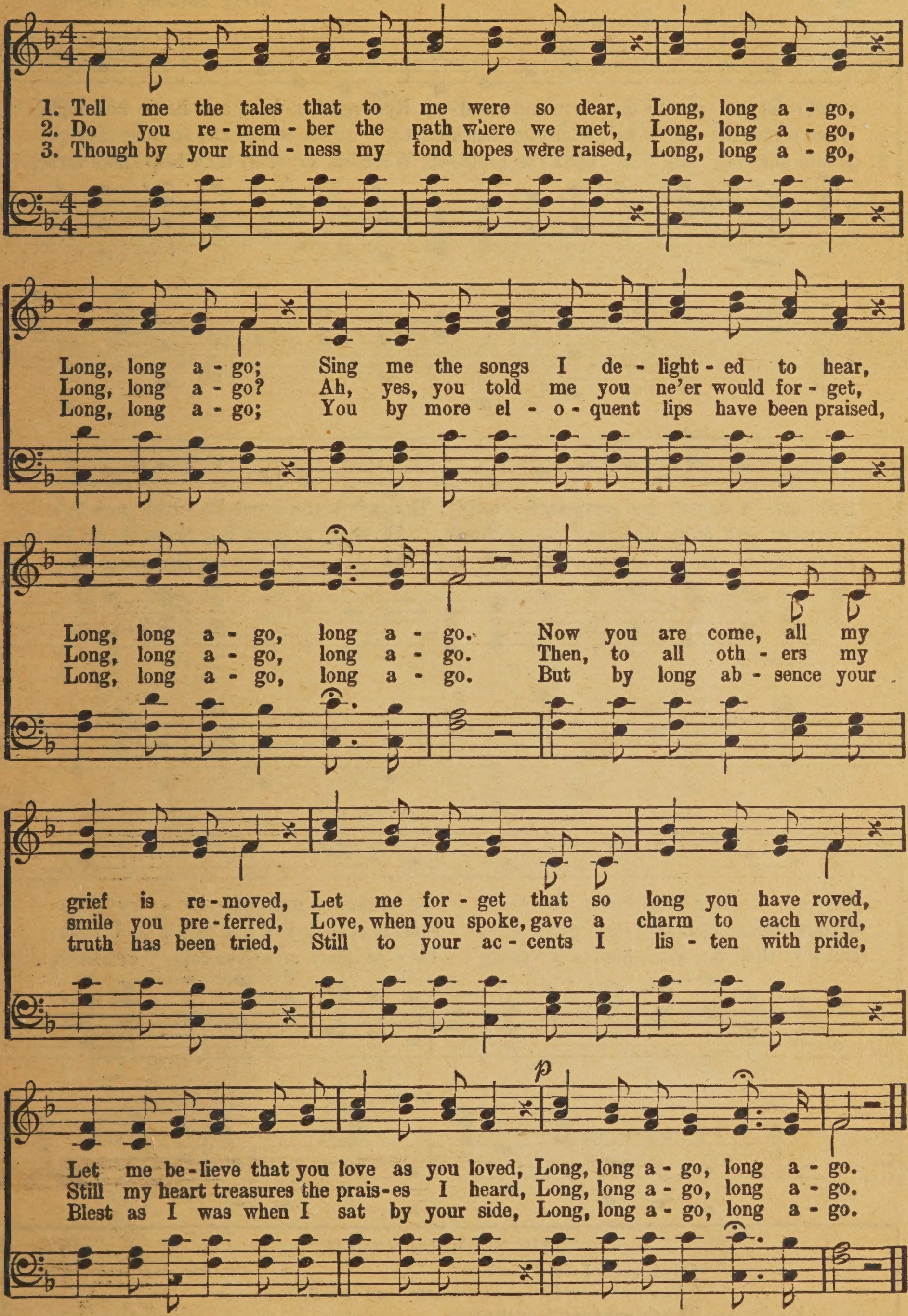
Eleanor Smith.


Tempo di marcia.
1. We are lit-tle sol-dier men, March-ing on to-geth-er; Now we tramp and now our feet Fall like an-y feath-er. Hear our drums that beat so gay, Hear our trumpet ring-ing, Drum and fife and trump-ets all, Help our joy-ous sing-ing.
2. Would you know what foes we seek, As we march so stead-y? Foes are man-y, foes are strong, For the bat-tle read-y. Sel-fish-ness and wrong they're called, And we'll love them nev-er, Fight them bold-ly ev-'ry day, Till they're gone for-ev-er.
Moderato.
p
mf
f

"Force has no right here in the world except as it is simply truth in armor."

Long, Long Ago.

T. H. Bayly.


1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,
2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,
3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,
Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Long, long a - go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,
Long, long a - go; You by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Now you are come, all my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. Then, to all oth - ers my
Long, long a - go, long a - go. But by long ab - sence your
grief is re - moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,
smile you pre - ferred, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,
truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,
Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treasures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
p

You cannot dream yourself into a character: you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

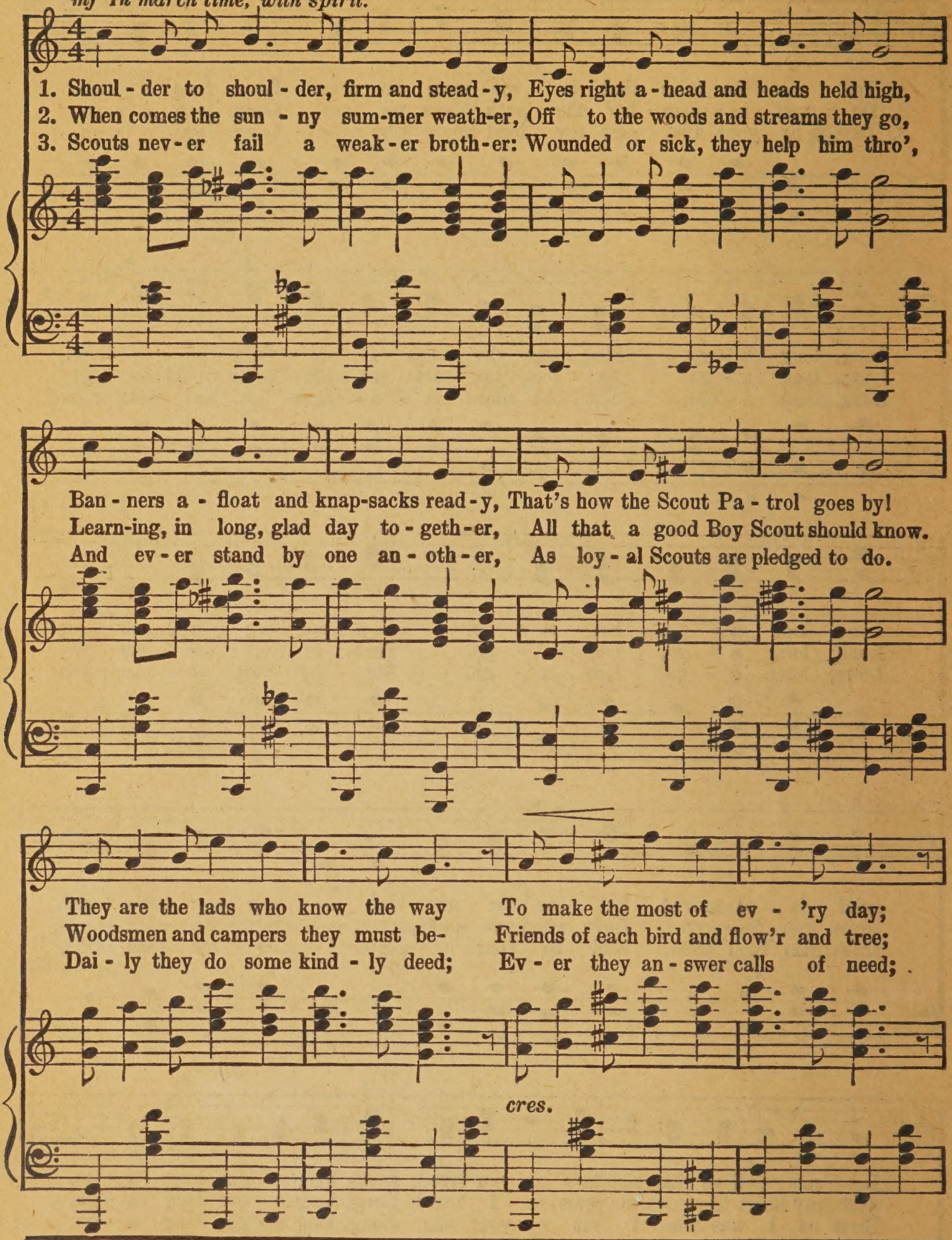
39

Boy Scout March.

Copyright, 1912, by The Cable Company.

M. S. M. — Mary Sanford Morison.

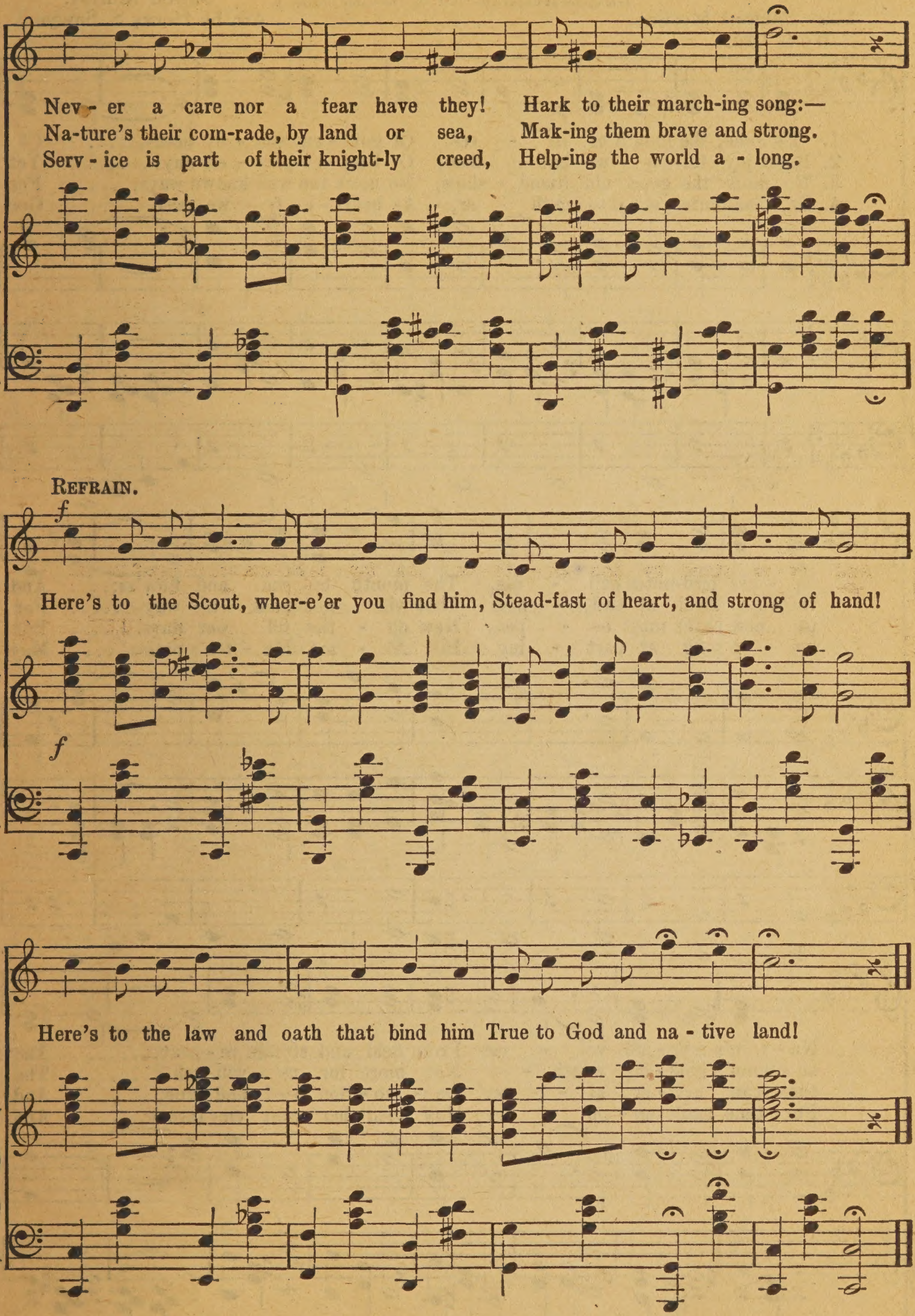
mf In march time, with spirit.


1. Shoul - der to shoul - der, firm and stead - y, Eyes right a - head and heads held high,
2. When comes the sun - ny sum-mer weath-er, Off to the woods and streams they go,
3. Scouts nev - er fail a weak - er broth - er: Wounded or sick, they help him thro',
Ban - ners a - float and knap-sacks read - y, That's how the Scout Pa - trol goes by!
Learn-ing, in long, glad day to - geth - er, All that a good Boy Scout should know.
And ev - er stand by one an - oth - er, As loy - al Scouts are pledged to do.
They are the lads who know the way To make the most of ev - 'ry day;
Woodsmen and campers they must be- Friends of each bird and flow'r and tree;
Dai - ly they do some kind - ly deed; Ev - er they an - swer calls of need;
cres.

THE SCOUTS' OATH.

On my honor I will do my best:
To do my duty to God and my country, and obey the Scout law
To help other people at all times,
To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

Boy Scout March.


Nev - er a care nor a fear have they! Hark to their march-ing song:—
Na-ture's their com-rade, by land or sea, Mak-ing them brave and strong.
Serv - ice is part of their knight-ly creed, Help-ing the world a - long.
Refrain.
f
Here's to the Scout, wher-e'er you find him, Stead-fast of heart, and strong of hand!
f
Here's to the law and oath that bind him True to God and na - tive land!

That more and more people select Cable-made Pianos and Inner-Players each year cannot be doubted when the tremendous growth of The Cable Company is considered—now a seven million dollar institution.

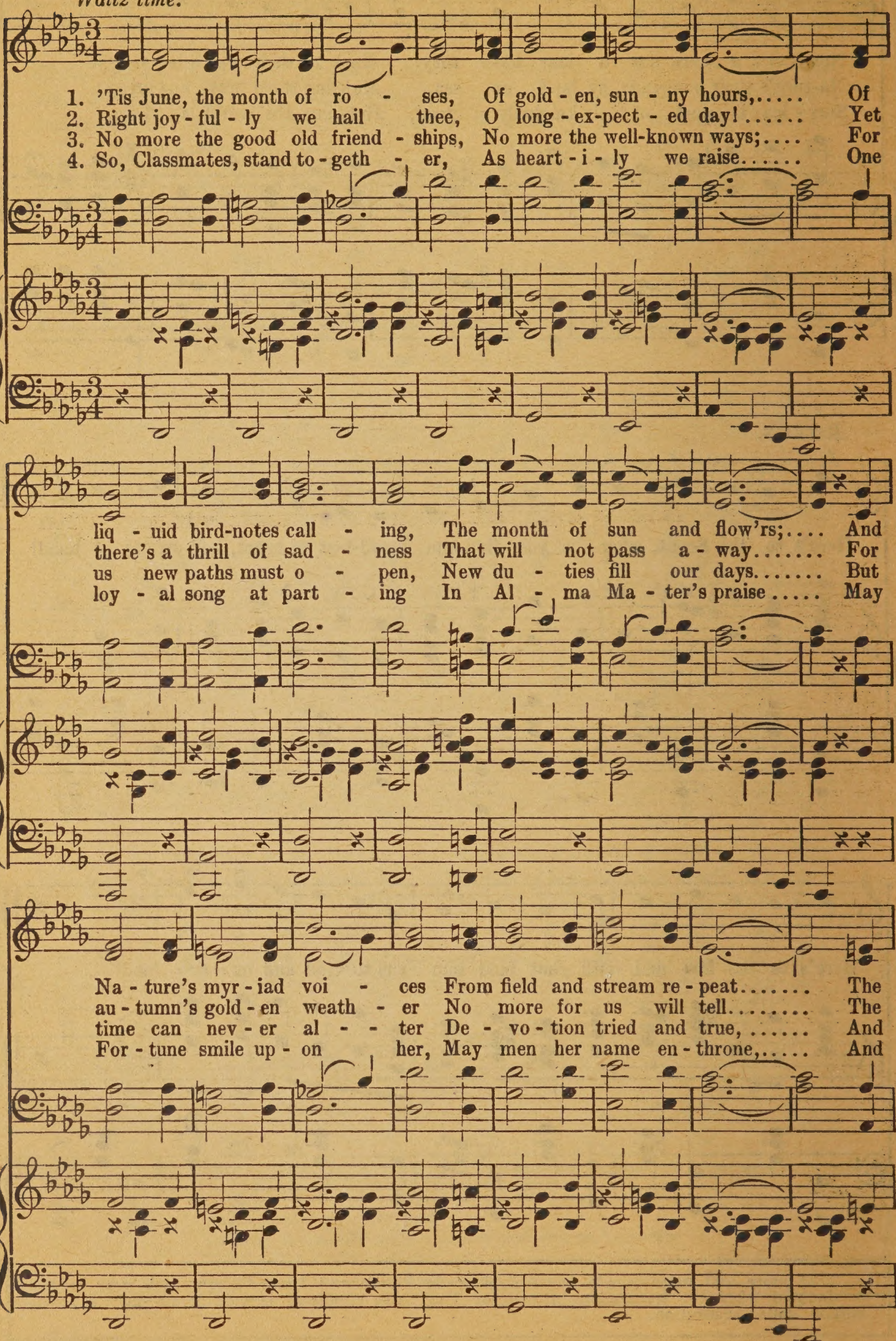
Commencement Song.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

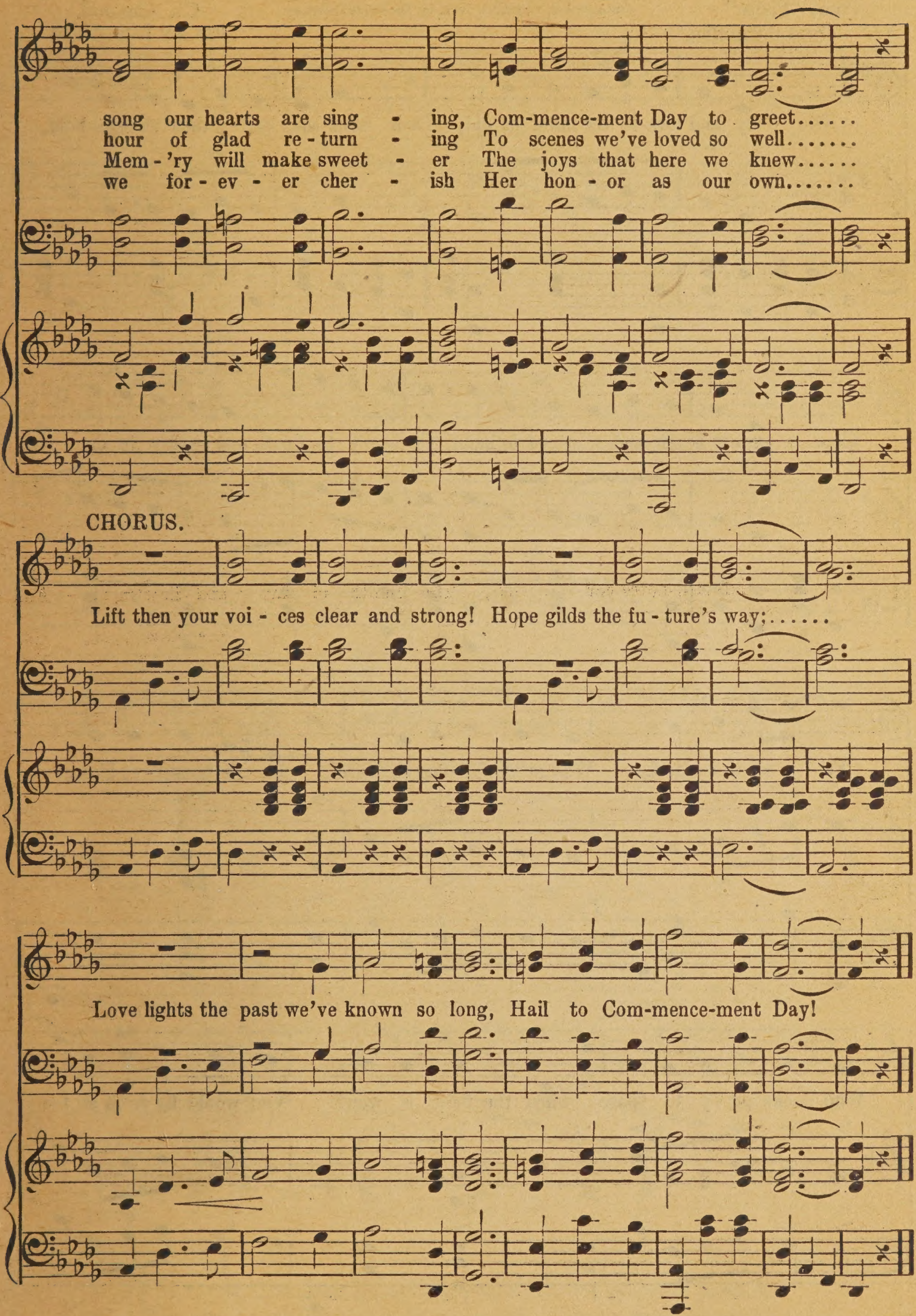
Mary Sanford Morison.

Alfred Murray.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.

Waltz time.


1. 'Tis June, the month of ro - ses, Of gold - en, sun - ny hours,..... Of
2. Right joy - ful - ly we hail thee, O long - ex-pect - ed day! ...... Yet
3. No more the good old friend - ships, No more the well-known ways;.... For
4. So, Classmates, stand to - geth - er, As heart - i - ly we raise...... One
liq - uid bird-notes call - ing, The month of sun and flow'rs;.... And
there's a thrill of sad - ness That will not pass a - way....... For
us new paths must o - pen, New du - ties fill our days....... But
loy - al song at part - ing In Al - ma Ma - ter's praise..... May
Na - ture's myr - iad voi - ces From field and stream re - peat....... The
au - tumn's gold - en weath - er No more for us will tell........ The
time can nev - er al - - ter De - vo - tion tried and true, ... And
For - tune smile up - on her, May men her name en - throne,..... And

Commencement Song.


song our hearts are sing - ing, Com-mence-ment Day to greet......
hour of glad re-turn - ing To scenes we've loved so well.......
Mem-'ry will make sweet - er The joys that here we knew......
we for-ev-er cher - ish Her hon-or as our own.......
CHORUS.
Lift then your voi-ces clear and strong! Hope gilds the fu-ture's way;......
Love lights the past we've known so long, Hail to Com-mence-ment Day!

No pianos offer better values for the money invested than do the Conover, New Scale Cable, Kingsbury and Wellington, made by the Cable Company, Chicago.

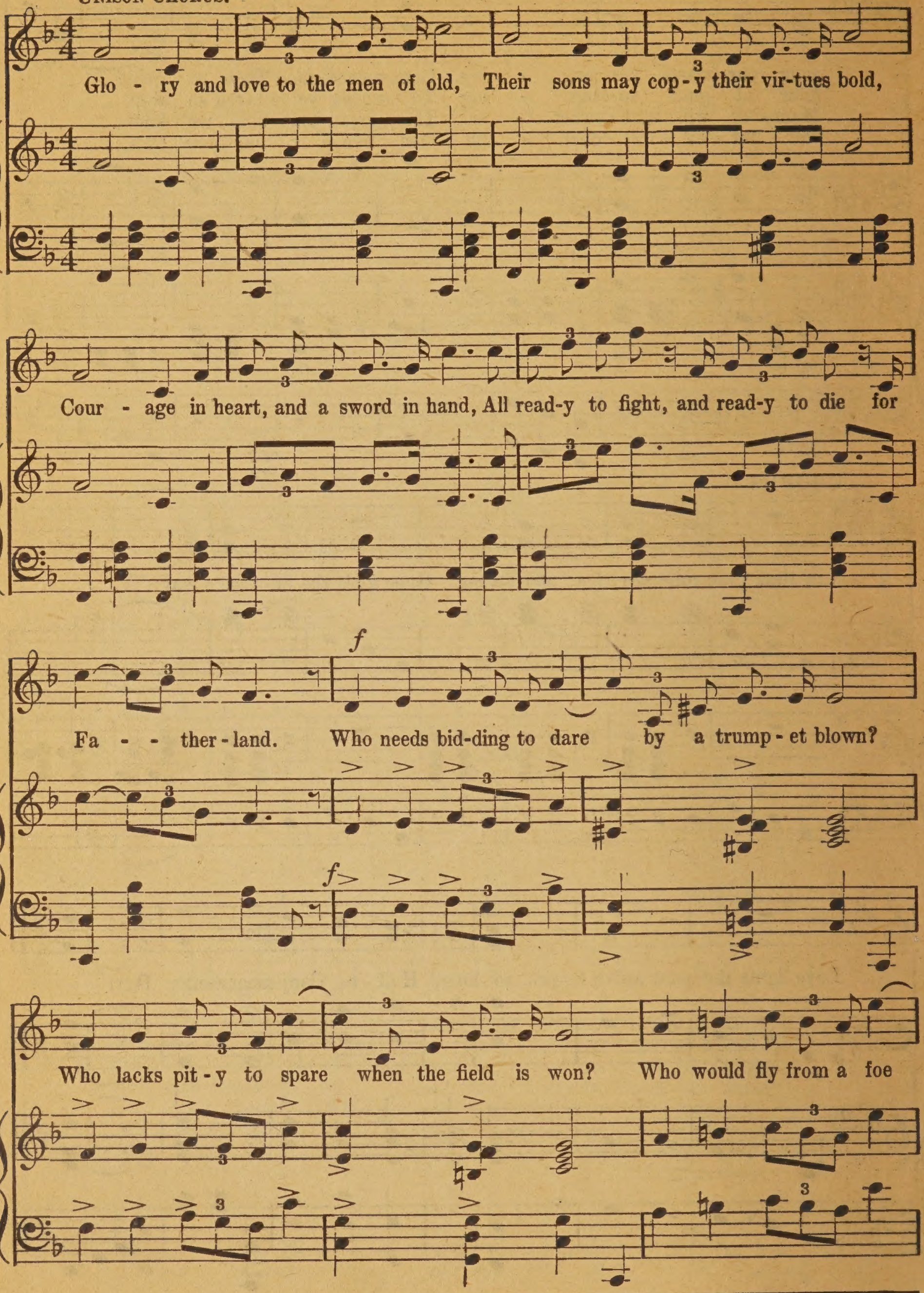
Soldiers' Chorus.

From "Faust."

Arrangement copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

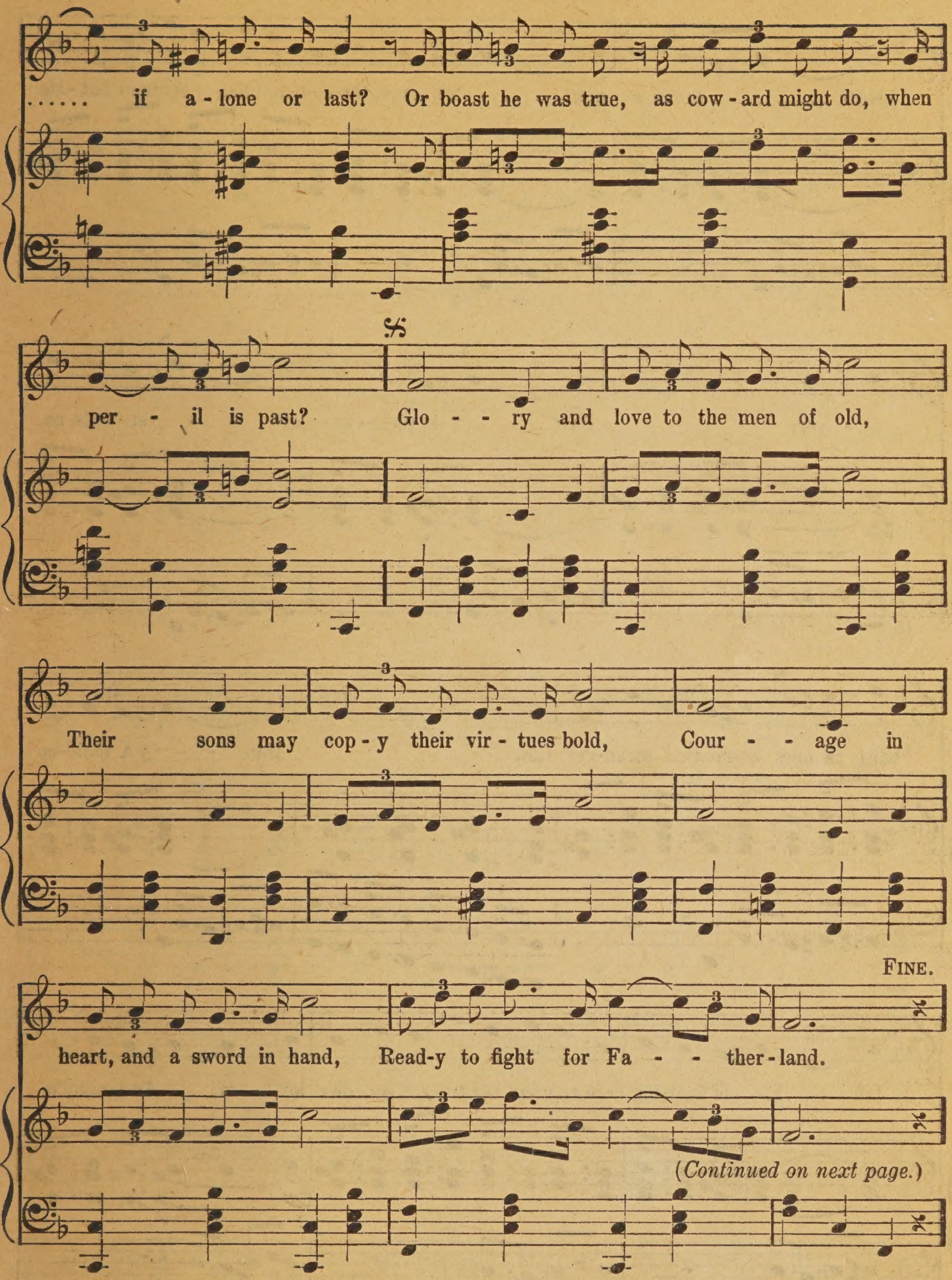
Ch. Gounod.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.

UNISON CHORUS.


Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir-tues bold,
Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight, and read-y to die for
Fa - - ther - land. Who needs bid-ding to dare by a trump - et blown?
Who lacks pit - y to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe
f
3

Soldiers remember—
"He that ruleth his spirit" is greater "than he that taketh a city."—*Prov. 16: 32.*

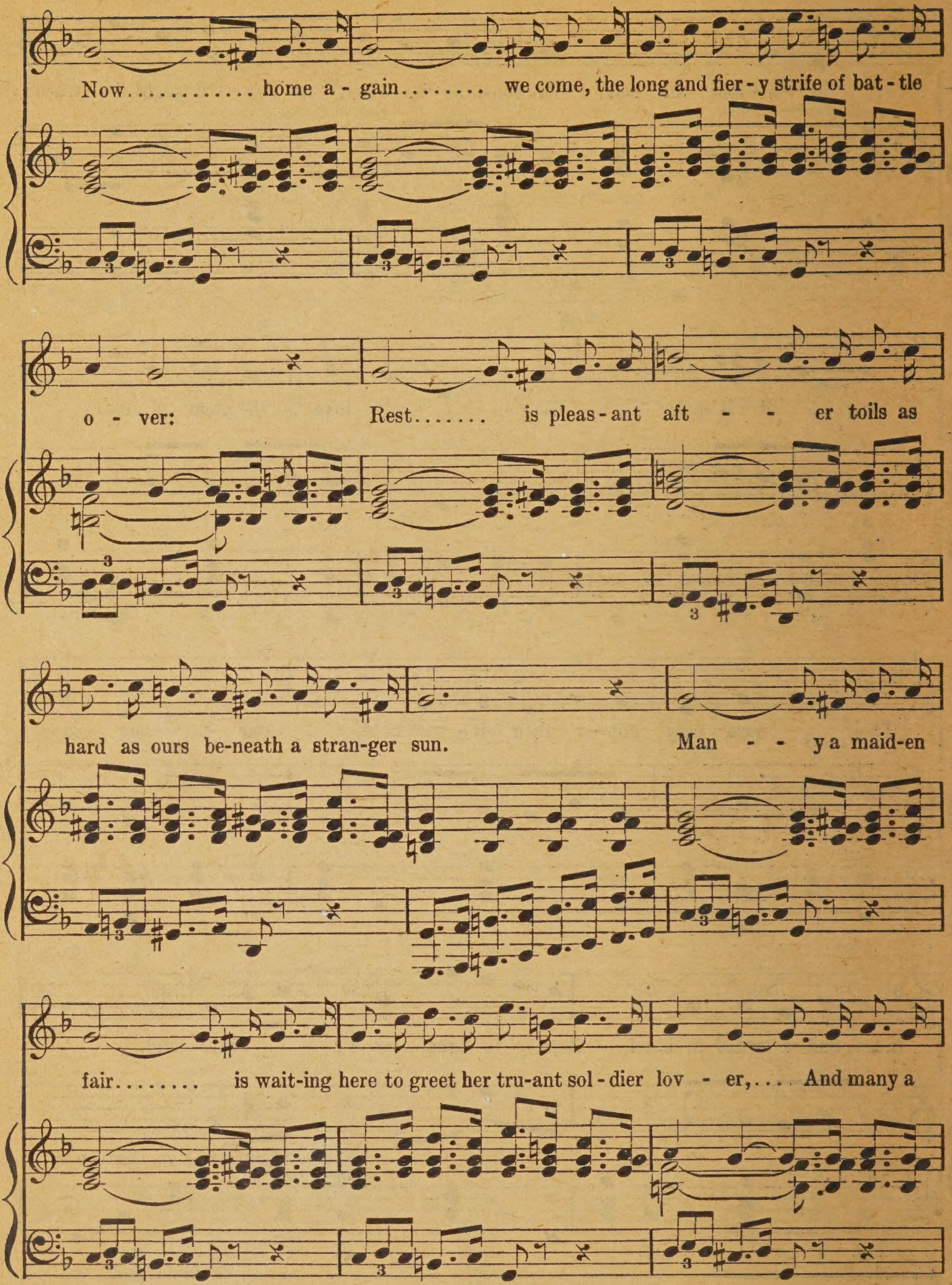
Soldiers' Chorus.


...... if a-lone or last? Or boast he was true, as cow-ard might do, when
per-il is past? Glo--ry and love to the men of old,
Their sons may cop-y their vir-tues bold, Cour--age in
heart, and a sword in hand, Read-y to fight for Fa--ther-land.
FINE.

(*Continued on next page.*)

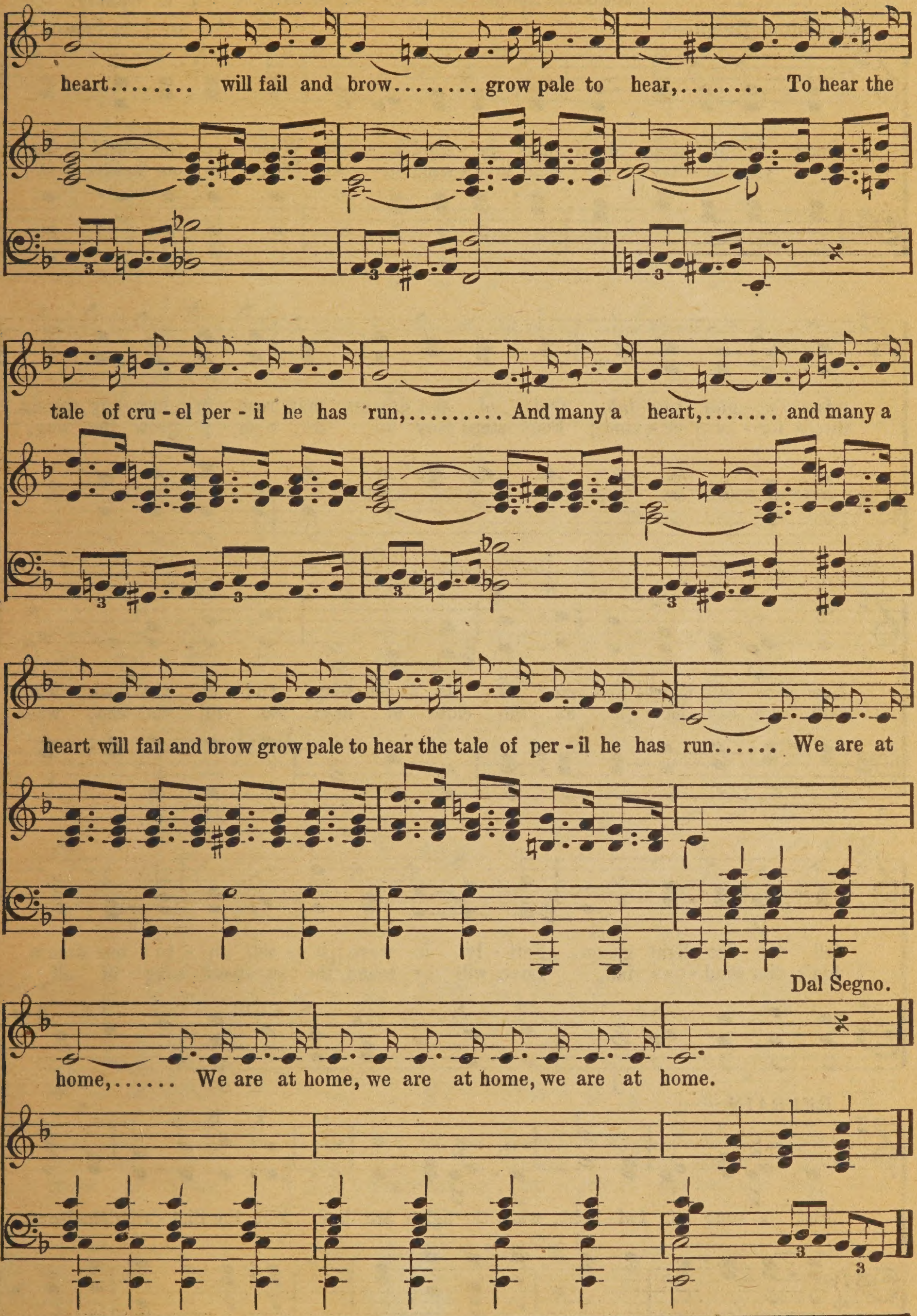
The Cable Company believes in full measure—generous measure.
We are constantly giving better values to our piano customers.

Soldiers' Chorus.


Now........... home a - gain........ we come, the long and fier - y strife of bat - tle
o - ver: Rest....... is pleas - ant aft - - er toils as
hard as ours be-neath a stran-ger sun. Man - - y a maid-en
fair........ is wait-ing here to greet her tru-ant sol - dier lov - er,.... And many a

We have now fully tested the Conover Grand purchased from your firm, and it has met our fullest expectations. It is indeed a superb instrument in all respects. I am no judge of music as an art, but my ear is very sensitive to tone, and that is a quality in which the particular piano is pre-eminent. All its other qualities have been very favorably passed on by those who are capable of judging.—*Joel Chandler Harris.*

Soldiers' Chorus.

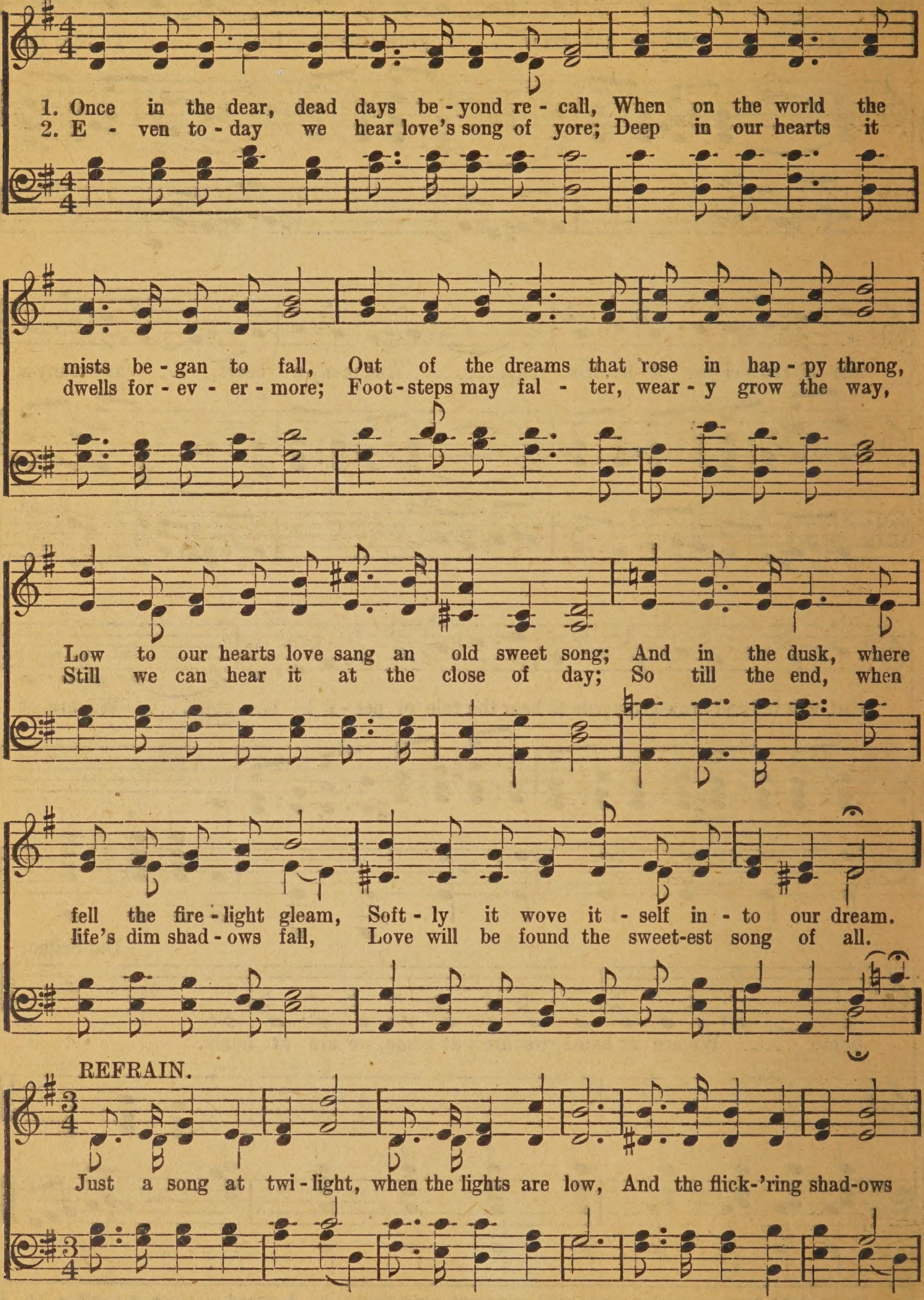

heart........ will fail and brow........ grow pale to hear,........ To hear the
tale of cru - el per - il he has run,......... And many a heart,....... and many a
heart will fail and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has run...... We are at
home,...... We are at home, we are at home, we are at home.
Dal Segno.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.—*James A. Garfield.*

Love's Old Sweet Song.

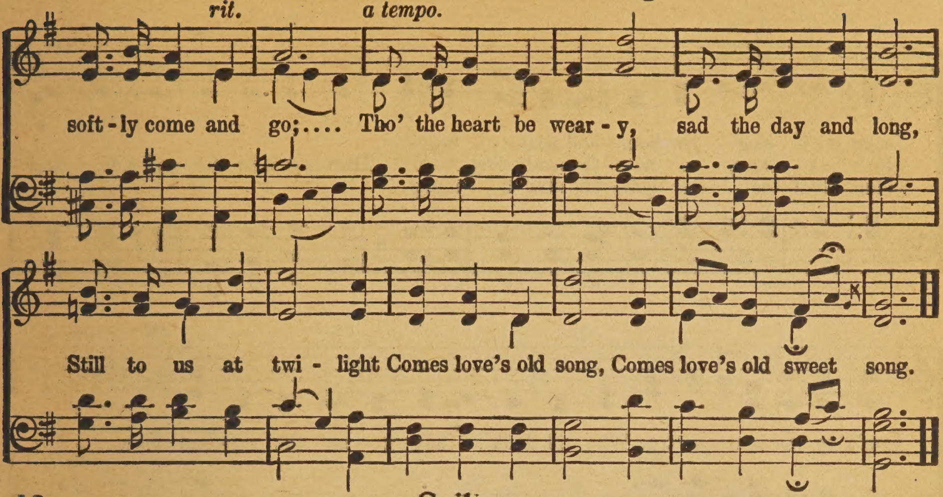
Arrangement copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

J. L. Molloy.
C. Clifton Bingham.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. Once in the dear, dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear love's song of yore; Deep in our hearts it
mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng,
dwells for - ev - er - more; Foot - steps may fal - ter, wear - y grow the way,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk, where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when
fell the fire - light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad - ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.
REFRAIN.
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows

Music, like many other things worth living for, begins in the heart.—*Geo. Hahn.*

Love's Old Sweet Song.

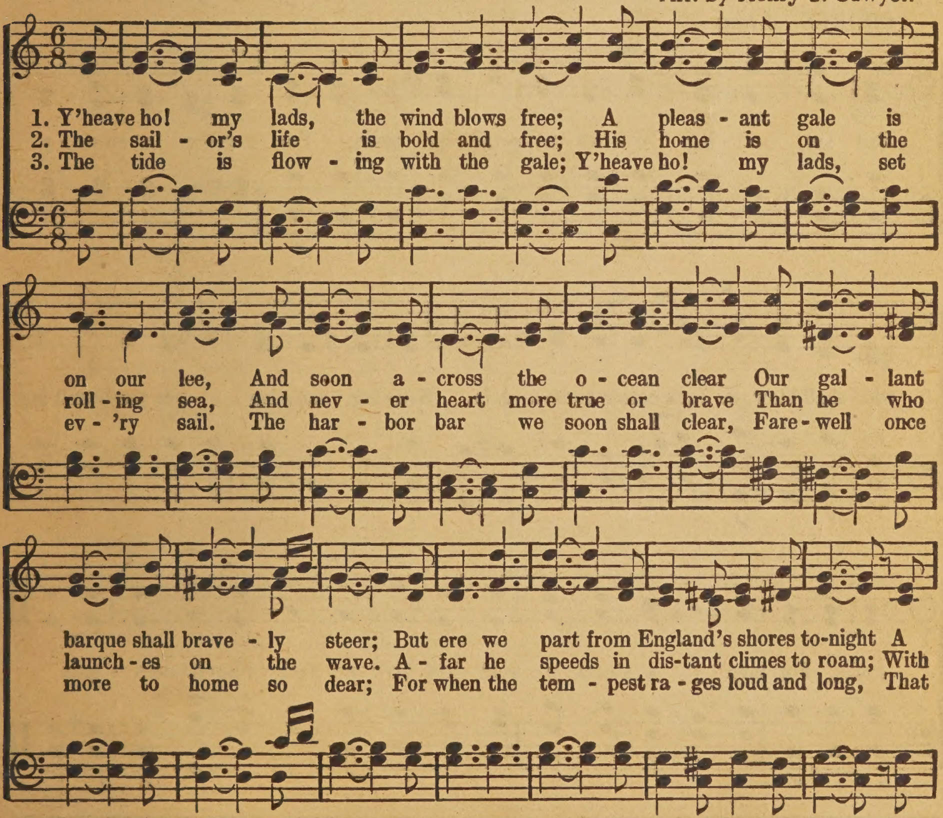

rit.
a tempo.
soft - ly come and go;.... Tho' the heart be wear - y, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twi - light Comes love's old song, Comes love's old sweet song.

43

Sailing.

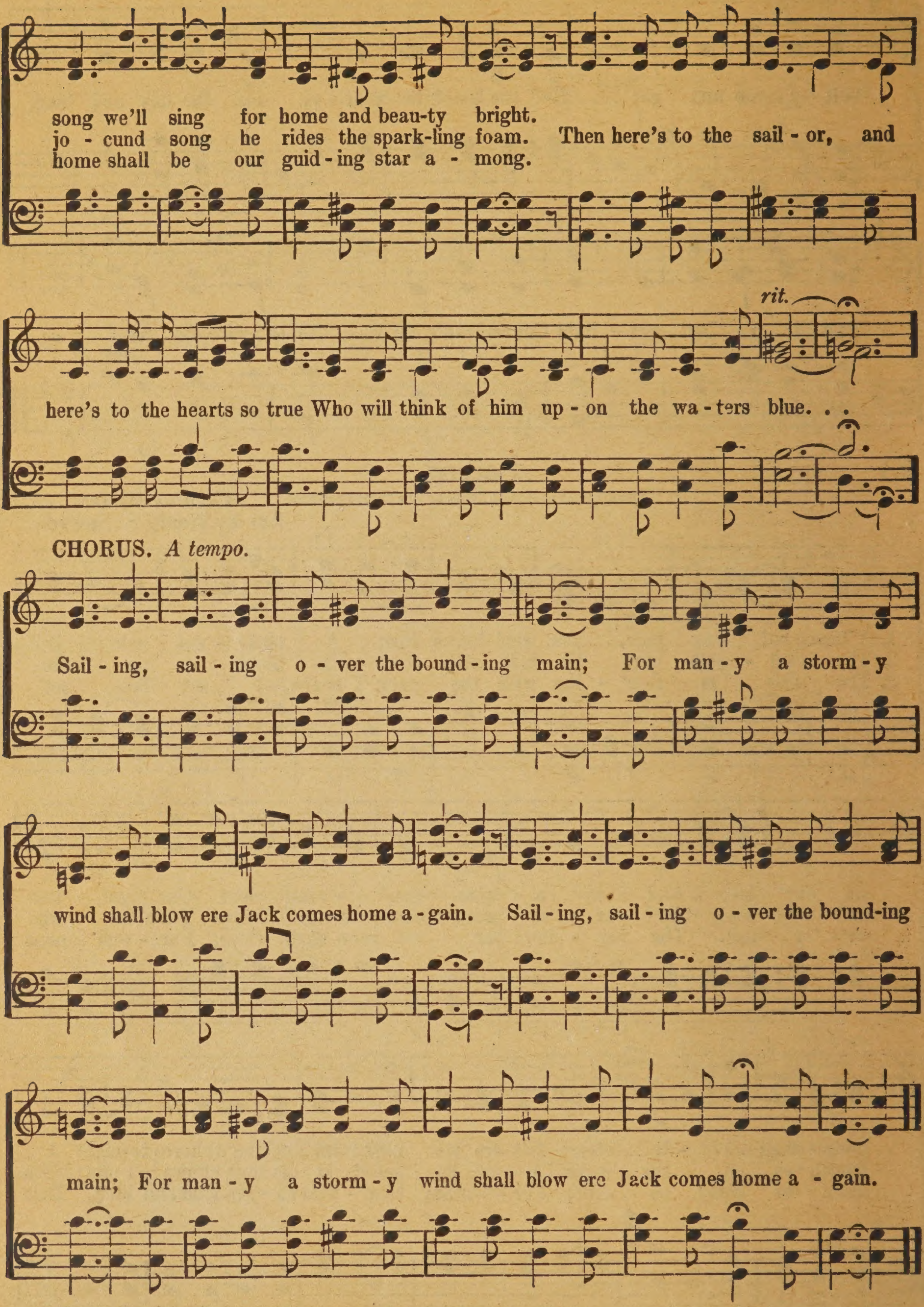
Arrangement copyright, 1919, by The Cable Company.

Godfrey Marks.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free; A pleas - ant gale is
2. The sail - or's life is bold and free; His home is on the
3. The tide is flow - ing with the gale; Y'heave ho! my lads, set
on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant
roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or brave Than he who
ev - 'ry sail. The har - bor bar we soon shall clear, Fare - well once
barque shall brave - ly steer; But ere we part from England's shores to-night A
launch - es on the wave. A - far he speeds in dis-tant climes to roam; With
more to home so dear; For when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long, That

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*

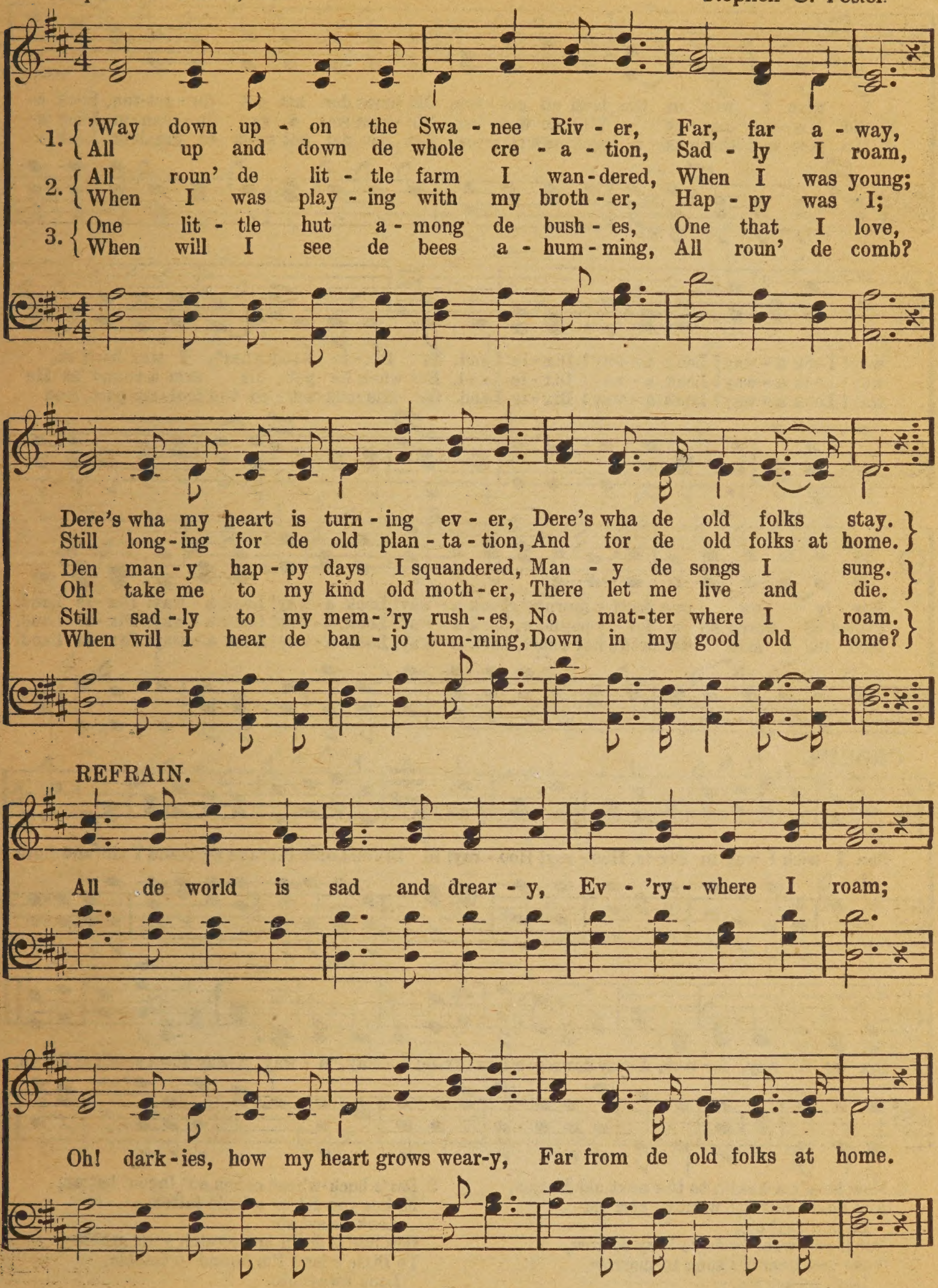
Sailing.


song we'll sing for home and beau-ty bright.
jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam. Then here's to the sail - or, and
home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.
rit.
here's to the hearts so true Who will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue. . .
CHORUS. A tempo.
Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bound - ing main; For man - y a storm - y
wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain. Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bound-ing
main; For man - y a storm - y wind shall blow ere Jack comes home a - gain.

How long, oh, how long will it take us to learn that there ar only two things in this life that really count.—One is character, and the other is human sympathy?—*Commencement Thoughts.*

Old Folks at Home.

Stephen C. Foster, 1851. Stephen C. Foster.


1. { 'Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. { All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I;
3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love,
When will I see de bees a - hum - ming, All roun' de comb?
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing ev - er, Dere's wha de old folks stay. }
Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home. }
Den man - y hap - py days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. }
Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die. }
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I roam. }
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home? }
REFRAIN.
All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;
Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

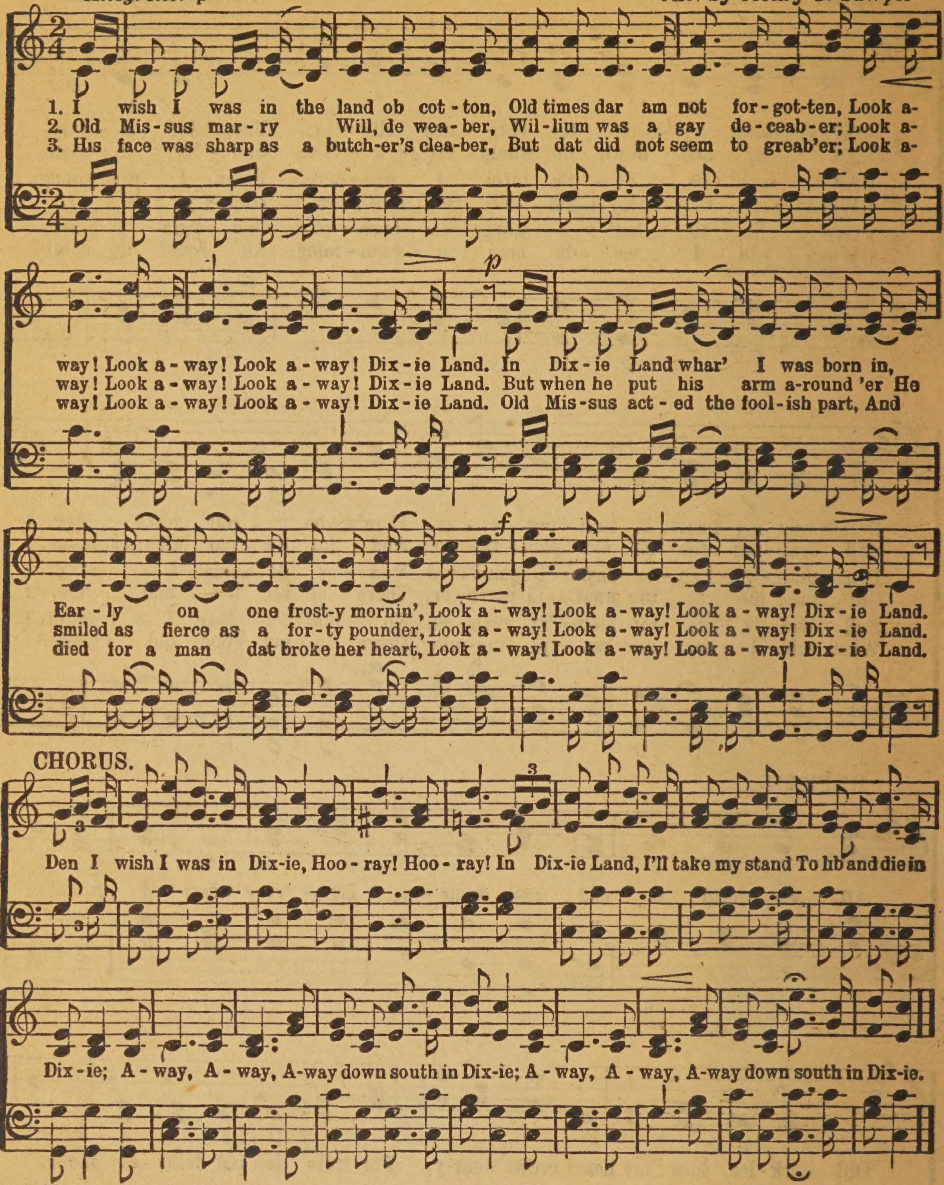
Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures. It is also the only one which is equally helpful to all ages of man.—*Ruskin*.

Whether four or sixty-four, you will enjoy an Inner-Player Piano.

45 Dixie Land.

Daniel D. Emmett, 1859. Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company. Dan. Emmett.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.

Allegretto. p



1. I wish I was in the land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar' I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y mornin', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry Will, de wea-ber, Wil-lium was a gay de-ceab-er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round 'er He smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
CHORUS.
Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

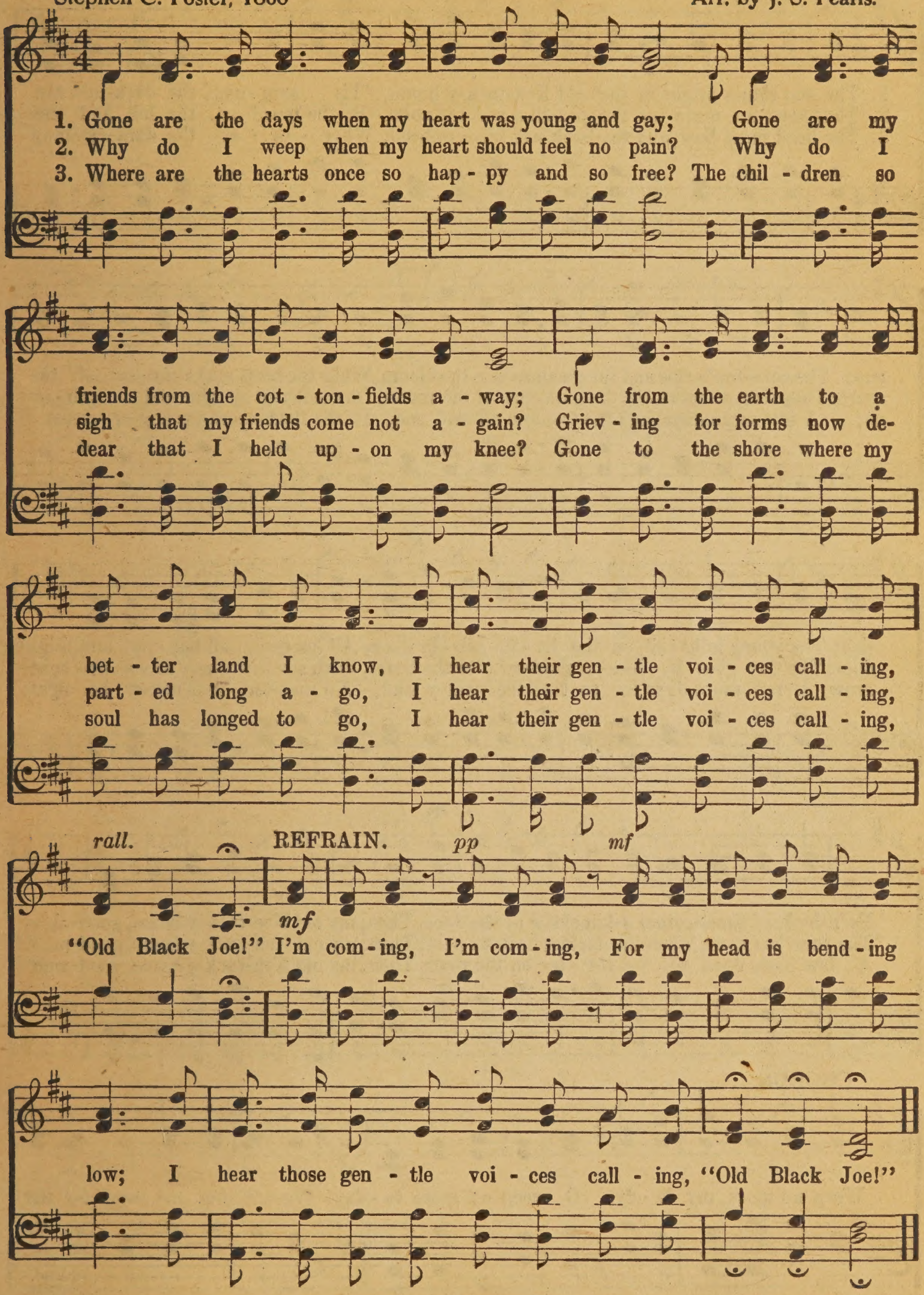
> Robert E. Lee . . "had always been in favor of the emancipation of the negroes, and in Virginia the feeling had been strongly inclining in the same direction, until the ill-judged enthusiasm [amounting to rancor] of the abolitionists in the North had turned the Southern tide of feeling in the other direction."
> —*Recollections and letters of Gen. Robt. E. Lee, by his Son.*

Old Black Joe.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

Stephen C. Foster, 1860

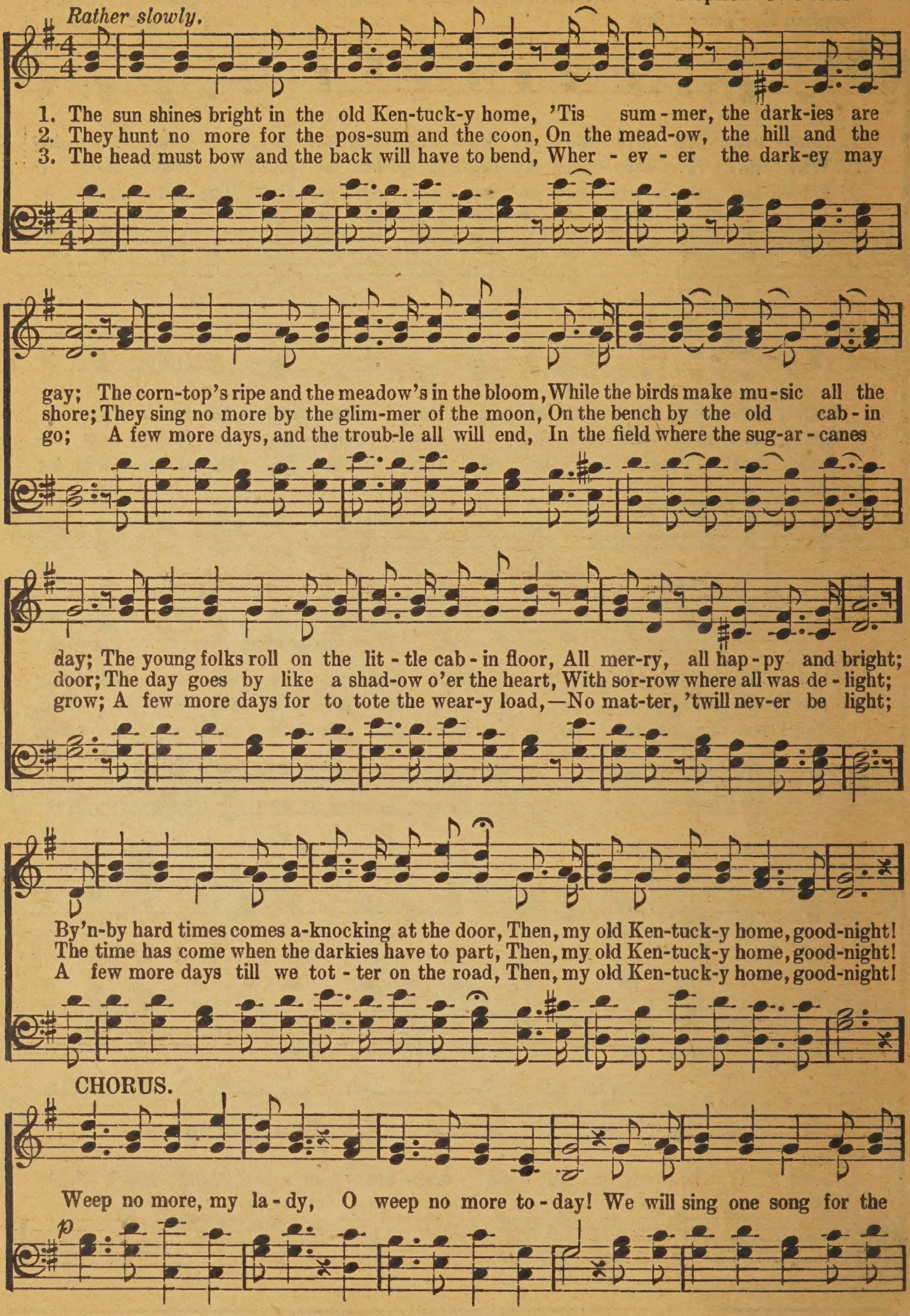
Stephen C. Foster.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so
friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de-
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my
bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
rall.
"Old Black Joe!"
REFRAIN.
mf
I'm com - ing,
pp
I'm com - ing,
mf
For my head is bend - ing
low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Manual labor is a great good, but only in its just proportion. It must be joined with higher means of improvement or it degrades instead of exalting.—*William Ellery Channing.*

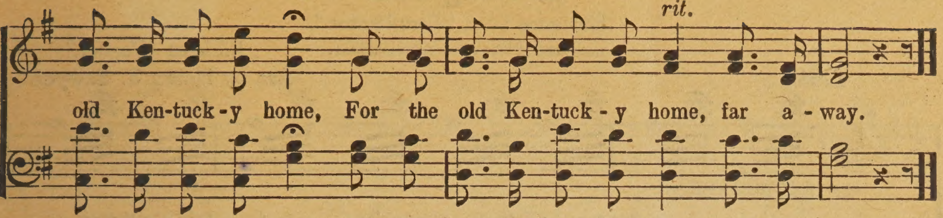
47 My Old Kentucky Home.

Stephen C. Foster.


Rather slowly.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark-ey may
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
go; A few more days, and the troub-le all will end, In the field where the sug-ar-canes
day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright;
door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light;
grow; A few more days for to tote the wear-y load,—No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light;
By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
A few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then, my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
CHORUS.
Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the
p

One life; a little gem of time between two eternities; no second chance to us forevermore.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

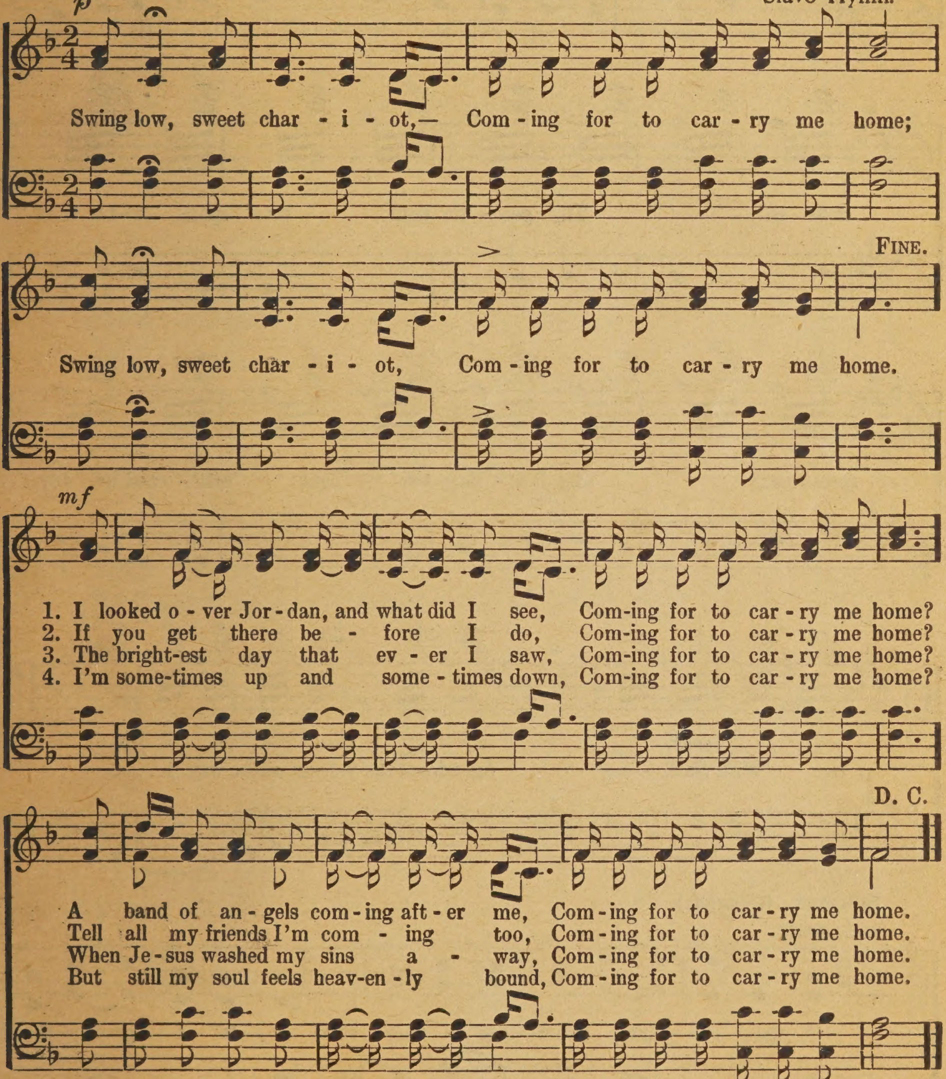
My Old Kentucky Home.


rit.
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

48

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

Slave Hymn.


p
Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,— Com-ing for to car-ry me home;
FINE.
Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
mf
1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, and what did I see, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be-fore I do, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
3. The bright-est day that ev-er I saw, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
4. I'm some-times up and some-times down, Com-ing for to car-ry me home?
D. C.
A band of an-gels com-ing aft-er me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com-ing too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
When Je-sus washed my sins a-way, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
But still my soul feels heav-en-ly bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

> Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
> —*Old English Proverb, used prior to 1697.*

Evening Star.

Romance from "Tannhäuser."

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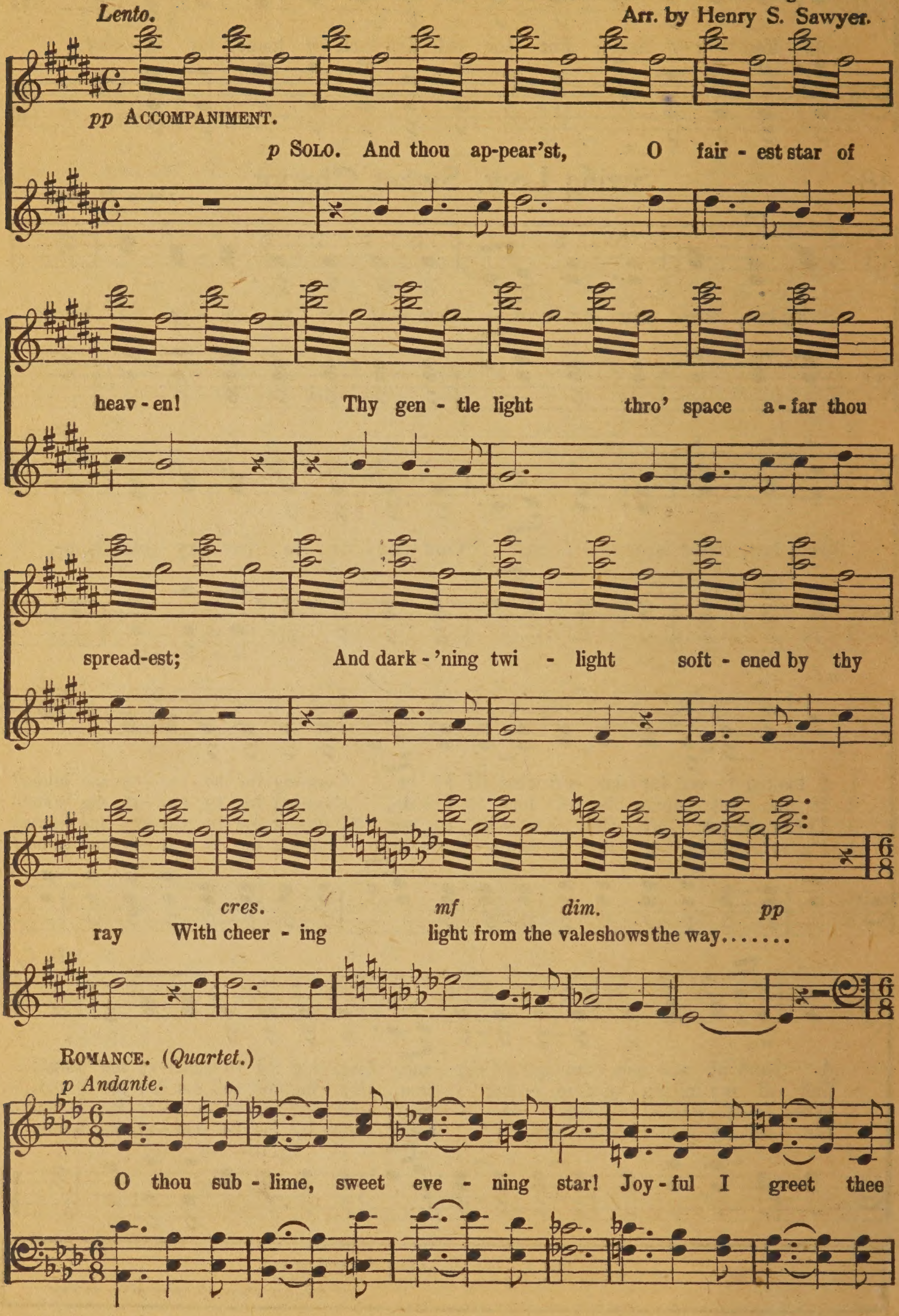
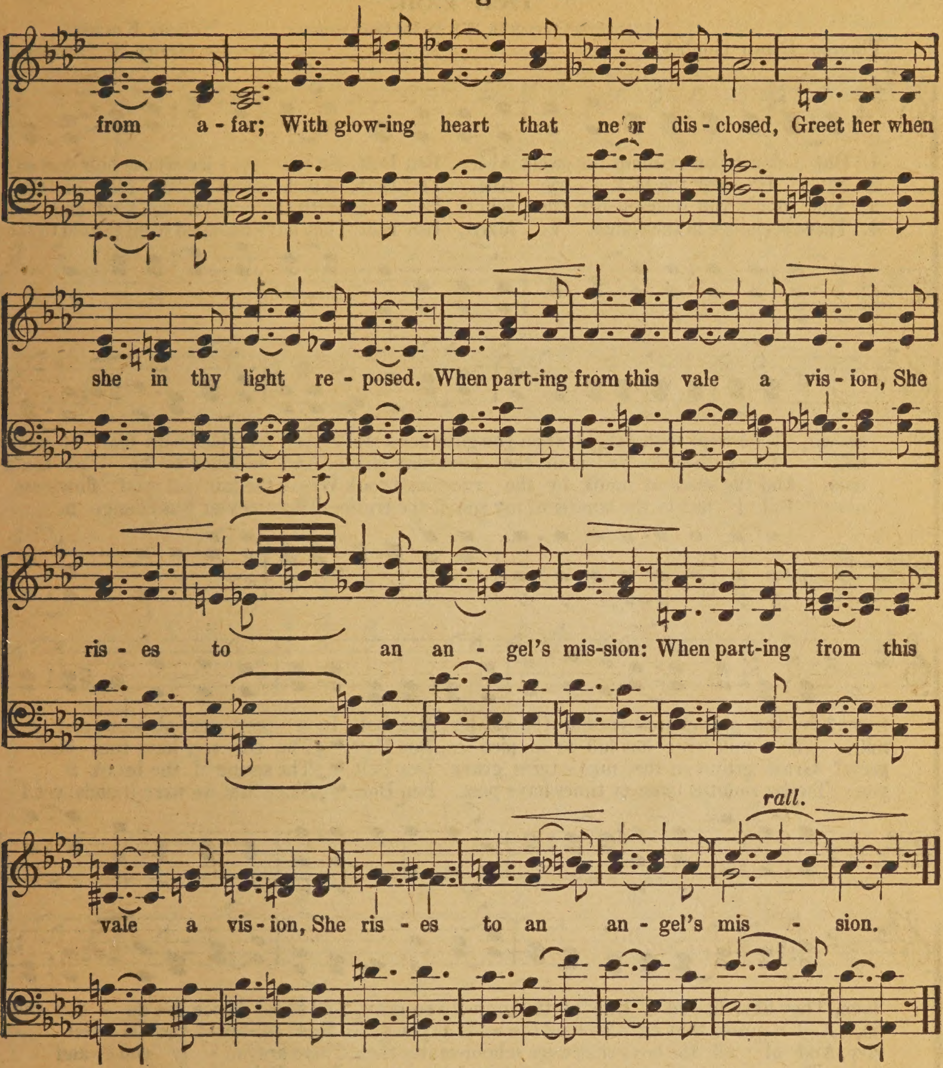
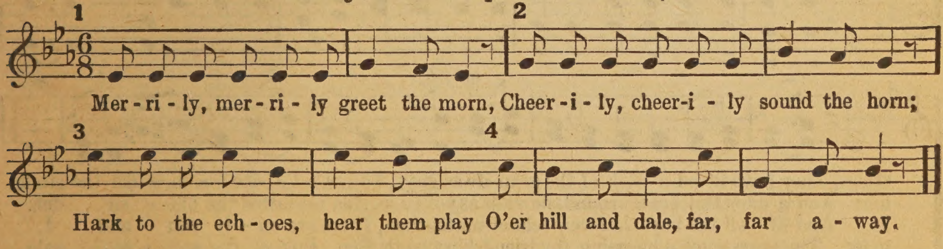
Richard Wagner.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


Lento.
pp Accompaniment.
p Solo. And thou ap-pear'st, O fair - est star of
heav - en! Thy gen - tle light thro' space a - far thou
spread-est; And dark - 'ning twi - light soft - ened by thy
ray With cheer - ing light from the vale shows the way.......
cres.
mf
dim.
pp
Romance. (Quartet.)
p Andante.
O thou sub - lime, sweet eve - ning star! Joy - ful I greet thee

Evening Star.


from a - far; With glow-ing heart that ne'er dis - closed, Greet her when
she in thy light re - posed. When part-ing from this vale a vis - ion, She
ris - es to an an - gel's mis-sion: When part-ing from this
vale a vis - ion, She ris - es to an an - gel's mis - sion.
rall.

50 Merrily, Merrily. (Round.)


1
2
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn, Cheer - i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn;
3
4
Hark to the ech - oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far a - way.

I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round, as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time: the only time I know of, in the long calender of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. And therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good, and I say, God bless it.—*Charles Dickens.*

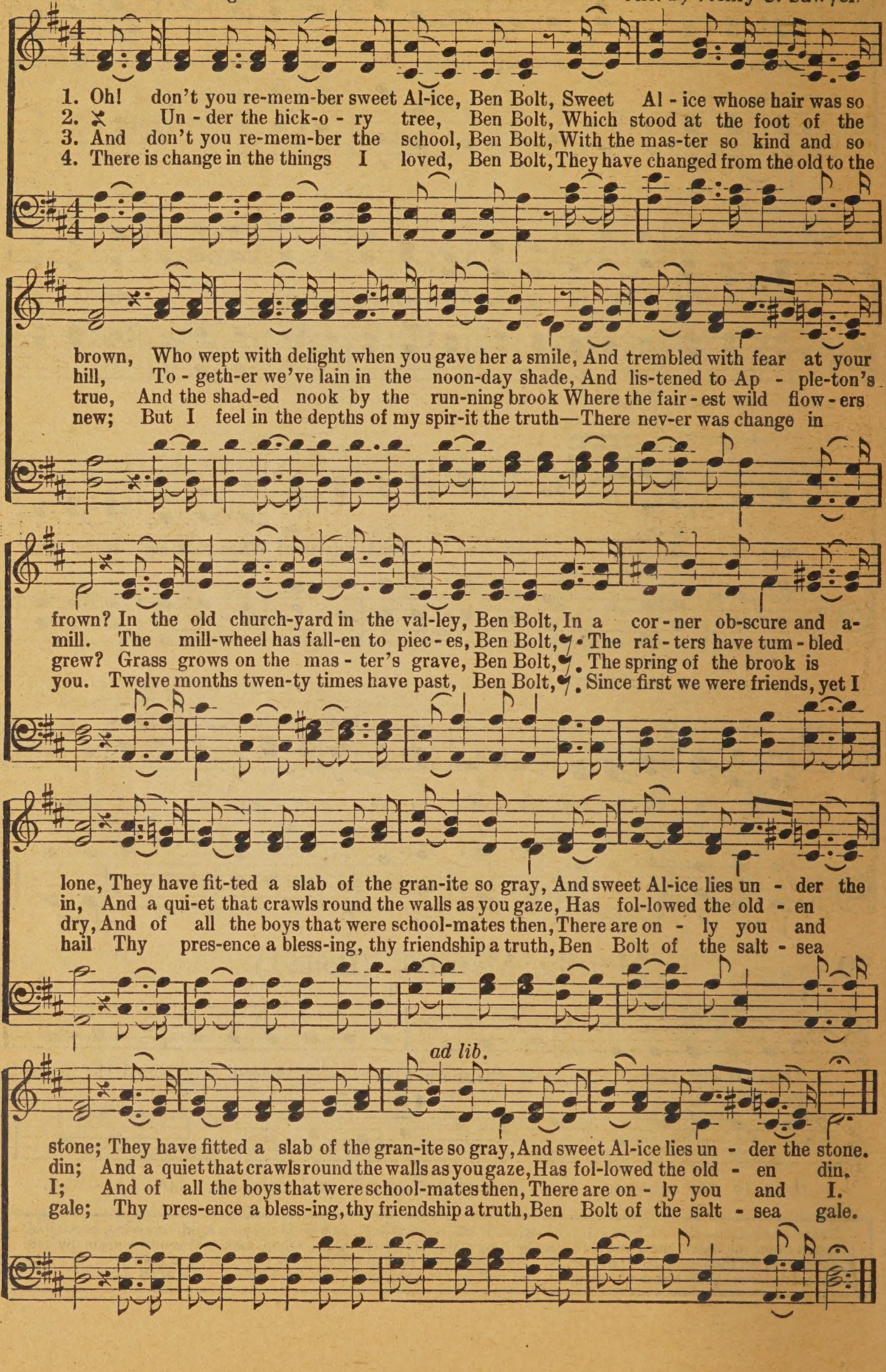
51

Ben Bolt.

Arrangement Copyright, 1911, by The Cable Company.

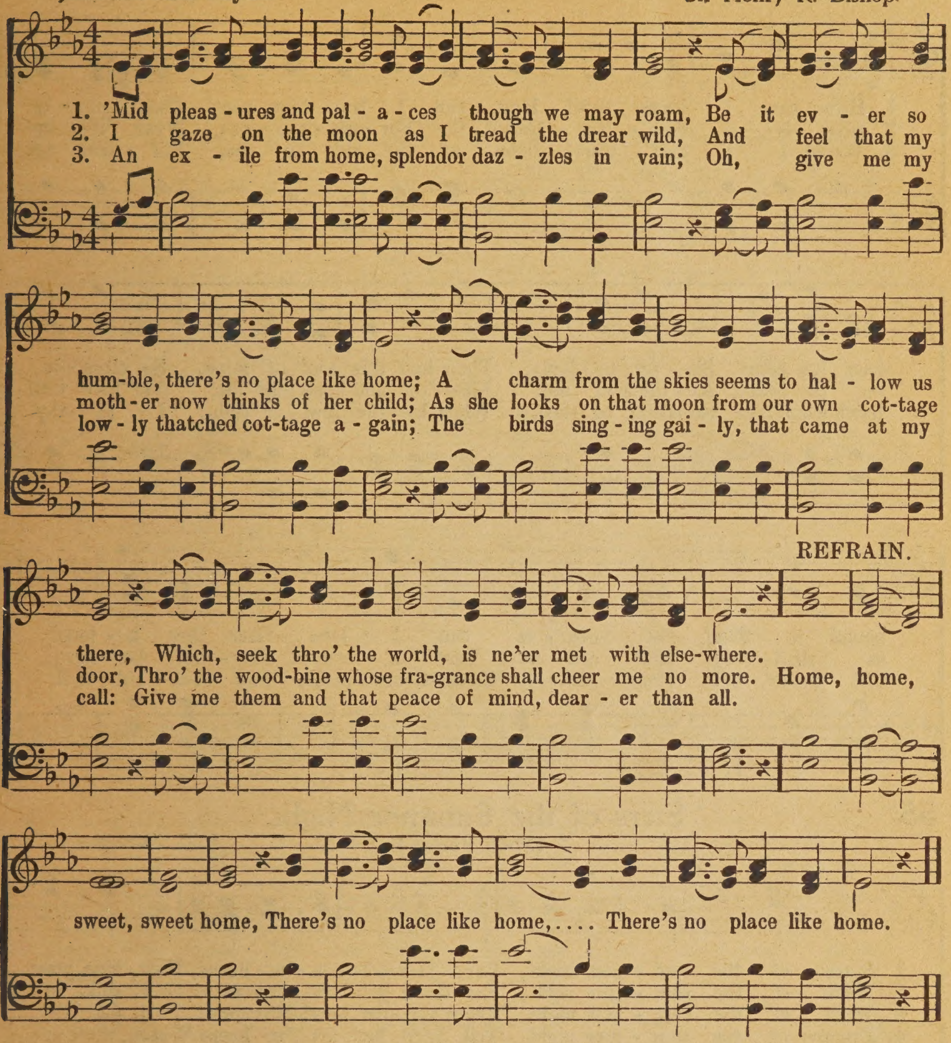
Thomas Dunn English.

Nelson Kneass.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.

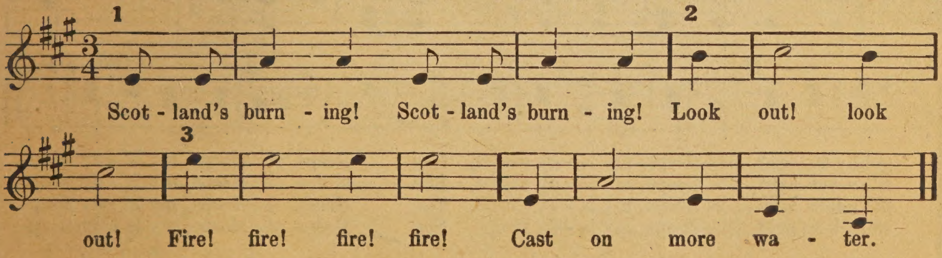

1. Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Al - ice whose hair was so
2. Un - der the hick-o - ry tree, Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the
3. And don't you re-mem-ber the school, Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so
4. There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt, They have changed from the old to the
brown, Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile, And trembled with fear at your
hill, To - geth-er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And lis-tened to Ap - ple-ton's
true, And the shad-ed nook by the run-ning brook Where the fair - est wild flow - ers
new; But I feel in the depths of my spir-it the truth—There nev-er was change in
frown? In the old church-yard in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob-scure and a-
mill. The mill-wheel has fall-en to piec - es, Ben Bolt, The raf - ters have tum - bled
grew? Grass grows on the mas - ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is
you. Twelve months twen-ty times have past, Ben Bolt, Since first we were friends, yet I
lone, They have fit-ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the
in, And a qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en
dry, And of all the boys that were school-mates then, There are on - ly you and
hail Thy pres-ence a bless-ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea
ad lib.
stone; They have fitted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
din; And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en din.
I; And of all the boys that were school-mates then, There are on - ly you and I.
gale; Thy pres-ence a bless-ing, thy friendship a truth, Ben Bolt of the salt - sea gale.

52 Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne. Sir Henry R. Bishop.


1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fra-grance shall cheer me no more.
3. An ex-ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing gai-ly, that came at my call: Give me them and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.
REFRAIN.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, ... There's no place like home.

53 Scotland's Burning. (Round.)

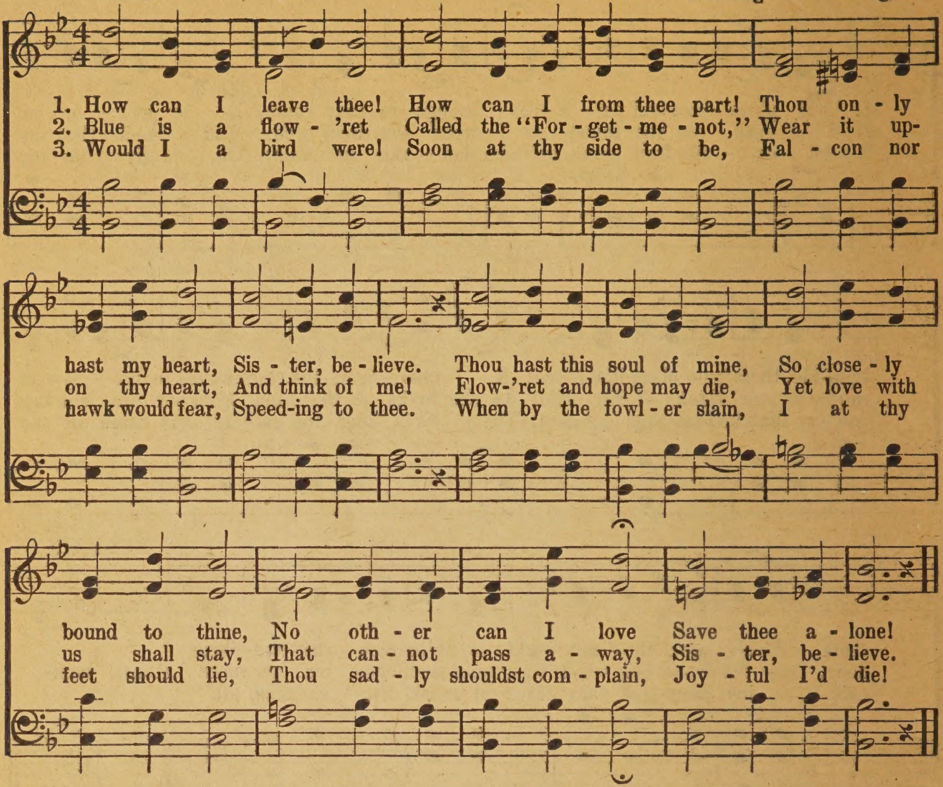

1
2
3
Scot-land's burn-ing! Scot-land's burn-ing! Look out! look out! Fire! fire! fire! fire! Cast on more wa-ter.

The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love and something to hope for.—*Chalmers.*
A piano is pretty nearly as essential—especially a good piano, one that is Cable-made.

54 How Can I Leave Thee!

Moderato.

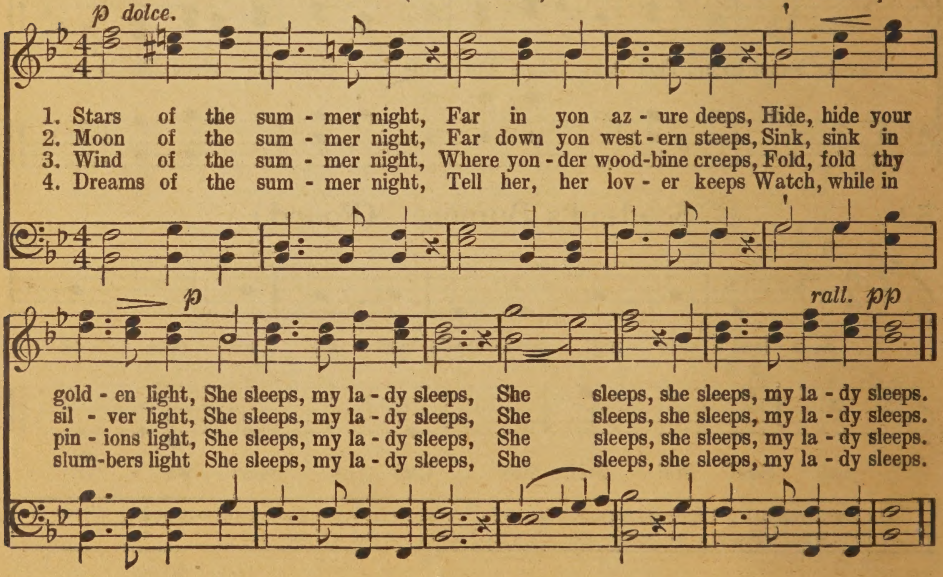
Thuringian Folksong


1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou only
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For-get-me-not," Wear it up-
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Falcon nor
hast my heart, Sister, believe. Thou hast this soul of mine, So closely
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speeding to thee. When by the fowler slain, I at thy
bound to thine, No other can I love Save thee alone!
us shall stay, That cannot pass away, Sister, believe.
feet should lie, Thou sadly shouldst complain, Joyful I'd die!

55 Stars of the Summer Night.

(Male Voices.)

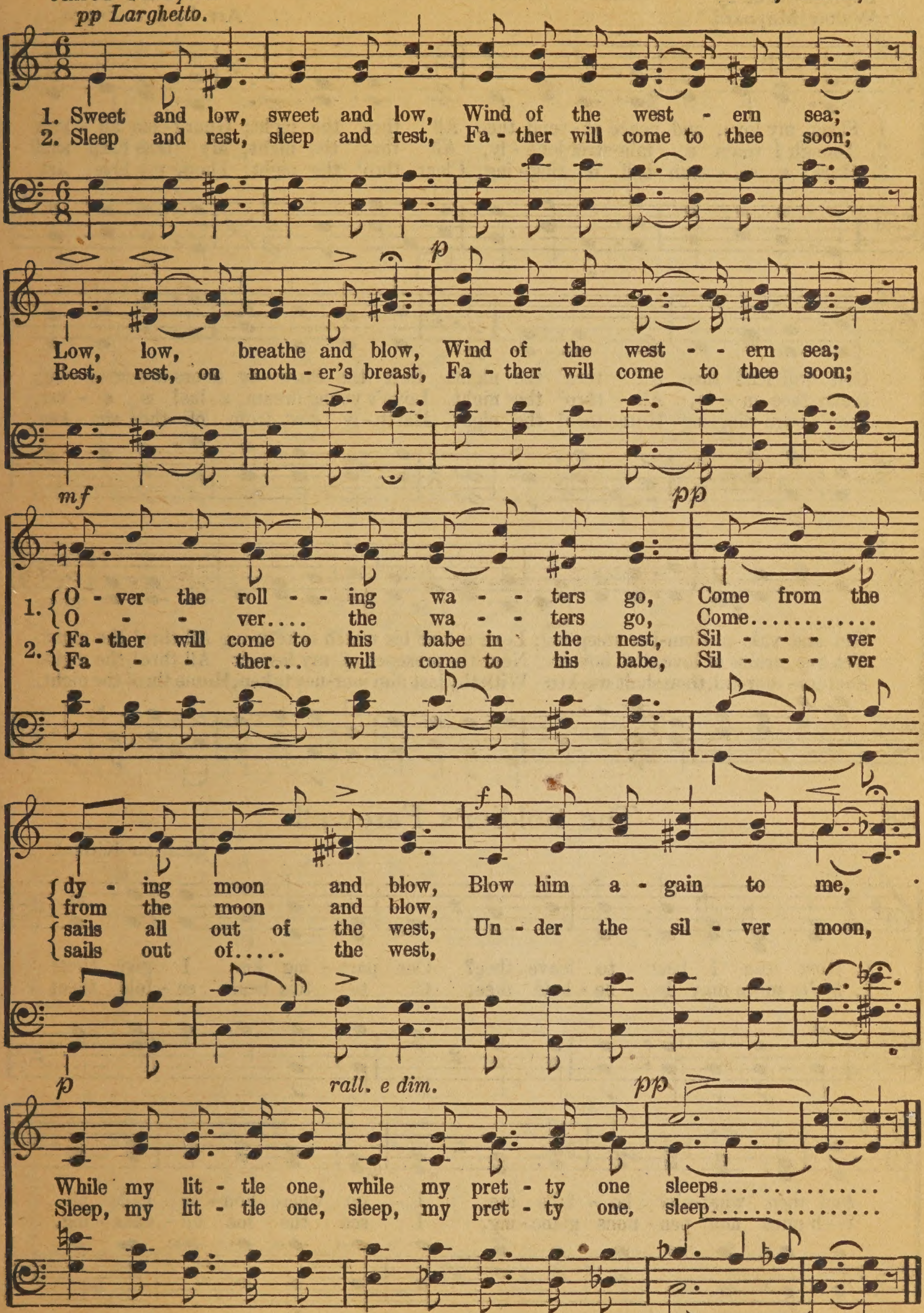
I. B. Woodbury.


p dolce.
1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon azure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the summer night, Where yonder wood-bine creeps, Fold, fold thy
4. Dreams of the summer night, Tell her, her lover keeps Watch, while in
p
rall. pp
golden light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
silver light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
pinions light, She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.
slumbers light She sleeps, my lady sleeps, She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Sweet and Low.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.


pp Larghetto.
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea;
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
p
Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - - ern sea;
Rest, rest, on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;
mf
pp
1. O - ver the roll - - ing wa - - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
O - - ver.... the wa - - ters go, Come............ from the moon and blow,
2. Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - - - ver sails all out of the west,
Fa - - ther... will come to his babe, Sil - - - ver sails out of..... the west,
f
Blow him a - gain to me,
Un - der the sil - ver moon,
p
rall. e dim.
pp
While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps................
Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep................

The effect of good music is not caused by novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us more the more we are familiar with it.—*Goethe.*

With an Inner-Player Piano in your home you will readily become familiar with the best music of the masters.

57 All Through the Night.

English words by
Walter Maynard.

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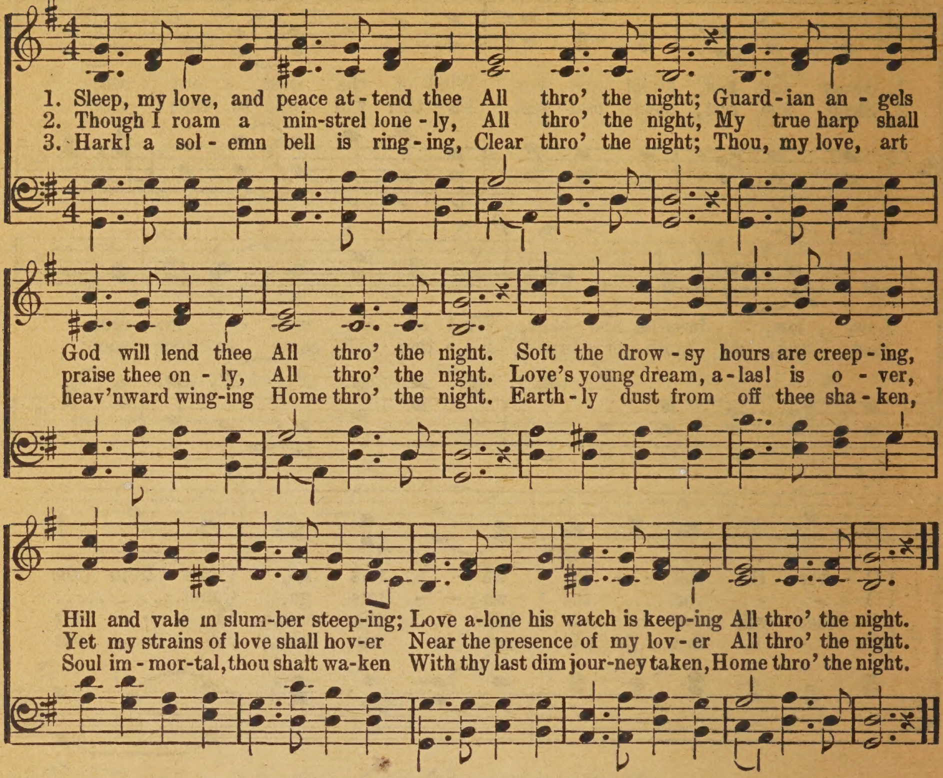
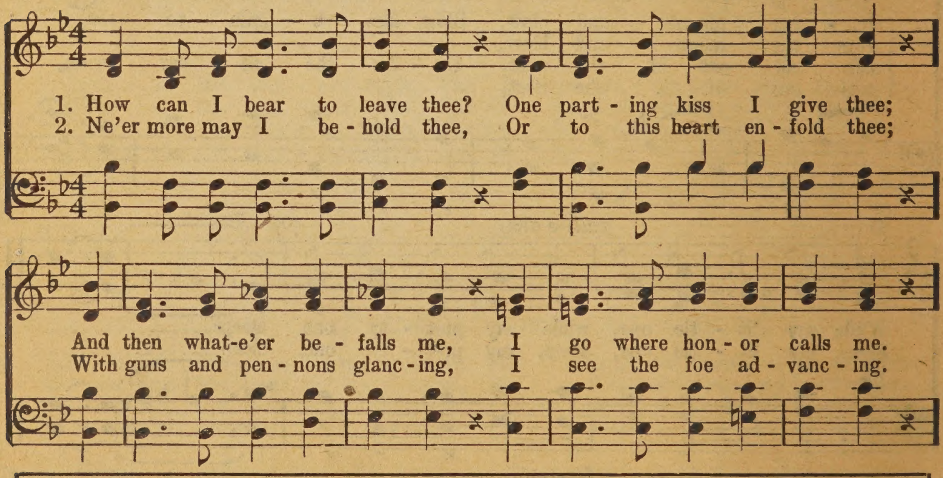
Welsh Air.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. Sleep, my love, and peace at-tend thee All thro' the night; Guard-ian an-gels
2. Though I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All thro' the night, My true harp shall
3. Hark! a sol-emn bell is ring-ing, Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art
God will lend thee All thro' the night. Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
praise thee on-ly, All thro' the night. Love's young dream, a-las! is o-ver,
heav'nward wing-ing Home thro' the night. Earth-ly dust from off thee sha-ken,
Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing; Love a-lone his watch is keep-ing All thro' the night.
Yet my strains of love shall hov-er Near the presence of my lov-er All thro' the night.
Soul im-mor-tal, thou shalt wa-ken With thy last dim jour-ney taken, Home thro' the night.

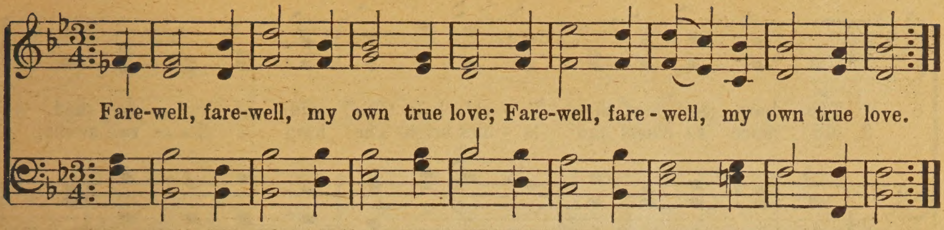
58 The Soldier's Farewell.

Johanna Kinkel.


1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee;
2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee;
And then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me.
With guns and pen-nons glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best, however unimportant the occasion.—*Gen. Phil Sheridan.*

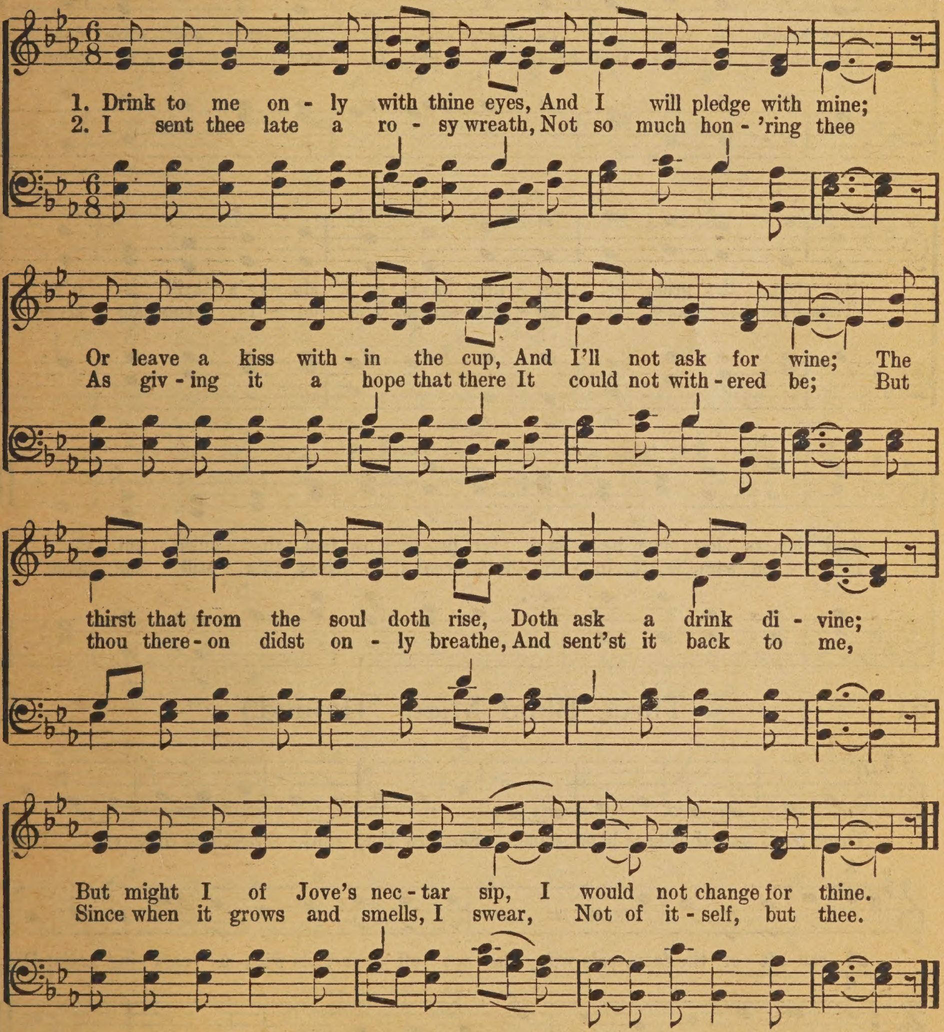
The Soldier's Farewell.


Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

59 Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes.

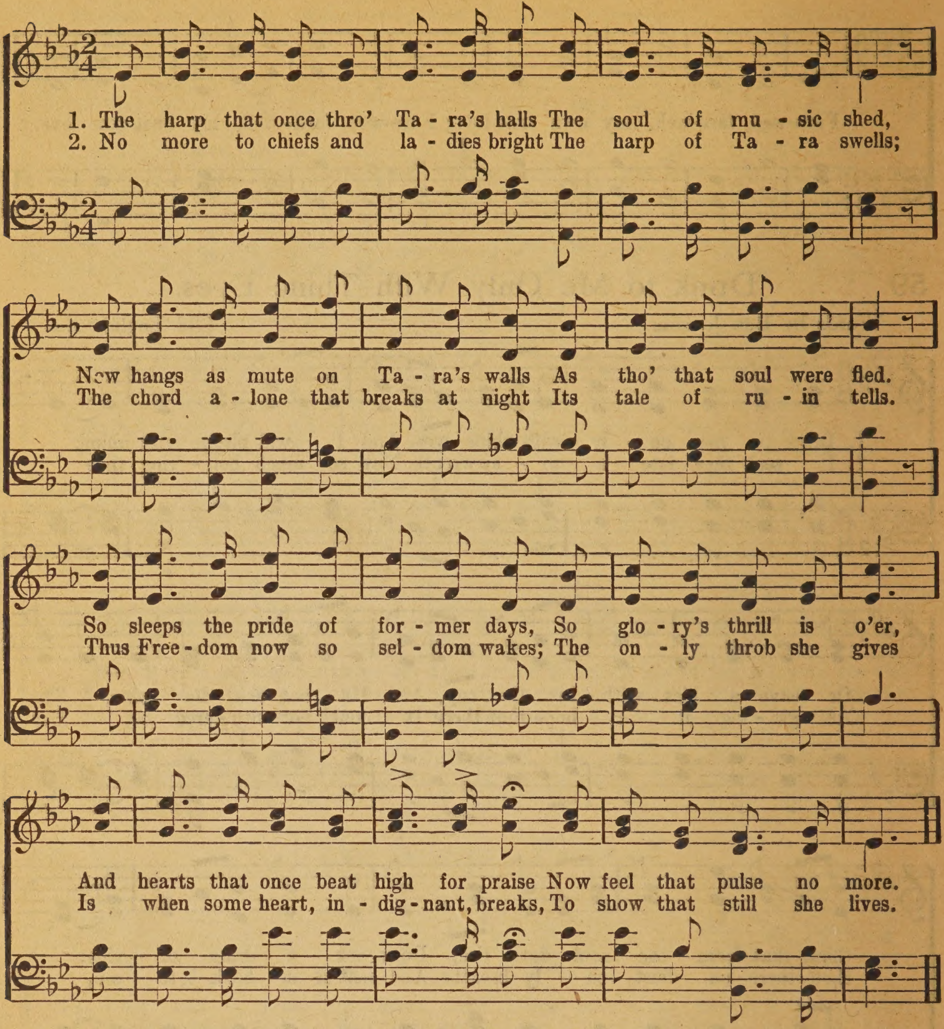
Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

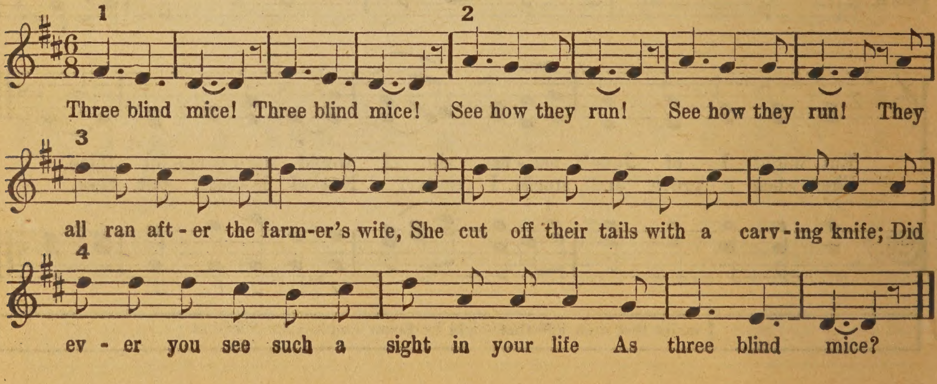

1. Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine;
2. I sent thee late a ro-sy wreath, Not so much hon-'ring thee
Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv-ing it a hope that there It could not with-ered be; But
thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di-vine;
thou there-on didst on-ly breathe, And sent'st it back to me,
But might I of Jove's nec-tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it-self, but thee.

I count that man idle that might be better employed.—*Socrates.*

60 The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.

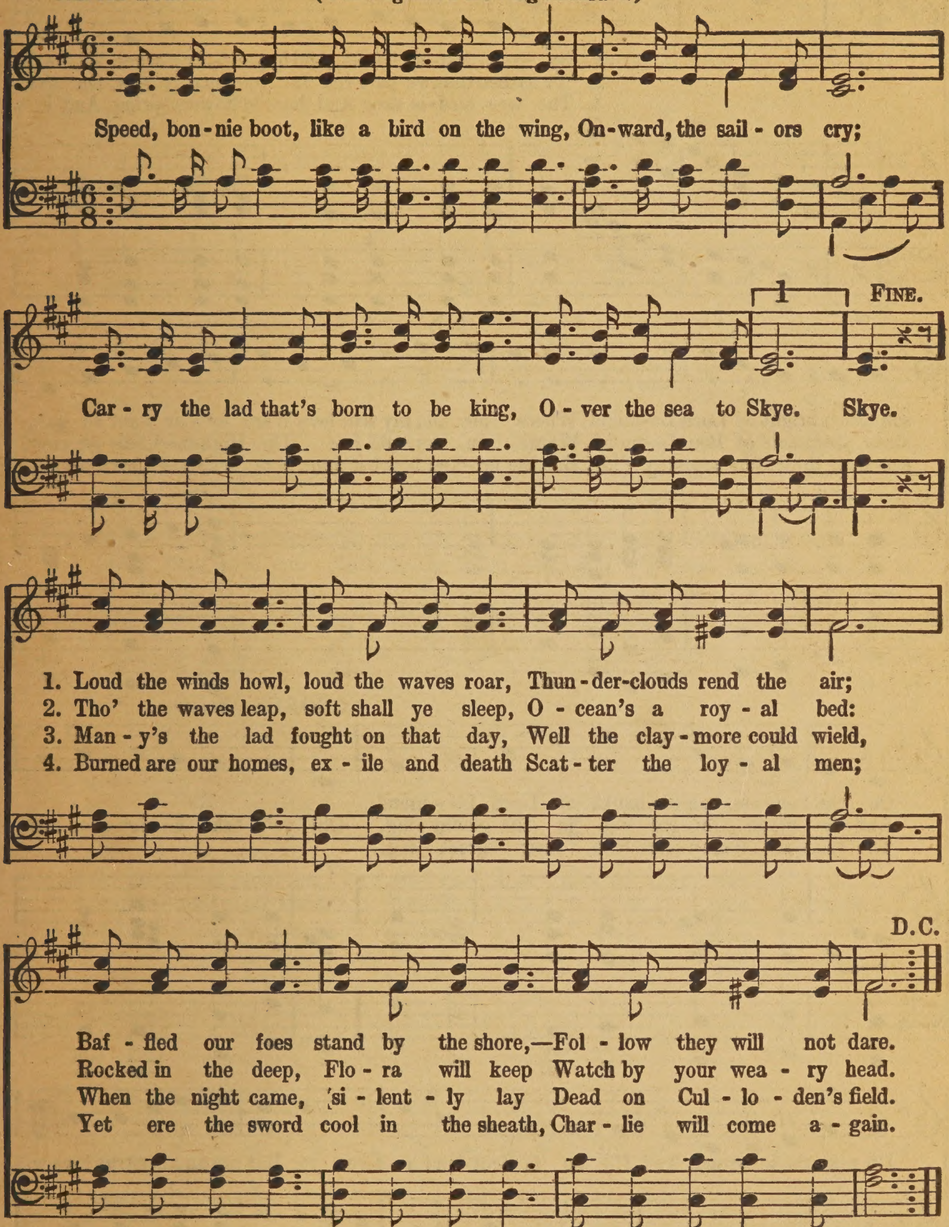

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed,
Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As tho' that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells;
The chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in tells.
Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The on - ly throb she gives
Is when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

61 Three Blind Mice. (Round.)


1
2
3
4
Three blind mice! Three blind mice! See how they run! See how they run! They
all ran aft - er the farm-er's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife; Did
ev - er you see such a sight in your life As three blind mice?

Skye Boat Song.

Harold Boulton. (Old Highland Rowing Measure.)

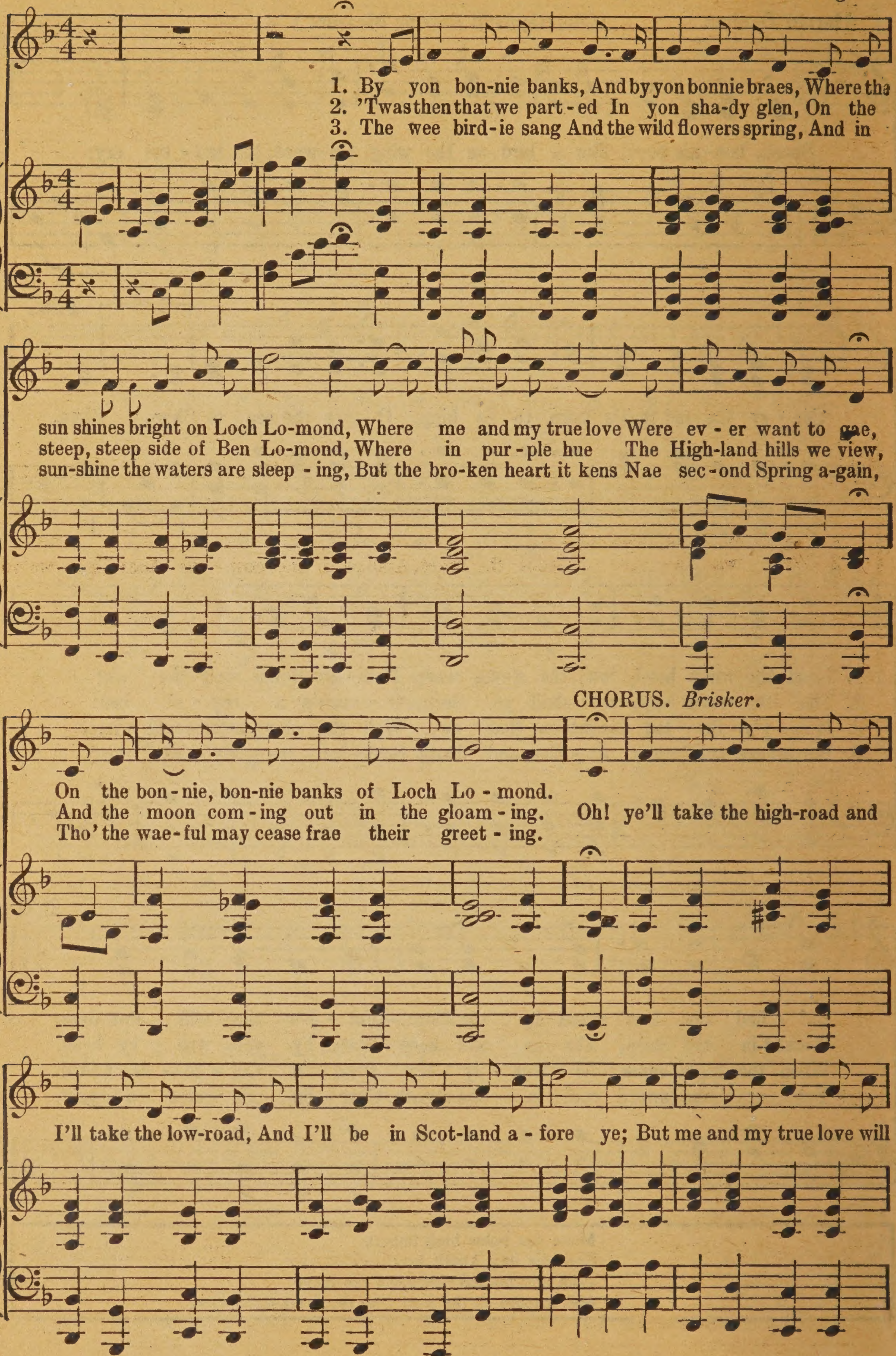

Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward, the sail-ors cry;
Car-ry the lad that's born to be king, O-ver the sea to Skye. Skye.
1
Fine.
1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thun-der-clouds rend the air;
2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O-cean's a roy-al bed:
3. Man-y's the lad fought on that day, Well the clay-more could wield,
4. Burned are our homes, ex-ile and death Scat-ter the loy-al men;
Baf-fled our foes stand by the shore,—Fol-low they will not dare.
Rocked in the deep, Flo-ra will keep Watch by your wea-ry head.
When the night came, si-lent-ly lay Dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Char-lie will come a-gain.
D.C.

> Music can noble hints impart,
> Engender fury, kindle love,
> With unsuspected eloquence can move
> And manage all the man with secret art.—*Addison.*

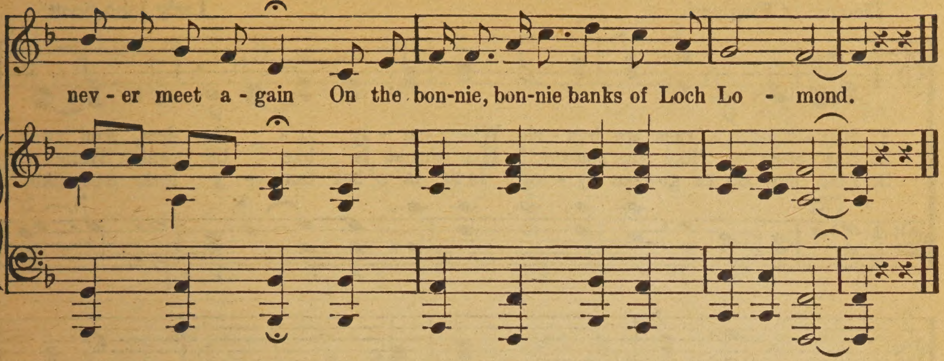
Loch Lomond.

(The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond.)

Old Scotch Song.


1. By yon bon-nie banks, And by yon bonnie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo-mond, Where me and my true love Were ev - er want to gae, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed In yon sha-dy glen, On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo-mond, Where in pur - ple hue The High-land hills we view, And the moon com - ing out in the gloam - ing.
3. The wee bird-ie sang And the wild flowers spring, And in sun-shine the waters are sleep - ing, But the bro-ken heart it kens Nae sec - ond Spring a-gain, Tho' the wae-ful may cease frae their greet - ing.
CHORUS. Brisker.
Oh! ye'll take the high-road and I'll take the low-road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But me and my true love will

Loch Lomond.


nev - er meet a - gain On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

64

Auld Lang Syne.

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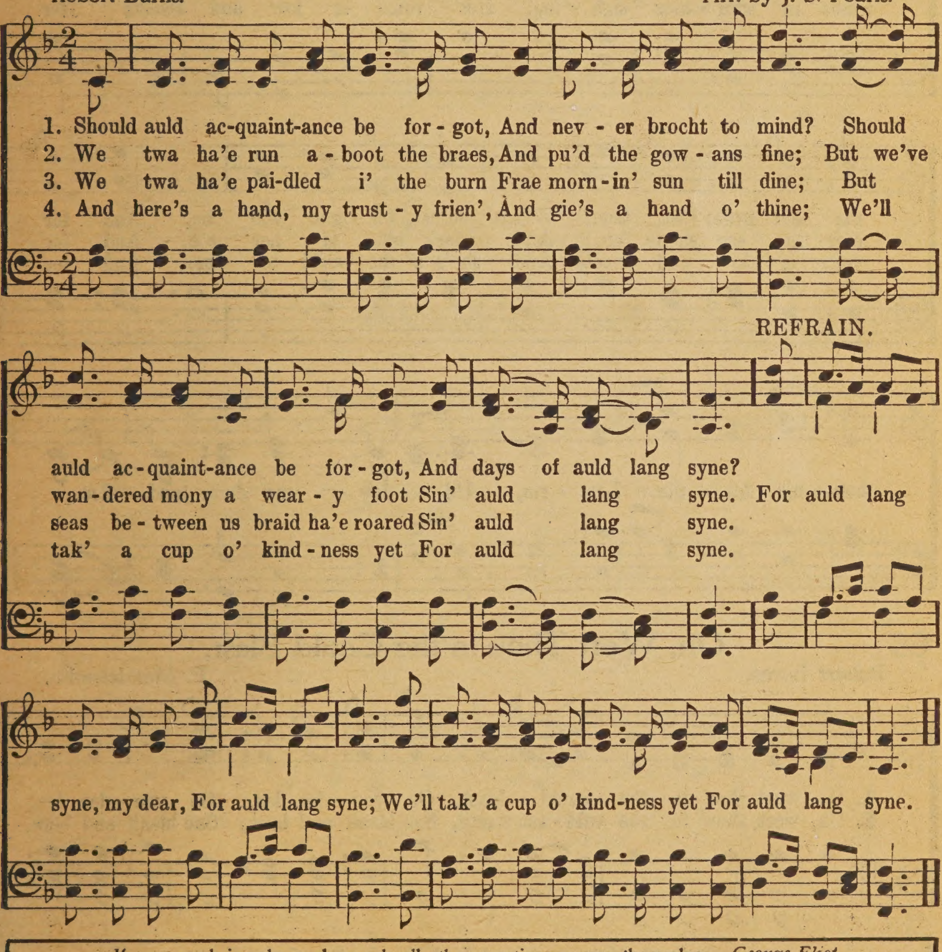
Robert Burns.

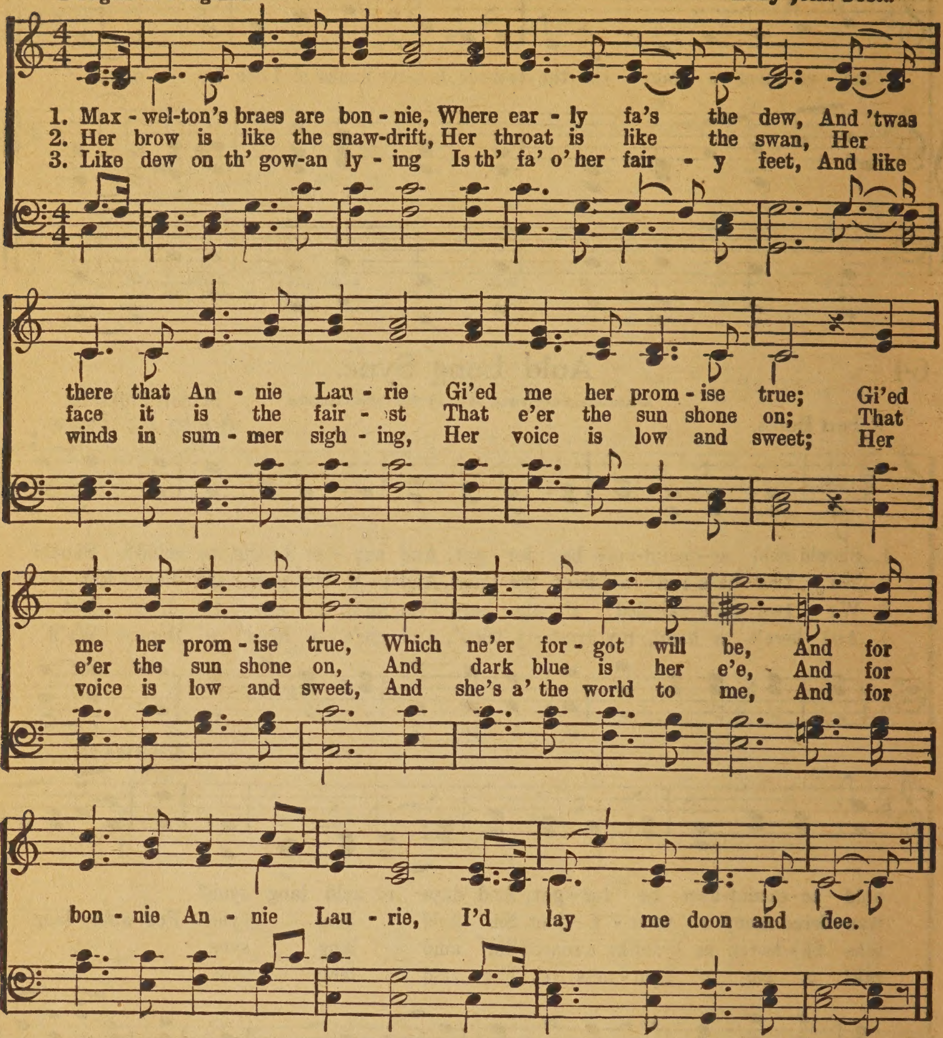
Scotch Folksong.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. Should auld acquaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brocht to mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine; But we've wan - dered mony a wear - y foot Sin' auld lang syne.
3. We twa ha'e pai-dled i' the burn Frae morn - in' sun till dine; But seas be - tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.
REFRAIN.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

If your work is only good enough, all other questions answer themselves.—*George Eliot.*

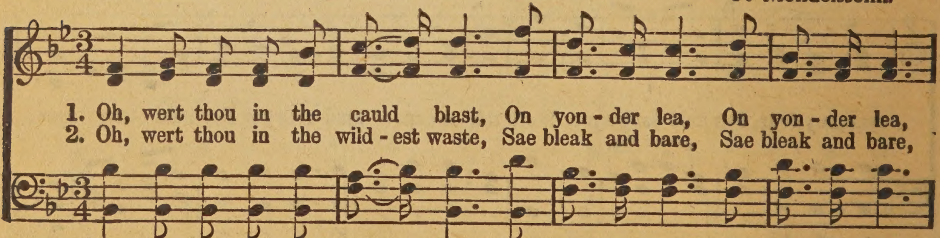
65 Annie Laurie.

Douglas of Fingland. Lady John Scott.


1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on th' gow-an ly-ing Is th' fa' o' her fair-y feet, And like
there that An-nie Lau-rie Gi'ed me her prom-ise true; Gi'ed
face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on; That
winds in sum-mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her
me her prom-ise true, Which ne'er for-got will be, And for
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for
bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me doon and dee.

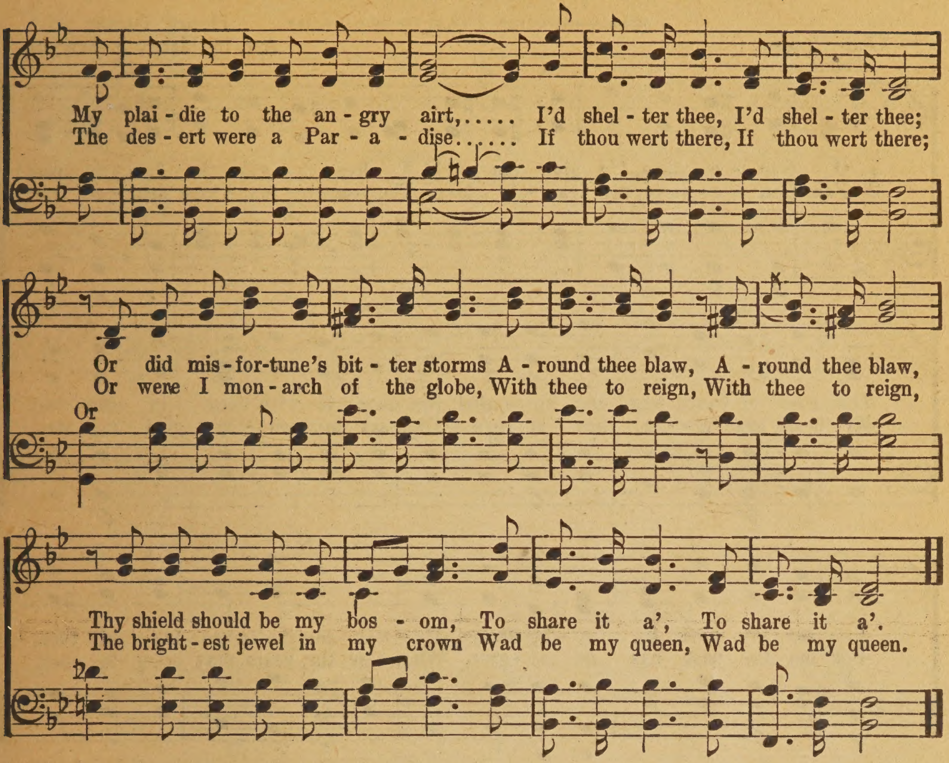
66 Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

Robert Burns. F. Mendelssohn.


1. Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, On yon-der lea,
2. Oh, wert thou in the wild-est waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae bleak and bare,

To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.—*Campbell.*

Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.

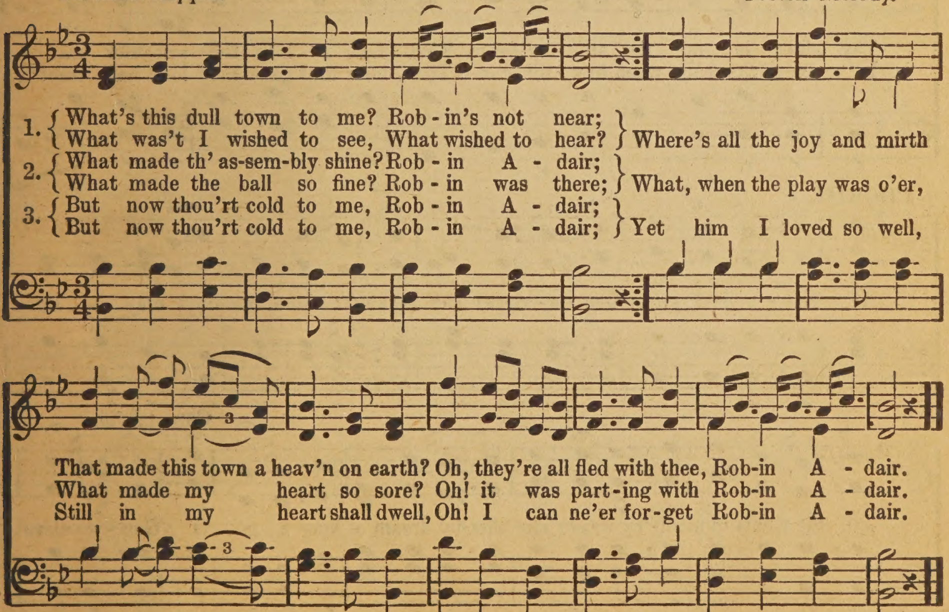

My plai - die to the an - gry airt,..... I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee;
The des - ert were a Par - a - dise...... If thou wert there, If thou wert there;
Or did mis - for - tune's bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, A - round thee blaw,
Or were I mon - arch of the globe, With thee to reign, With thee to reign,
Or
Thy shield should be my bos - om, To share it a', To share it a'.
The bright - est jewel in my crown Wad be my queen, Wad be my queen.

67

Robin Adair.

Caroline Keppel.

Scotch Melody.


1. What's this dull town to me? Rob - in's not near; What was't I wished to see, What wished to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth
2. What made th' as-sem-bly shine? Rob - in A - dair; What made the ball so fine? Rob - in was there; What, when the play was o'er,
3. But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; But now thou'rt cold to me, Rob - in A - dair; Yet him I loved so well,
That made this town a heav'n on earth? Oh, they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A - dair.
What made my heart so sore? Oh! it was part-ing with Rob-in A - dair.
Still in my heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A - dair.

Sweet Genevieve.

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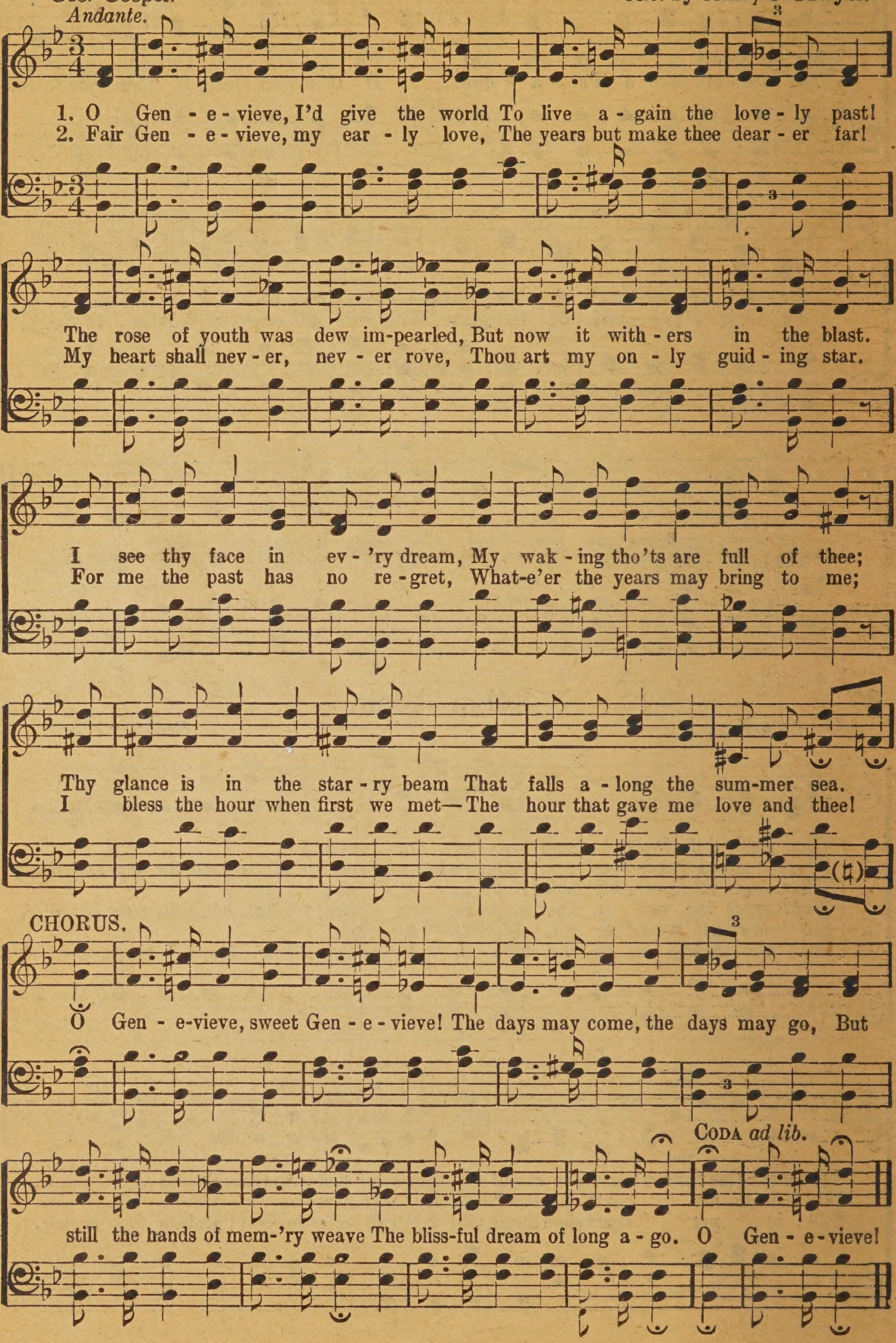
Henry Tucker.

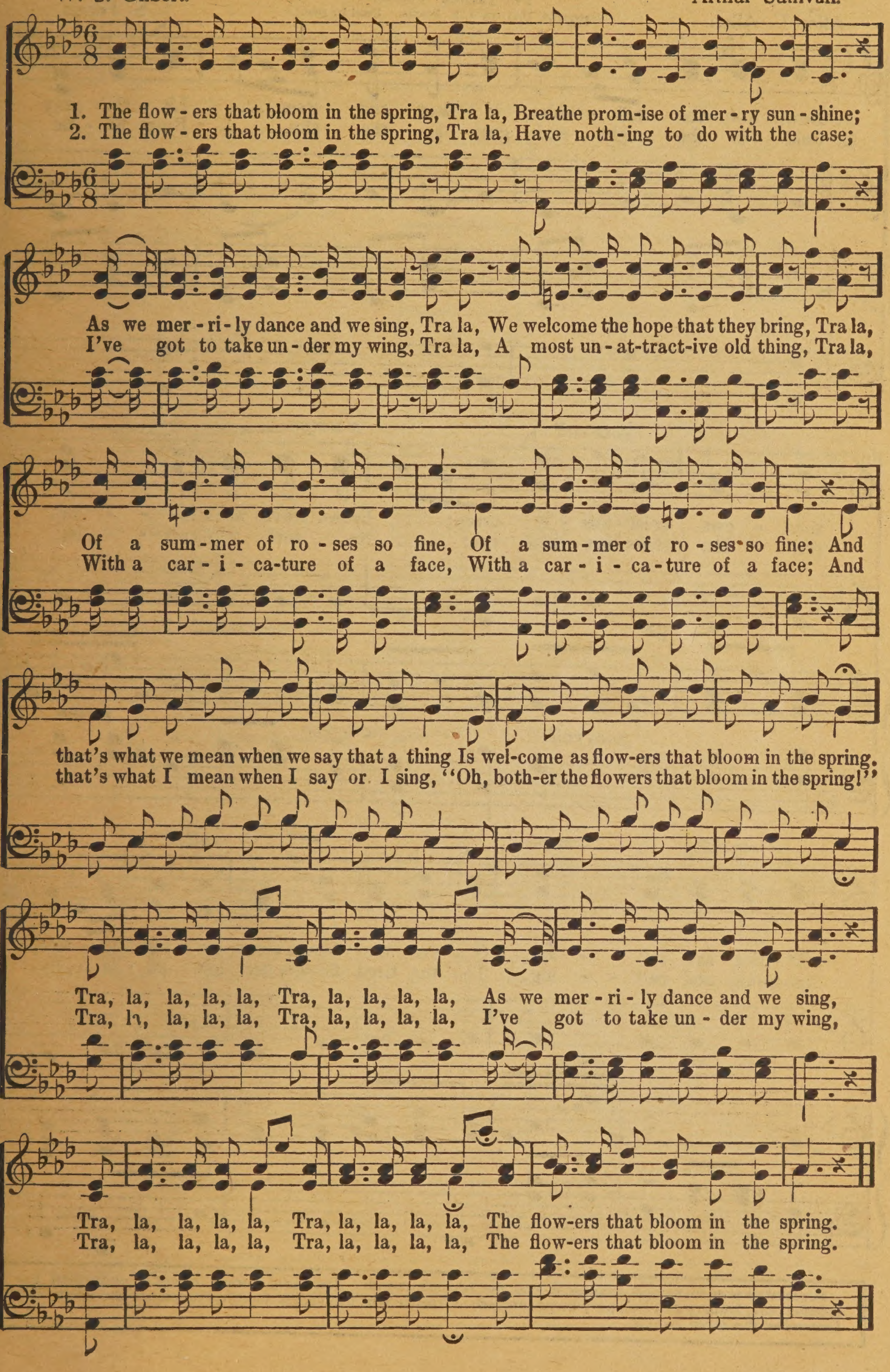
Geo. Cooper.

Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


Andante.
1. O Gen - e - vieve, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past!
2. Fair Gen - e - vieve, my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far!
The rose of youth was dew im-pearled, But now it with - ers in the blast.
My heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove, Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star.
I see thy face in ev - 'ry dream, My wak - ing tho'ts are full of thee;
For me the past has no re - gret, What-e'er the years may bring to me;
Thy glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sum-mer sea.
I bless the hour when first we met—The hour that gave me love and thee!
CHORUS.
O Gen - e-vieve, sweet Gen - e - vieve! The days may come, the days may go, But
Coda ad lib.
still the hands of mem-'ry weave The bliss-ful dream of long a - go. O Gen - e - vieve!

69 The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring.

W. S. Gilbert. Arthur Sullivan.


1. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Breathe prom-ise of mer - ry sun - shine;
2. The flow - ers that bloom in the spring, Tra la, Have noth-ing to do with the case;
As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing, Tra la, We welcome the hope that they bring, Tra la,
I've got to take un - der my wing, Tra la, A most un - at-tract-ive old thing, Tra la,
Of a sum - mer of ro - ses so fine, Of a sum - mer of ro - ses so fine; And
With a car - i - ca-ture of a face, With a car - i - ca - ture of a face; And
that's what we mean when we say that a thing Is wel-come as flow-ers that bloom in the spring.
that's what I mean when I say or I sing, "Oh, both-er the flowers that bloom in the spring!"
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, As we mer - ri - ly dance and we sing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, I've got to take un - der my wing,
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, The flow-ers that bloom in the spring.
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, The flow-ers that bloom in the spring.

An Autumn Lullaby.

For Ladies' Voices.

Alice E. Allen.

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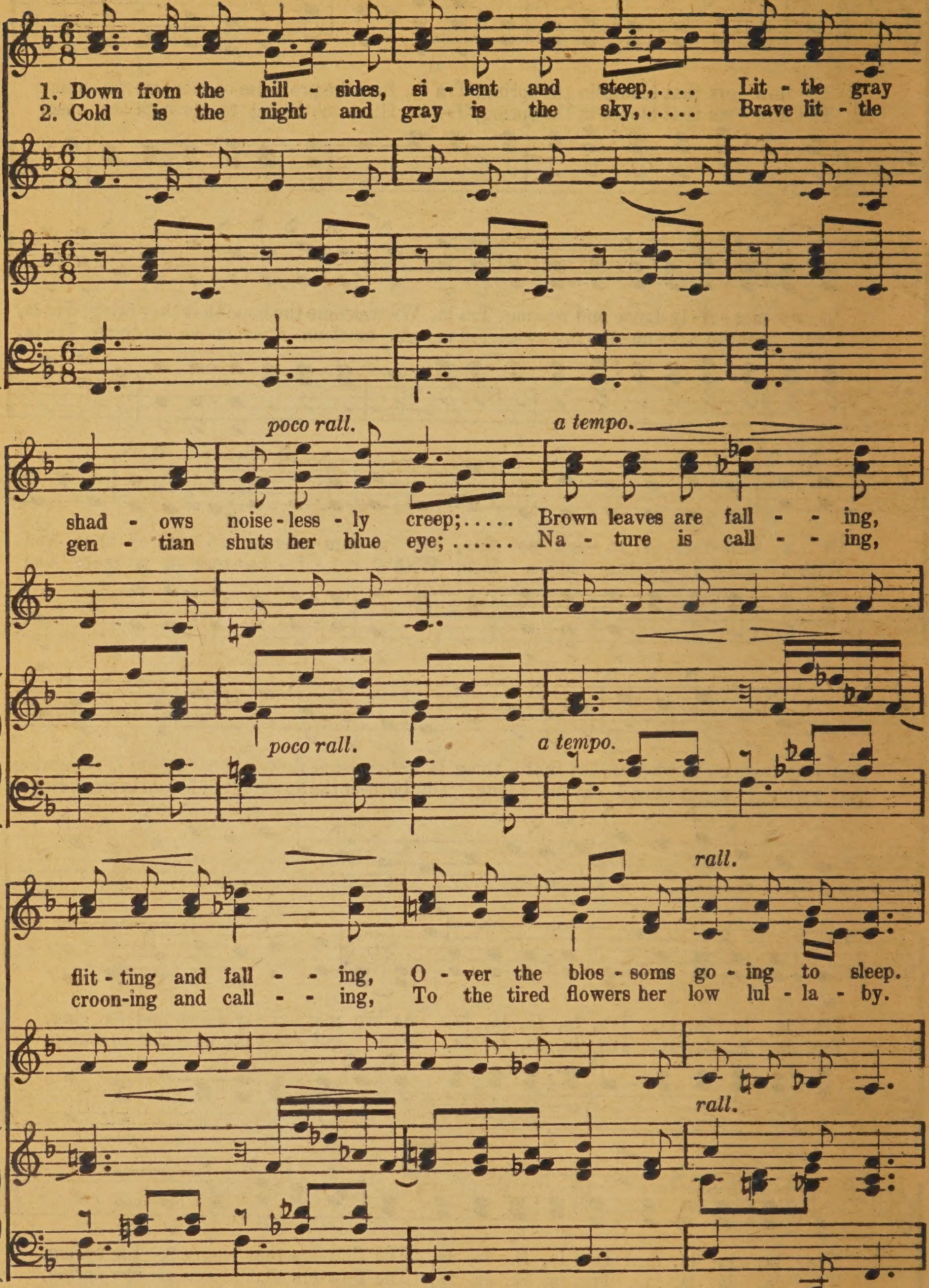
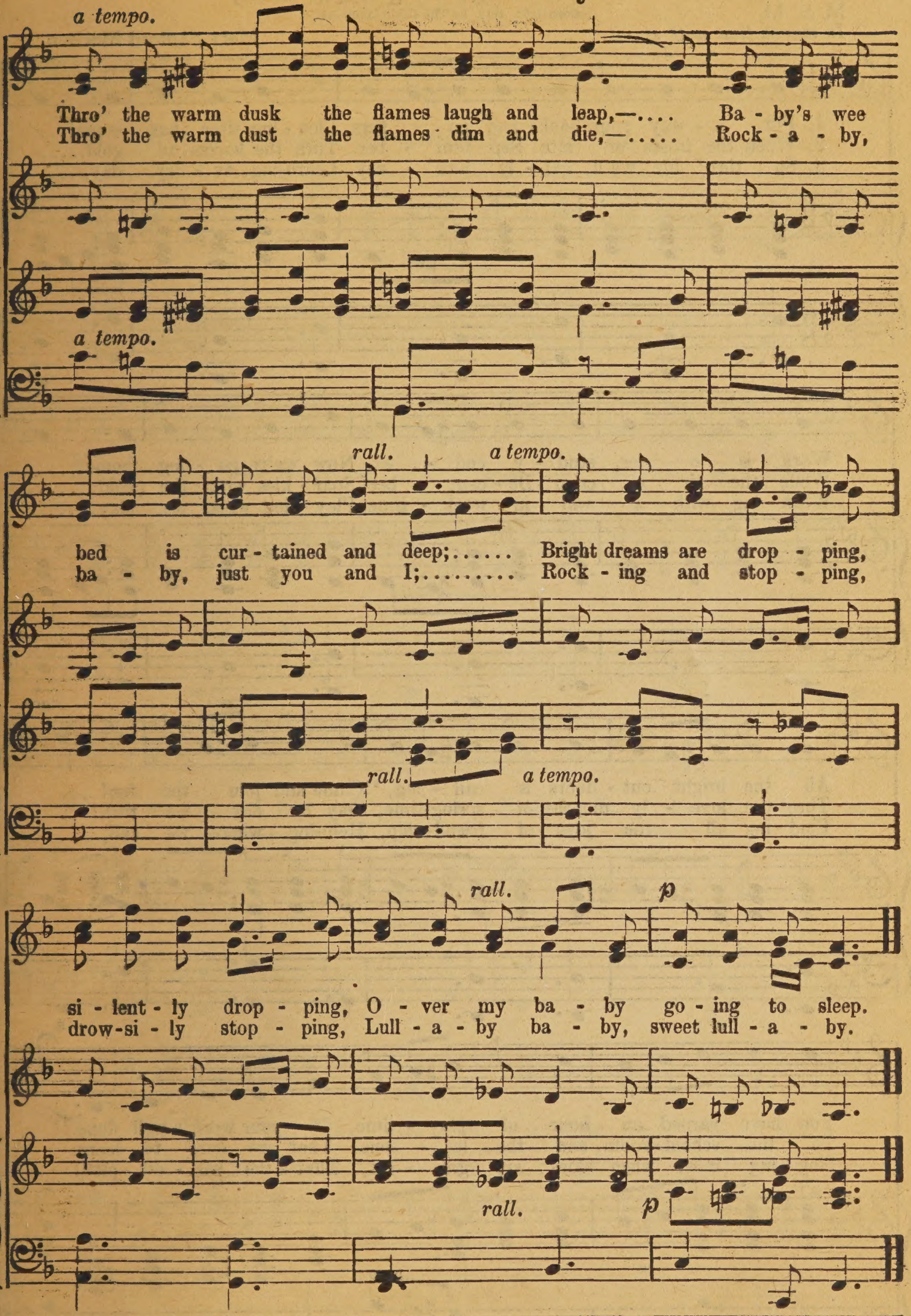
J. S. Fearis.


1. Down from the hill - sides, si - lent and steep,.... Lit - tle gray
2. Cold is the night and gray is the sky,..... Brave lit - tle
poco rall.
a tempo.
shad - ows noise - less - ly creep;..... Brown leaves are fall - - ing,
gen - tian shuts her blue eye;...... Na - ture is call - - ing,
poco rall.
a tempo.
rall.
flit - ting and fall - - ing, O - ver the blos - soms go - ing to sleep.
croon - ing and call - - ing, To the tired flowers her low lul - la - by.
rall.

September was so named because it was the seventh month. The early Roman calendar comprised ten months only, January and February being omitted. October was the eighth month; November the ninth and December the tenth month.

An Autumn Lullaby.


a tempo.
Thro' the warm dusk the flames laugh and leap,—.... Ba - by's wee
Thro' the warm dust the flames dim and die,—..... Rock - a - by,
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
bed is cur - tained and deep;...... Bright dreams are drop - ping,
ba - by, just you and I;......... Rock - ing and stop - ping,
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
p
si - lent - ly drop - ping, O - ver my ba - by go - ing to sleep.
drow-si - ly stop - ping, Lull - a - by ba - by, sweet lull - a - by.
rall.
p

The Cable Company has put the piano business on a high artistic plane. It is an institution filled with the spirit of enthusiasm and ambition, and instead of confining its operations simply to the marketing of its enormous output, it has been highly successful in cultivating the musical taste of the public.—*From the Musical Age, New York.*

Home-Going Song.—(March.)

M. S. M.

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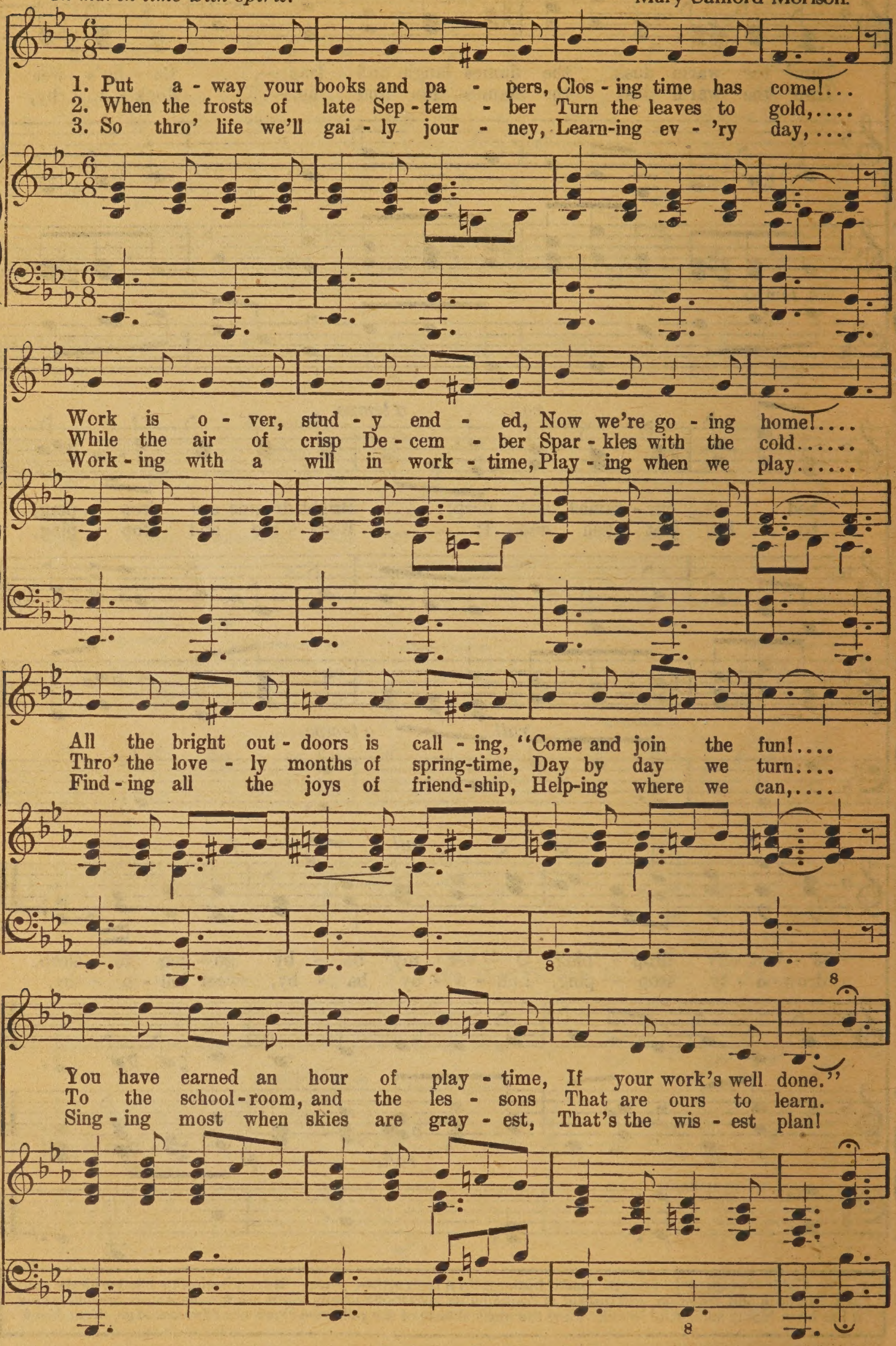
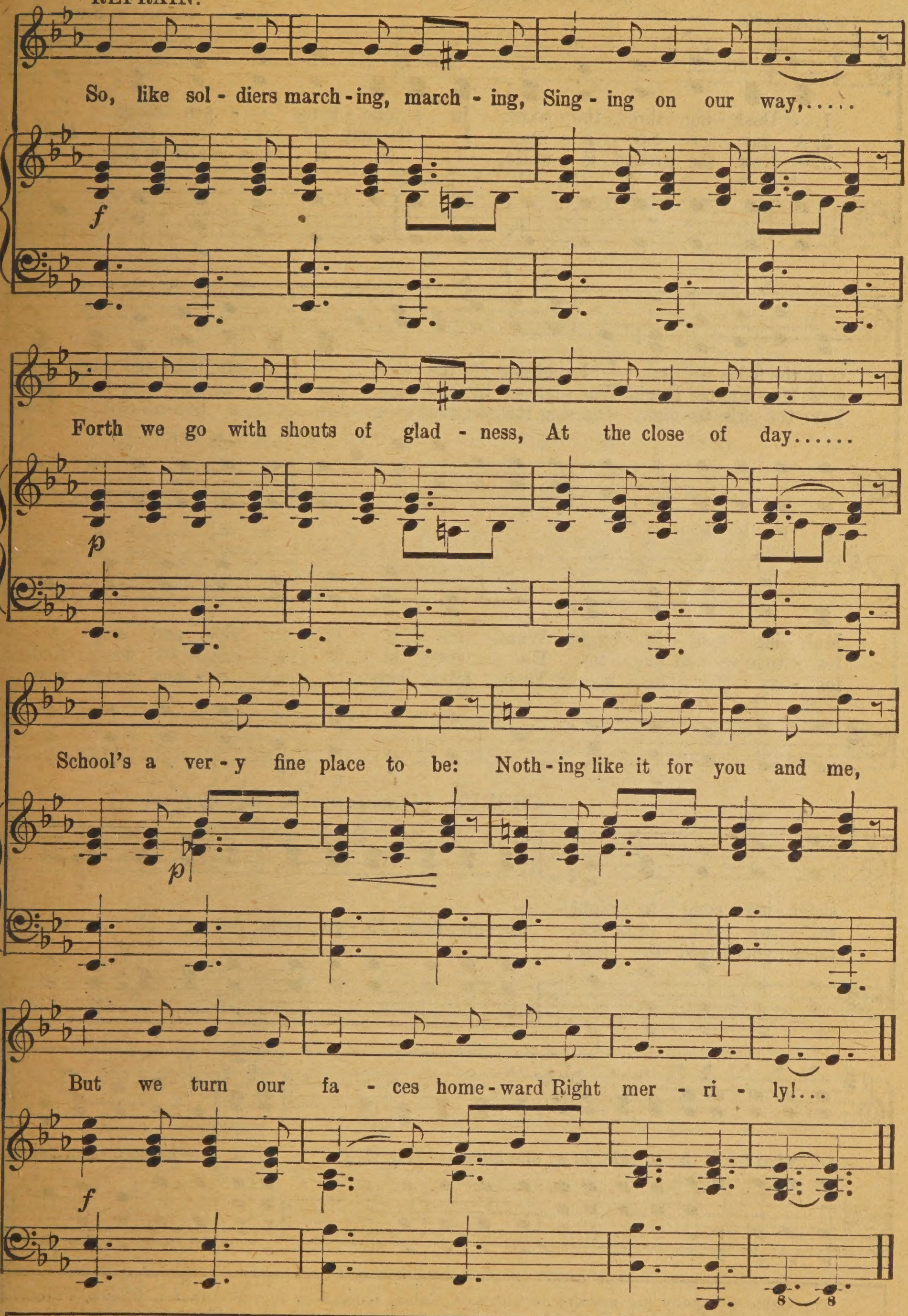
In march time with spirit.

Mary Sanford Morison.


1. Put a - way your books and pa - pers, Clos - ing time has come!...
2. When the frosts of late Sep - tem - ber Turn the leaves to gold,....
3. So thro' life we'll gai - ly jour - ney, Learn-ing ev - 'ry day, ...
Work is o - ver, stud - y end - ed, Now we're go - ing home!....
While the air of crisp De - cem - ber Spar - kles with the cold......
Work - ing with a will in work - time, Play - ing when we play......
All the bright out - doors is call - ing, "Come and join the fun!....
Thro' the love - ly months of spring-time, Day by day we turn....
Find - ing all the joys of friend-ship, Help-ing where we can,....
You have earned an hour of play - time, If your work's well done."
To the school-room, and the les - sons That are ours to learn.
Sing - ing most when skies are gray - est, That's the wis - est plan!
8
8
8

Home-Going Song.

REFRAIN.


f
So, like sol - diers march - ing, march - ing, Sing - ing on our way,.....
p
Forth we go with shouts of glad - ness, At the close of day......
p
School's a ver - y fine place to be: Noth - ing like it for you and me,
f
But we turn our fa - ces home - ward Right mer - ri - ly!...
8 8

"Conover Pianos—Their tone is beautiful."—*Madam Schumann-Heink.*

Jingle, Bells.

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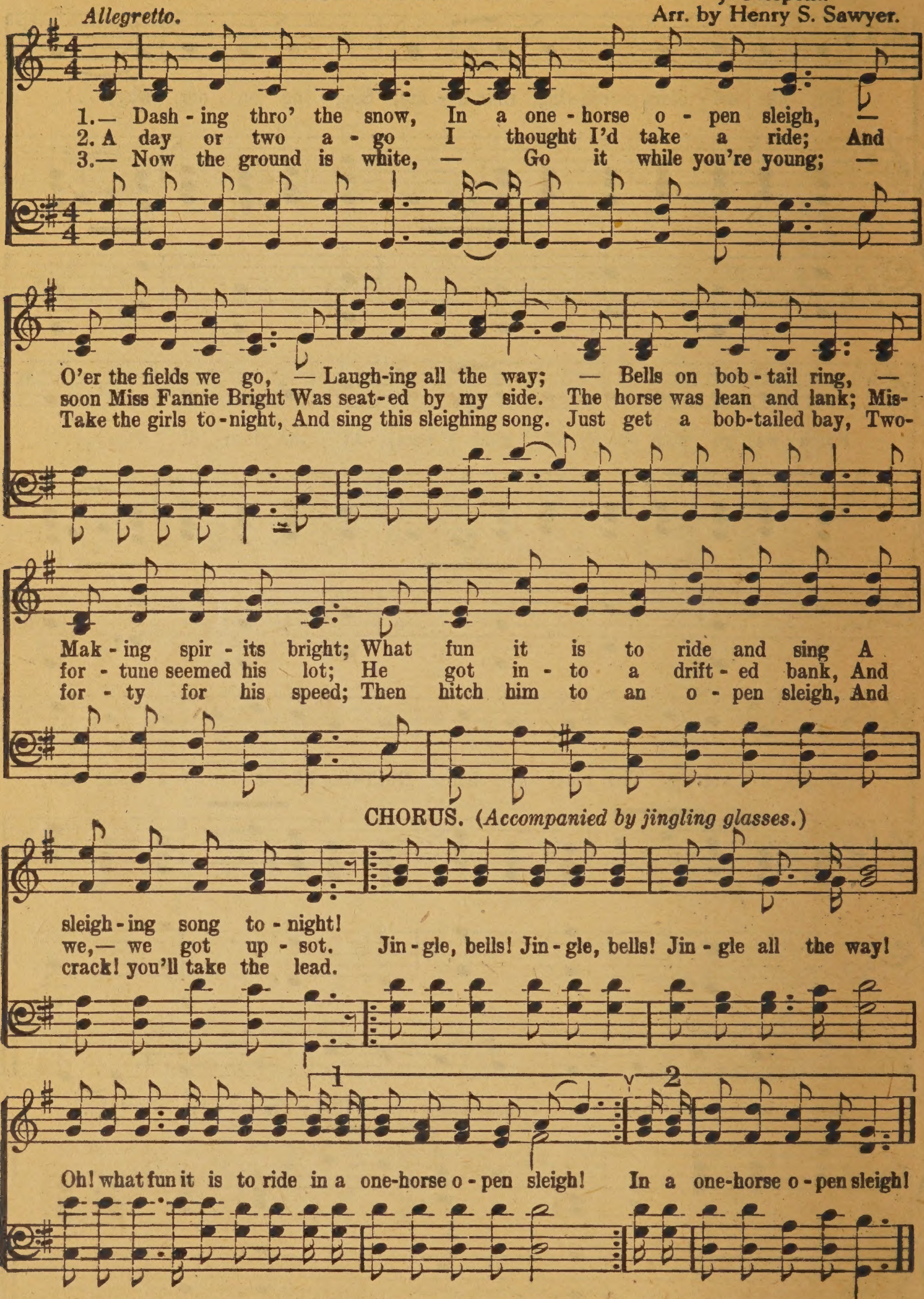
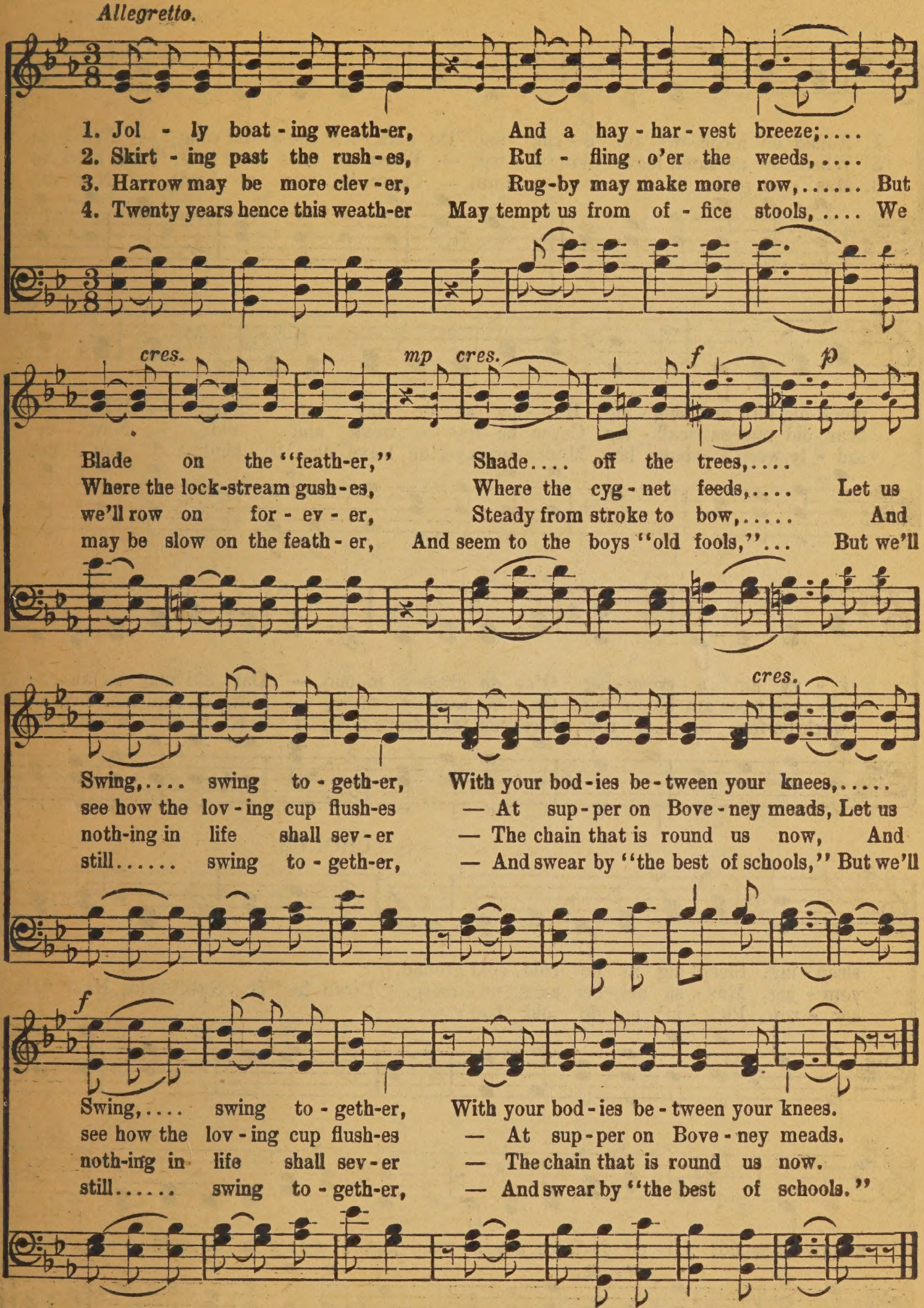
J. Pierpont.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


Allegretto.
1.— Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o-pen sleigh, — O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; — Bells on bob-tail ring, — Mak-ing spir-its bright; What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!
2. A day or two a-go I thought I'd take a ride; And soon Miss Fannie Bright Was seat-ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank; Mis-for-tune seemed his lot; He got in-to a drift-ed bank, And we,— we got up-sot.
3.— Now the ground is white, — Go it while you're young; — Take the girls to-night, And sing this sleighing song. Just get a bob-tailed bay, Two-for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o-pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.
CHORUS. (Accompanied by jingling glasses.)
Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride in a one-horse o-pen sleigh!
1
2
In a one-horse o-pen sleigh!

The Cable Company are makers of Conover, Cable, Kingsbury and Wellington Pianos, Carola, Solo Carola, Euphona, Solo Euphona and Euphona Reproducing Inner-Players.

Eton Boat Song.

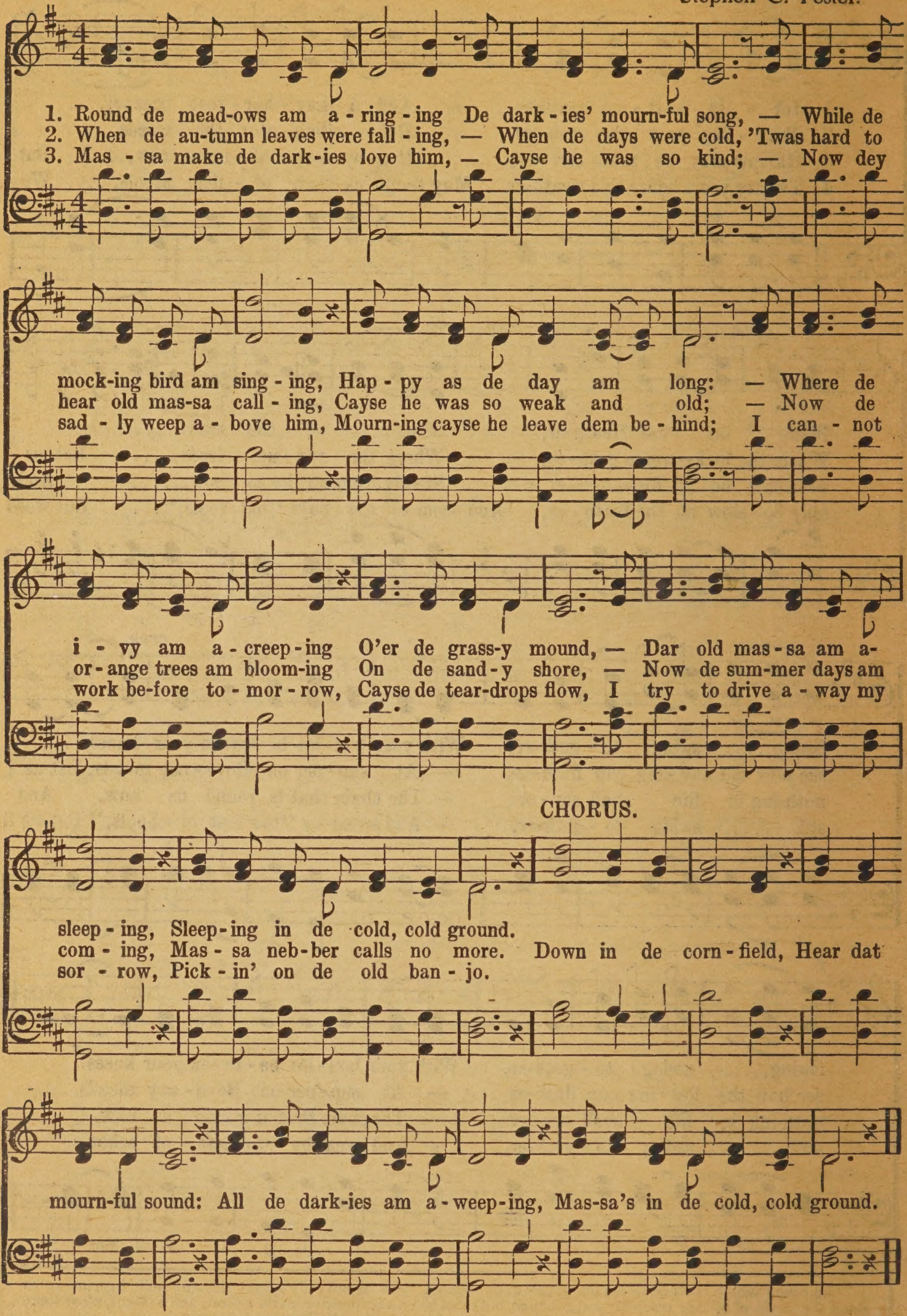

Allegretto.
1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath-er, And a hay - har - vest breeze;....
2. Skirt - ing past the rush - es, Ruf - fling o'er the weeds, ...
3. Harrow may be more clev - er, Rug-by may make more row,...... But
4. Twenty years hence this weath-er May tempt us from of - fice stools, ... We
cres. mp cres. f p
Blade on the "feath-er," Shade.... off the trees,....
Where the lock-stream gush - es, Where the cyg - net feeds,.... Let us
we'll row on for - ev - er, Steady from stroke to bow,..... And
may be slow on the feath - er, And seem to the boys "old fools,"... But we'll
cres.
Swing,.... swing to - geth-er, With your bod - ies be - tween your knees,.....
see how the lov - ing cup flush-es — At sup - per on Bove - ney meads, Let us
noth-ing in life shall sev - er — The chain that is round us now, And
still...... swing to - geth-er, — And swear by "the best of schools," But we'll
f
Swing,.... swing to - geth-er, With your bod - ies be - tween your knees.
see how the lov - ing cup flush-es — At sup - per on Bove - ney meads.
noth-ing in life shall sev - er — The chain that is round us now.
still...... swing to - geth-er, — And swear by "the best of schools."

"The piano which is equal to the test given in our school, must be not only a very durably built instrument to stand the strain of all-day teaching and practice, but must have a responsive, even action, and a sweet, clear tone, and we want to say that these are the qualities we have found in the Wellington.

—*Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.*

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.

Stephen C. Foster.

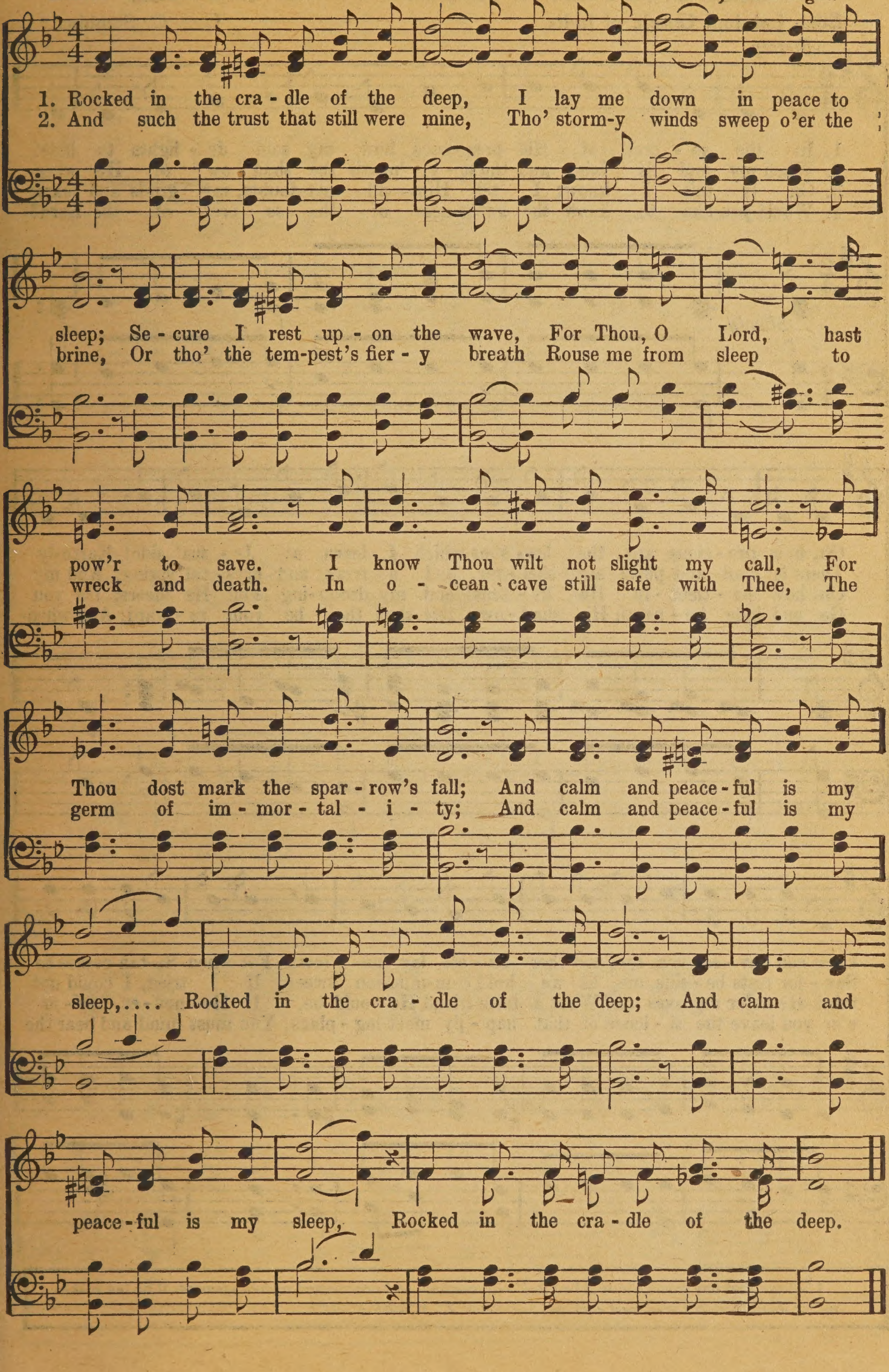

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn-ful song, — While de
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
3. Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind; — Now dey
mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long: — Where de
hear old mas-sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old; — Now de
sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing cayse he leave dem be - hind; I can - not
i - vy am a - creep - ing O'er de grass-y mound, — Dar old mas - sa am a-
or - ange trees am bloom-ing On de sand - y shore, — Now de sum-mer days am
work be-fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drops flow, I try to drive a - way my
CHORUS.
sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more. Down in de corn - field, Hear dat
sor - row, Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.
mourn-ful sound: All de dark-ies am a - weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

"Courtesy is the eye which overlooks your friend's broken gateway, but sees the rose which blossoms in his garden."

75

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Emma Willard. J. P. Knight.


1. Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the
sleep; Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast
brine, Or tho' the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rouse me from sleep to
pow'r to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For
wreck and death. In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The
Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall; And calm and peace - ful is my
germ of im - mor - tal - i - ty; And calm and peace - ful is my
sleep, ... Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep; And calm and
peace - ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra - dle of the deep.

In the Secret of His Presence.

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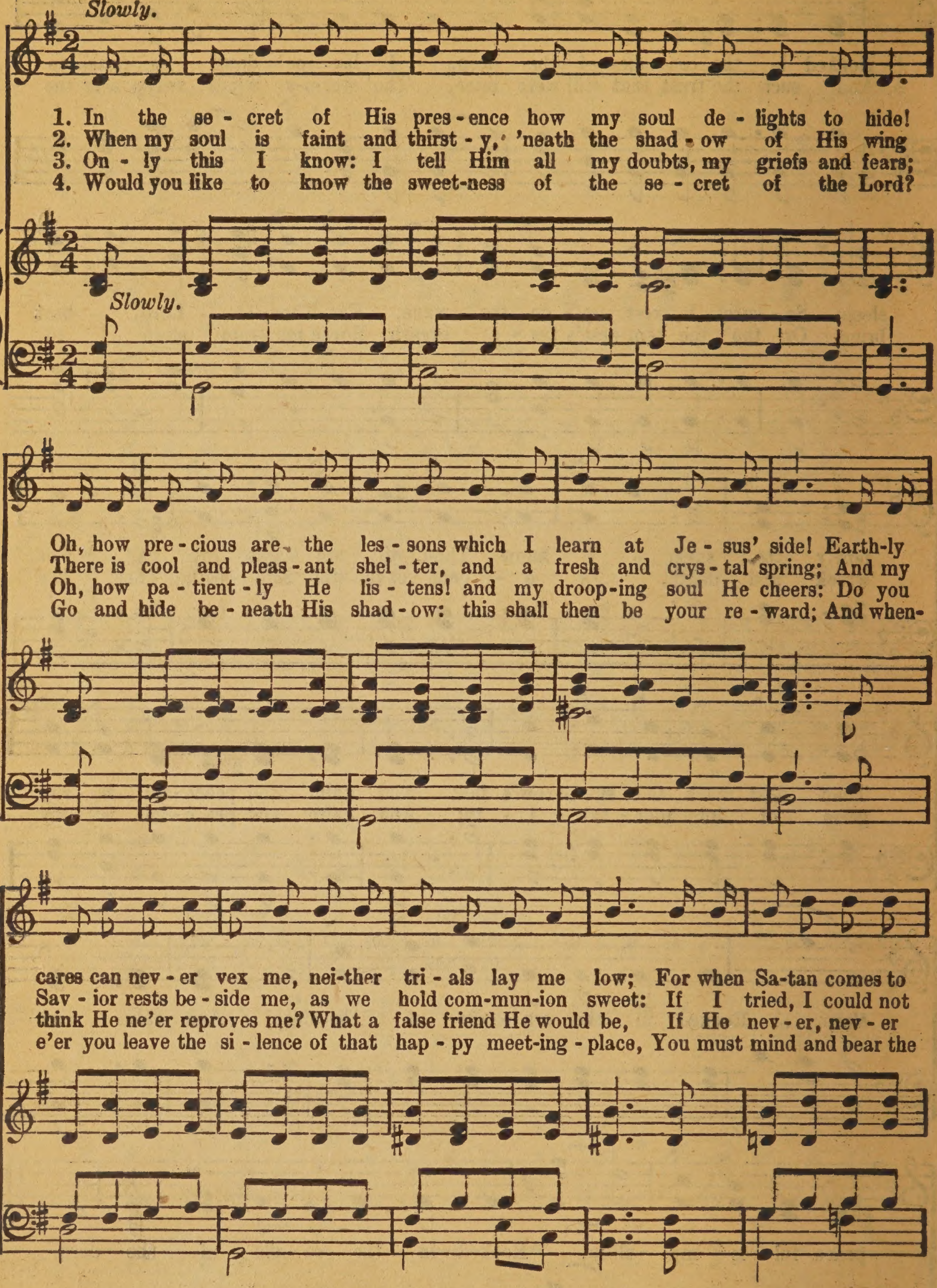
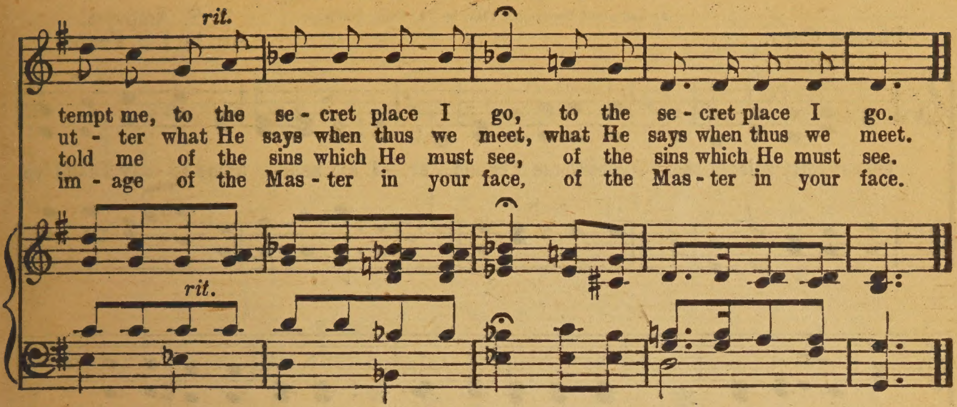
Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India. Geo. C. Stebbins.


Slowly.
1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet-ness of the se - cret of the Lord?
Slowly.
Oh, how pre - cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleas - ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa - tient - ly He lis - tens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be - neath His shad - ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when-
cares can nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
Sav - ior rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
e'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet-ing - place, You must mind and bear the

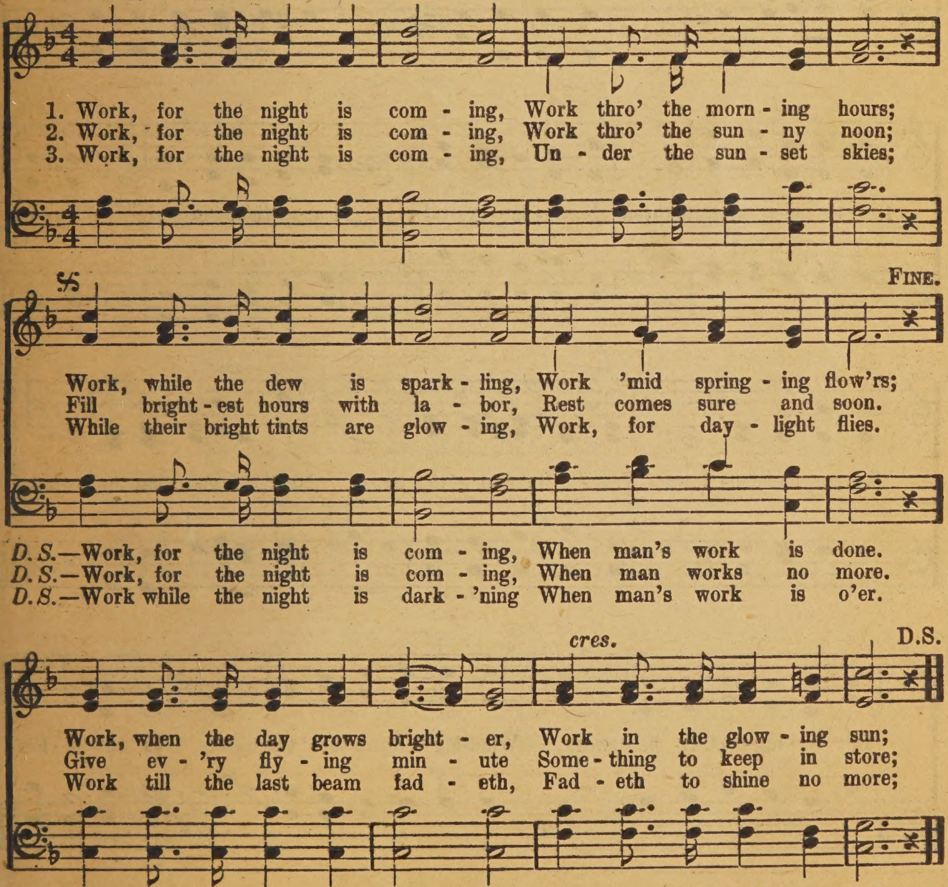
I believe that any man's life will be filled with constant and unexpected encouragements if he but make up his mind to do his level best each day.—*Booker T. Washington.*

In the Secret of His Presence.


rit.
tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.
rit.

77 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.
Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.
FINE.
D. S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D. S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
D. S.—Work while the night is dark - 'ning When man's work is o'er.
cres.
D.S.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

The world belongs to the energetic.—*Emerson.*

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

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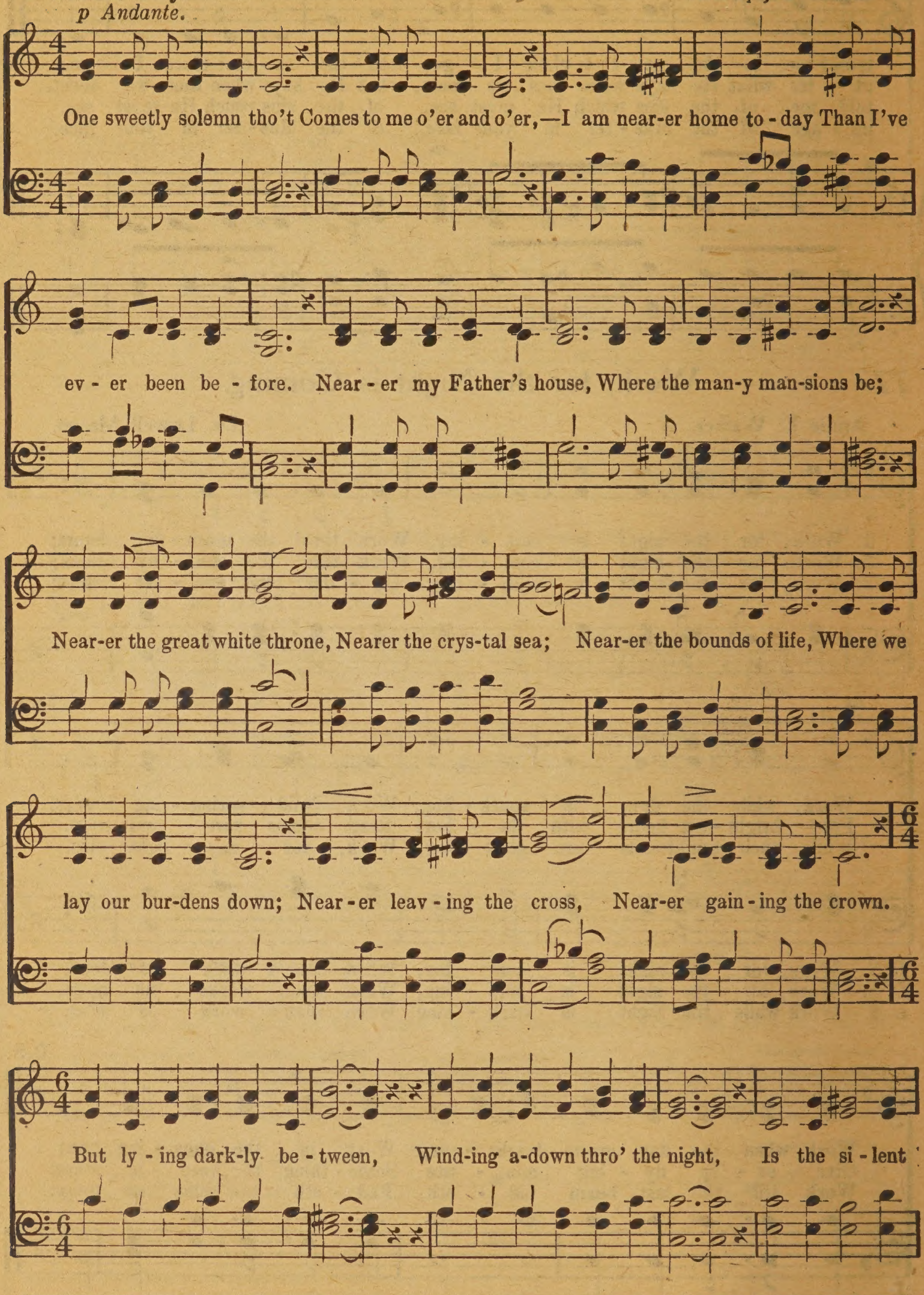
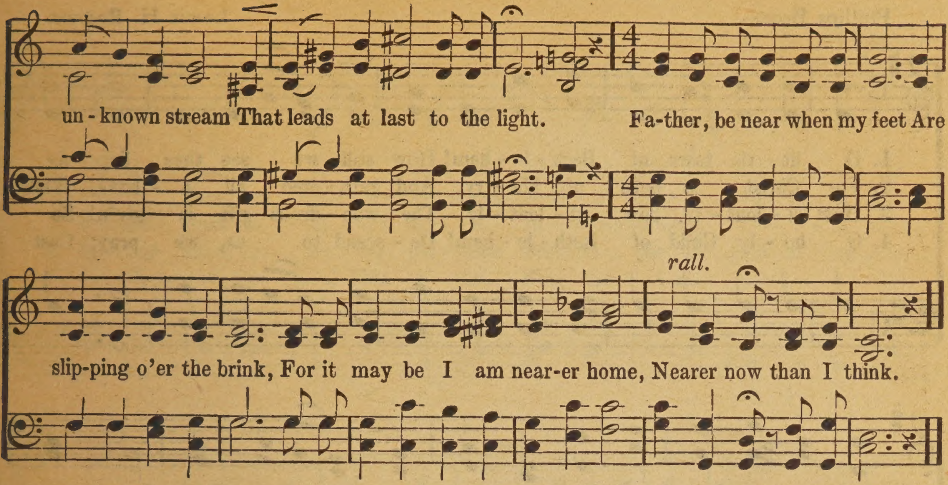
Phoebe Cary.

R. S. Ambrose.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


p Andante.
One sweetly solemn tho't Comes to me o'er and o'er,—I am near-er home to-day Than I've
ev-er been be-fore. Near-er my Father's house, Where the man-y man-sions be;
Near-er the great white throne, Nearer the crys-tal sea; Near-er the bounds of life, Where we
lay our bur-dens down; Near-er leav-ing the cross, Near-er gain-ing the crown.
But ly-ing dark-ly be-tween, Wind-ing a-down thro' the night, Is the si-lent

The object of music is to strengthen and ennoble the soul.—*Morales.*

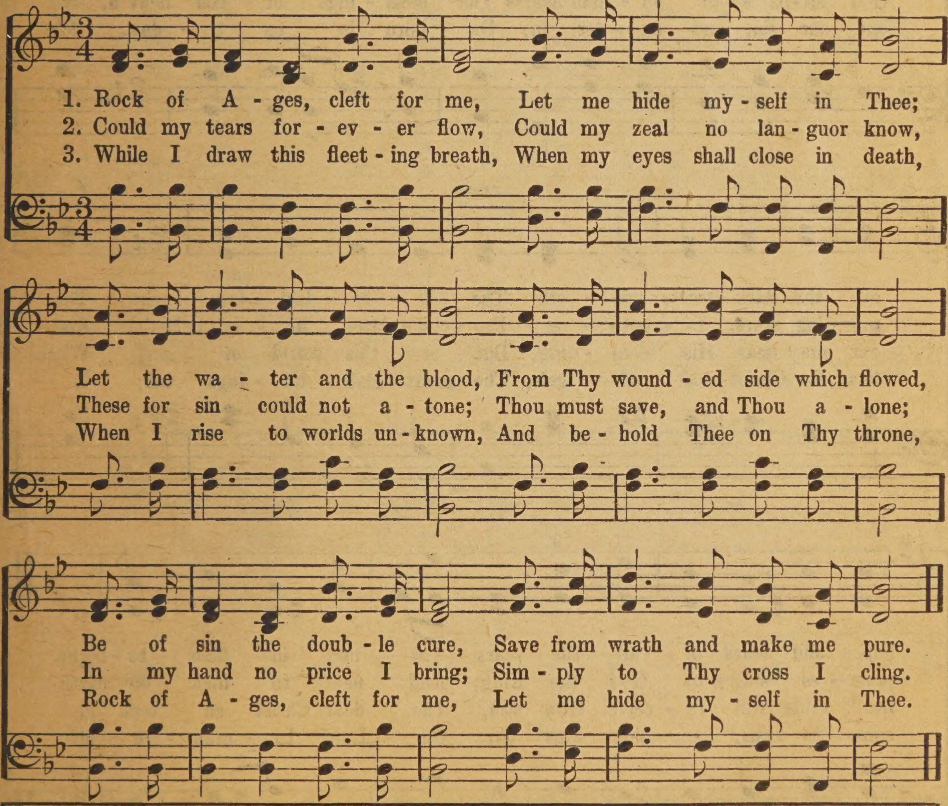
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.


un - known stream That leads at last to the light. Fa-ther, be near when my feet Are
slip-ping o'er the brink, For it may be I am near-er home, Nearer now than I think.
rall.

79

Rock of Ages.

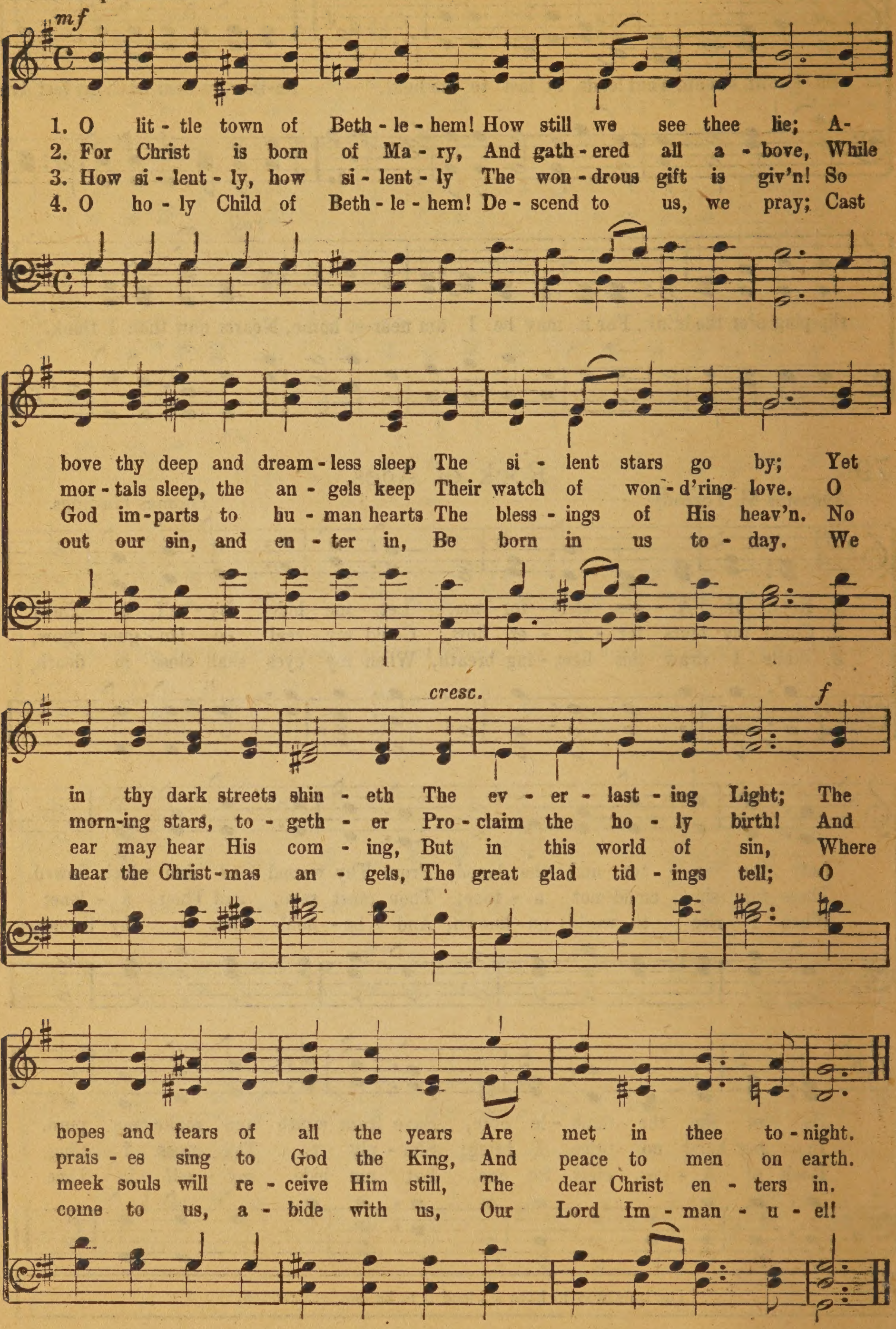
Augustus M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."—*Emerson.*

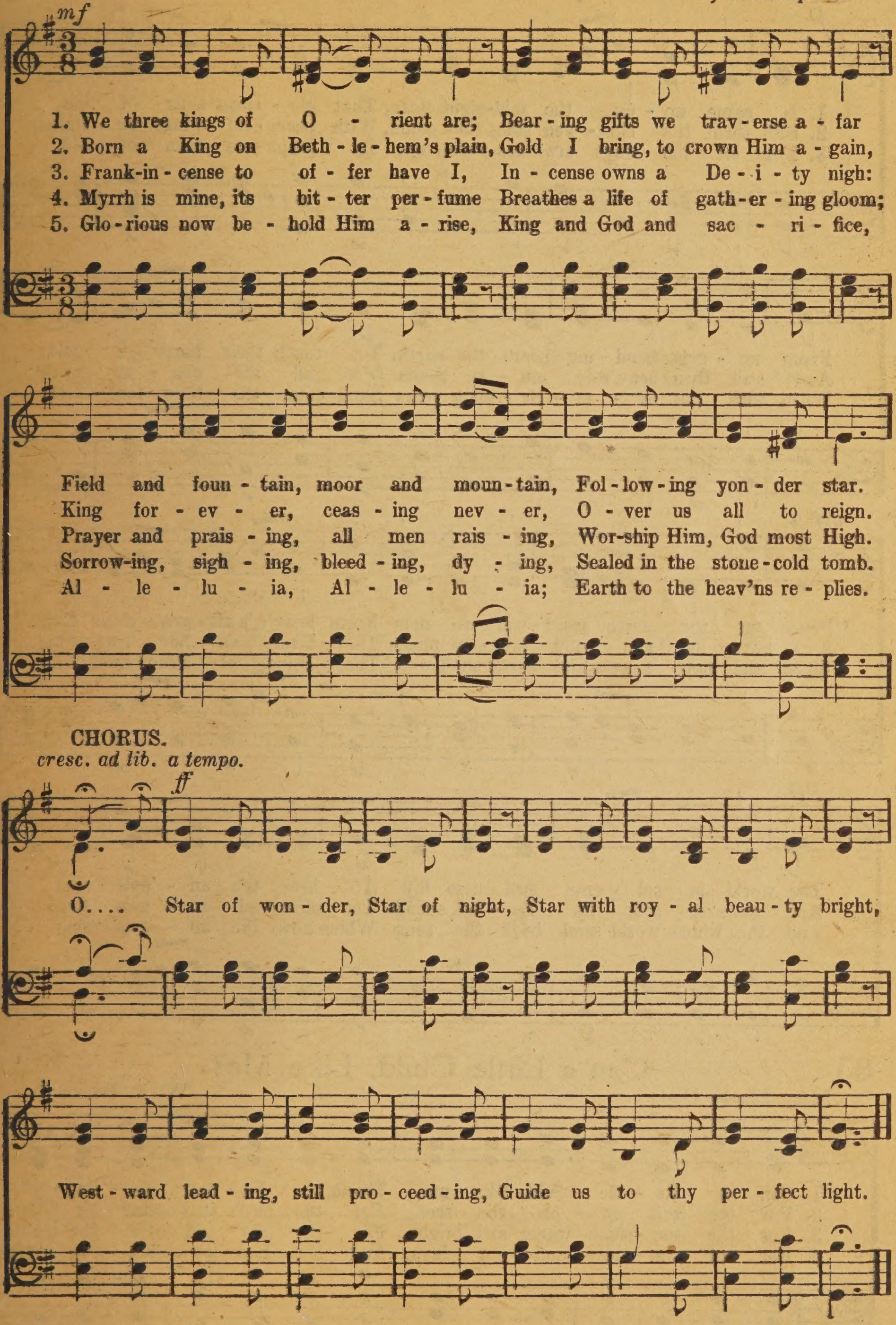
O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. Lewis H. Redner.


mf
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie; A-
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, While
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n! So
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray; Cast
bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet
mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won - d'ring love. O
God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n. No
out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day. We
cresc.
f
in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And
ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad tid - ings tell; O
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el!

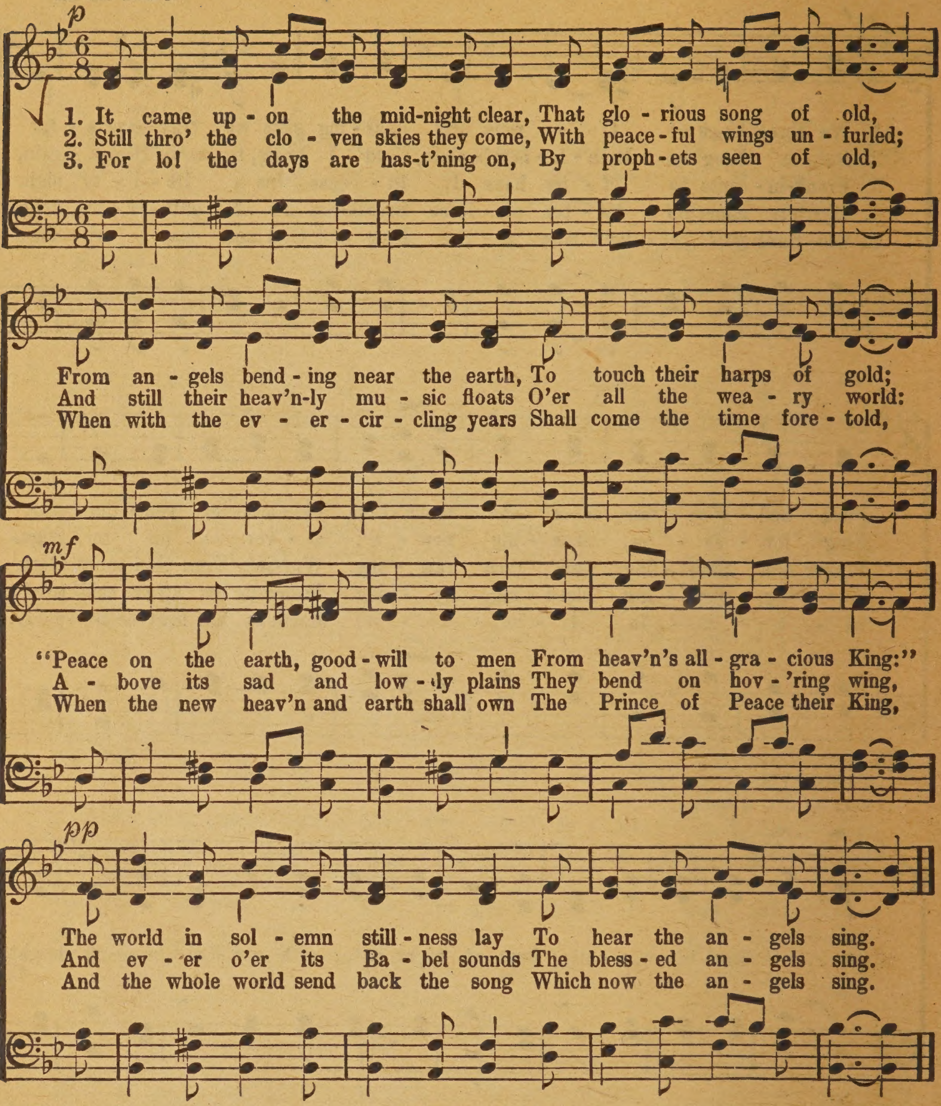
81 We Three Kings of Orient Are.

J. H. Hopkins.


mf
1. We three kings of O - rient are; Bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far
2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, Gold I bring, to crown Him a - gain,
3. Frank-in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh:
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom;
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and sac - ri - fice,
Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor-ship Him, God most High.
Sorrow-ing, sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Sealed in the stone - cold tomb.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia; Earth to the heav'ns re - plies.
CHORUS.
cresc. ad lib. a tempo.
ff
O.... Star of won - der, Star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, Guide us to thy per - fect light.

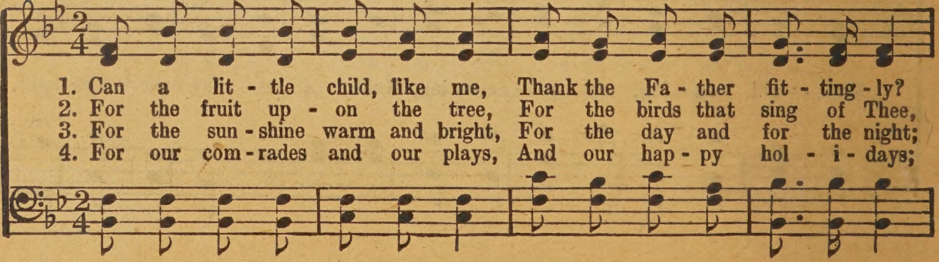
82 Christmas Carol.

E. H. Sears. R. S. Willis.

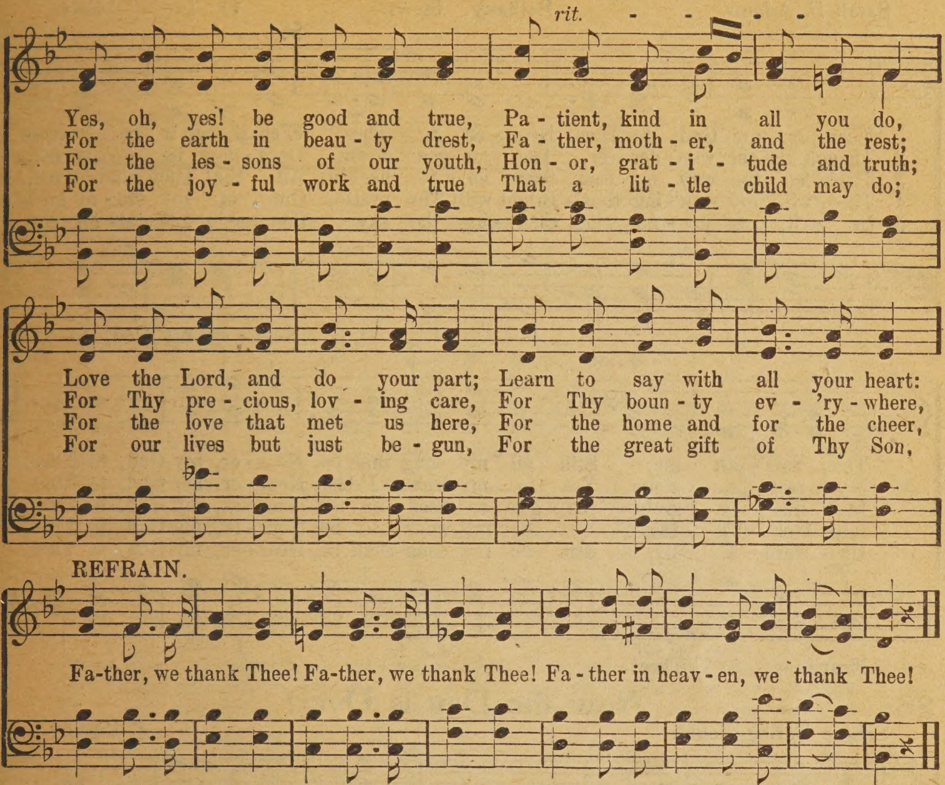

p
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled;
3. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,
mf
"Peace on the earth, good - will to men From heav'n's all - gra - cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,
pp
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing.

83 Can a Little Child, Like Me?

Mary Mapes Dodge. W. R. Bassford.


1. Can a lit - tle child, like me, Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee,
3. For the sun - shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night;
4. For our com - rades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days;

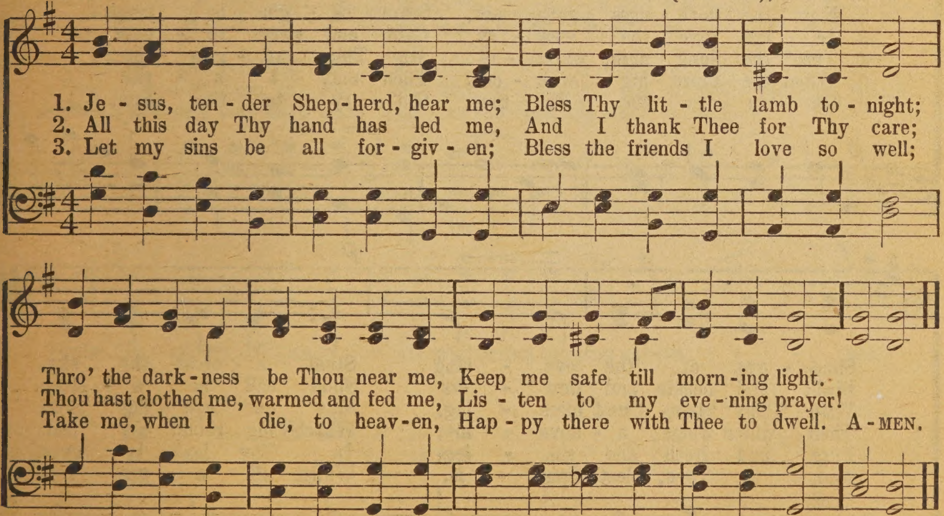
Can a Little Child, Like Me?


rit.
Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do,
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest;
For the les - sons of our youth, Hon - or, grat - i - tude and truth;
For the joy - ful work and true That a lit - tle child may do;
Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:
For Thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For Thy boun - ty ev - 'ry - where,
For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer,
For our lives but just be - gun, For the great gift of Thy Son,
REFRAIN.
Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa-ther, we thank Thee! Fa - ther in heav - en, we thank Thee!

84

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

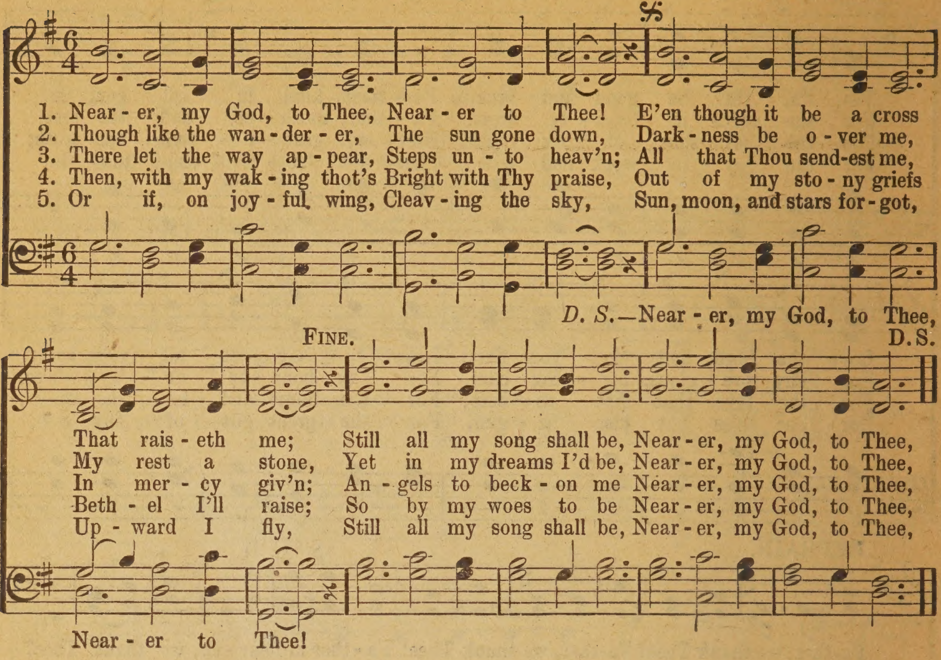
Claribel. Mrs. Charles Barnard (Claribel), 1834–1869.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning prayer!
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A - MEN.

There is something deep and good in melody, for body and soul go strangely together.—*Carlyle.*

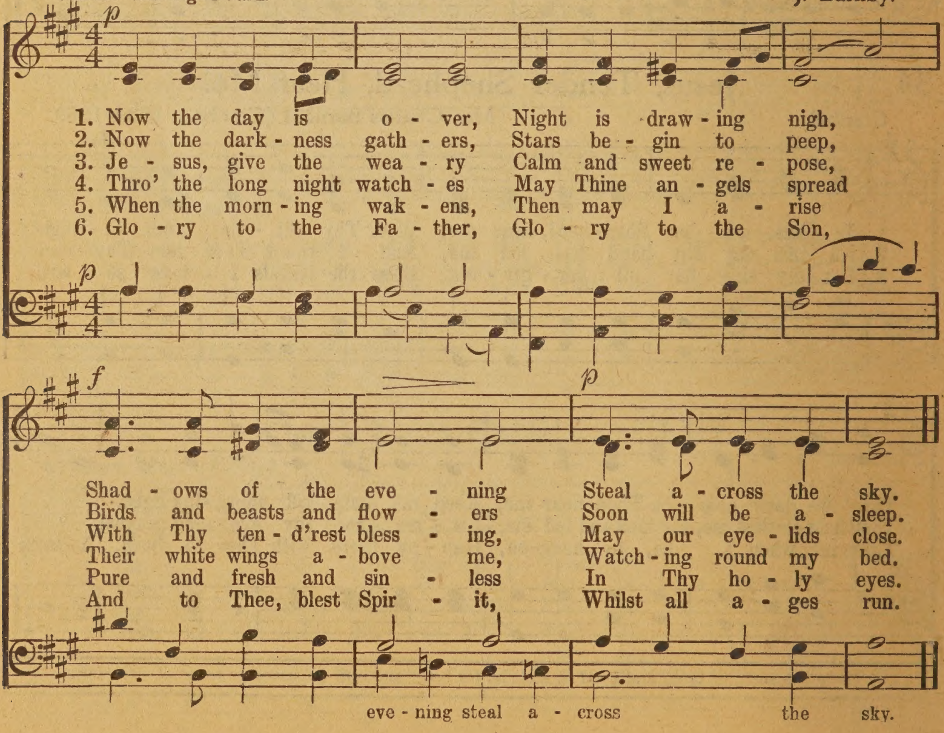
85 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Bethany. 6s, 4s. Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross
2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my wak-ing thot's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,
FINE.
D.S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee!

86 Now the Day is Over!

Sabine Baring-Gould. J. Barnby.


p
1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Now the dark-ness gath-ers, Stars be-gin to peep,
3. Je-sus, give the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose,
4. Thro' the long night watch-es May Thine an-gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise
6. Glo-ry to the Fa-ther, Glo-ry to the Son,
p
f
p
Shad-ows of the eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow-ers Soon will be a-sleep.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing, May our eye-lids close.
Their white wings a-bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin-less In Thy ho-ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir-it, Whilst all a-ges run.
eve-ning steal a-cross the sky.

87 Palm Branches.

Arr. by Harold Spencer

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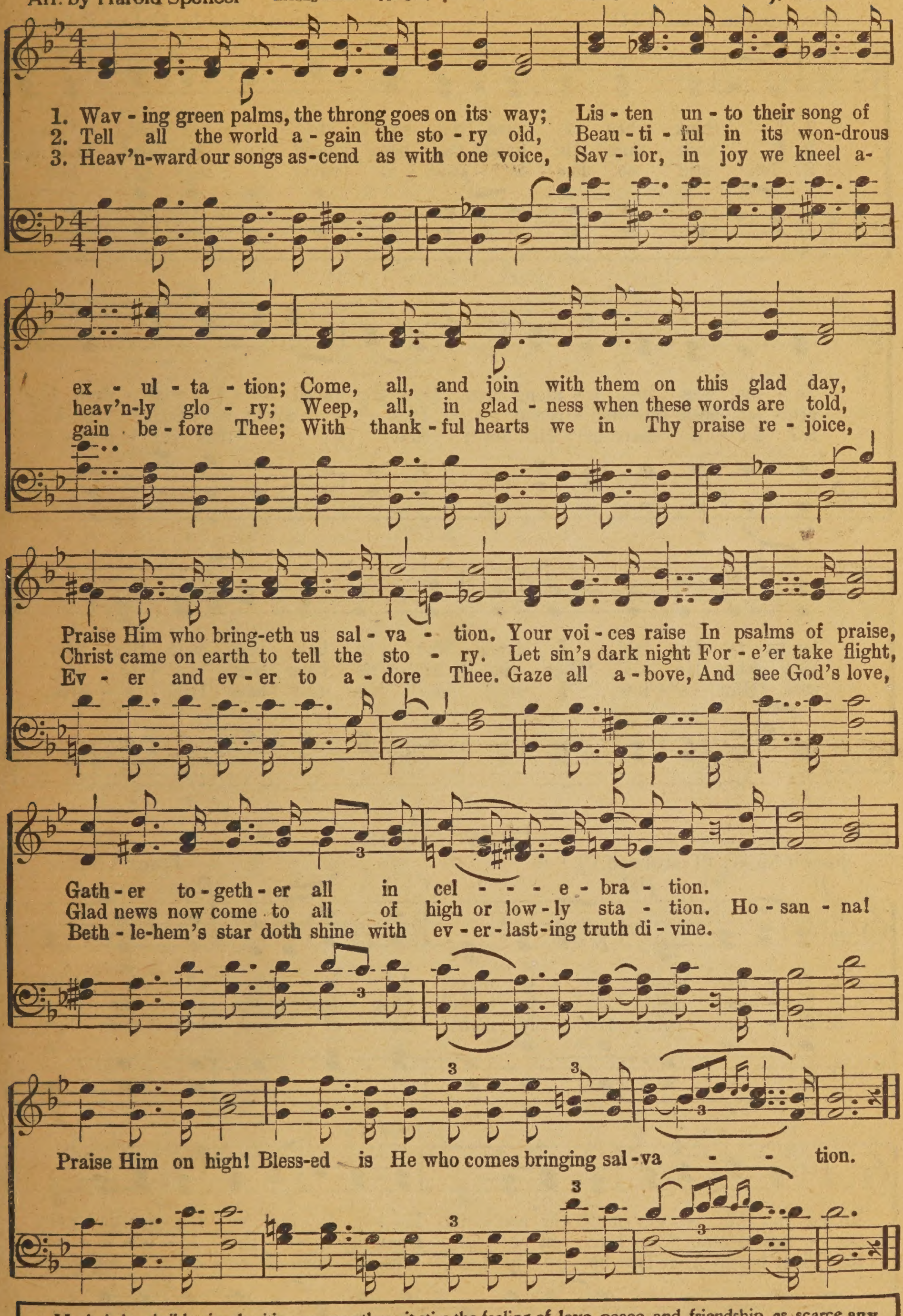
J. Faure.

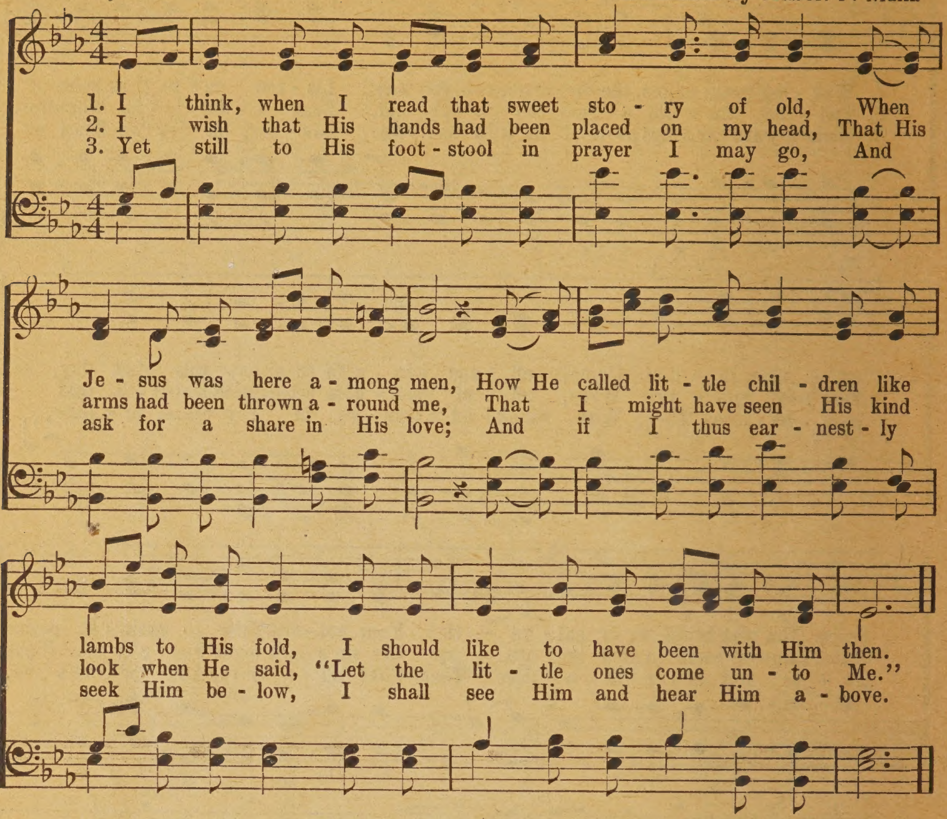

1. Wav - ing green palms, the throng goes on its way; Lis - ten un - to their song of
2. Tell all the world a - gain the sto - ry old, Beau - ti - ful in its won-drous
3. Heav'n-ward our songs as-cend as with one voice, Sav - ior, in joy we kneel a-
ex - ul - ta - tion; Come, all, and join with them on this glad day,
heav'n-ly glo - ry; Weep, all, in glad - ness when these words are told,
gain be - fore Thee; With thank - ful hearts we in Thy praise re - joice,
Praise Him who bring-eth us sal - va - tion. Your voi - ces raise In psalms of praise,
Christ came on earth to tell the sto - ry. Let sin's dark night For - e'er take flight,
Ev - er and ev - er to a - dore Thee. Gaze all a - bove, And see God's love,
Gath - er to - geth - er all in cel - - - e - bra - tion.
Glad news now come to all of high or low - ly sta - tion. Ho - san - na!
Beth - le-hem's star doth shine with ev - er - last - ing truth di - vine.
Praise Him on high! Bless-ed is He who comes bringing sal - va - - tion.

> Music is irresistible; its charities are countless; it stirs the feeling of love, peace and friendship as scarce any mortal agent can.—*Thackeray*.

88 I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. Jemima Luke, 1841.

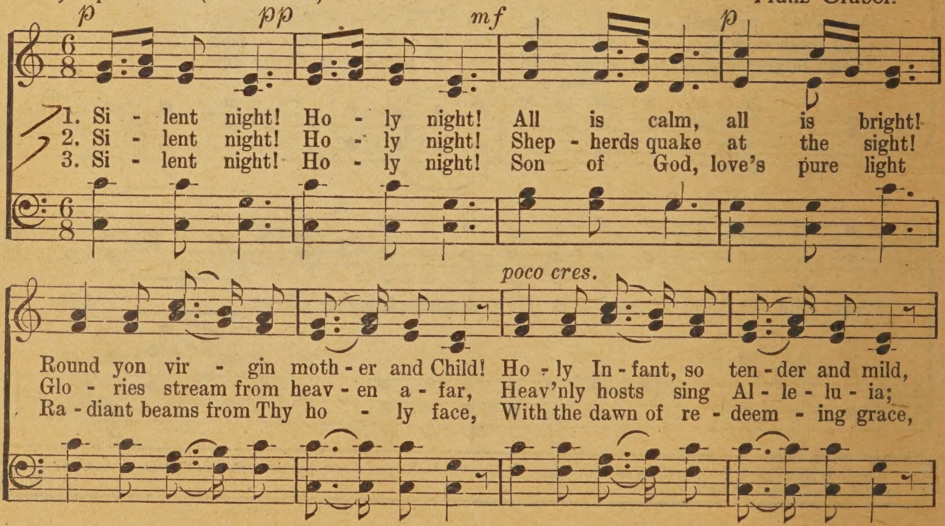
English Tune.
Harmonized by Hubert P. Main.


1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How He called little children like lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, That I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."
3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

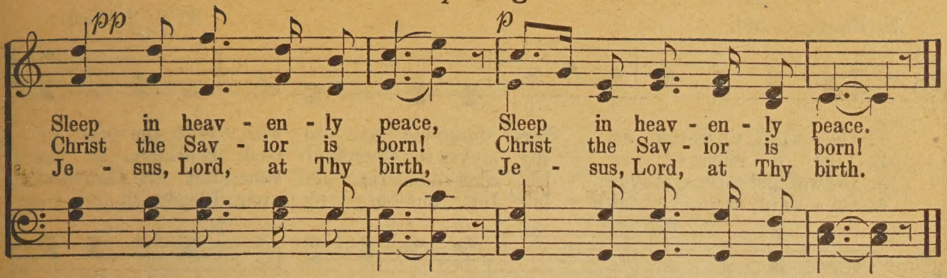
89 Holy Night.

Joseph Mohr. (Translated.)

Franz Gruber.


p
pp
mf
p
poco cres.
1. Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright! Round yon virgin mother and Child! Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
2. Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from heaven afar, Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
3. Silent night! Holy night! Son of God, love's pure light Radiant beams from Thy holy face, With the dawn of redeeming grace,

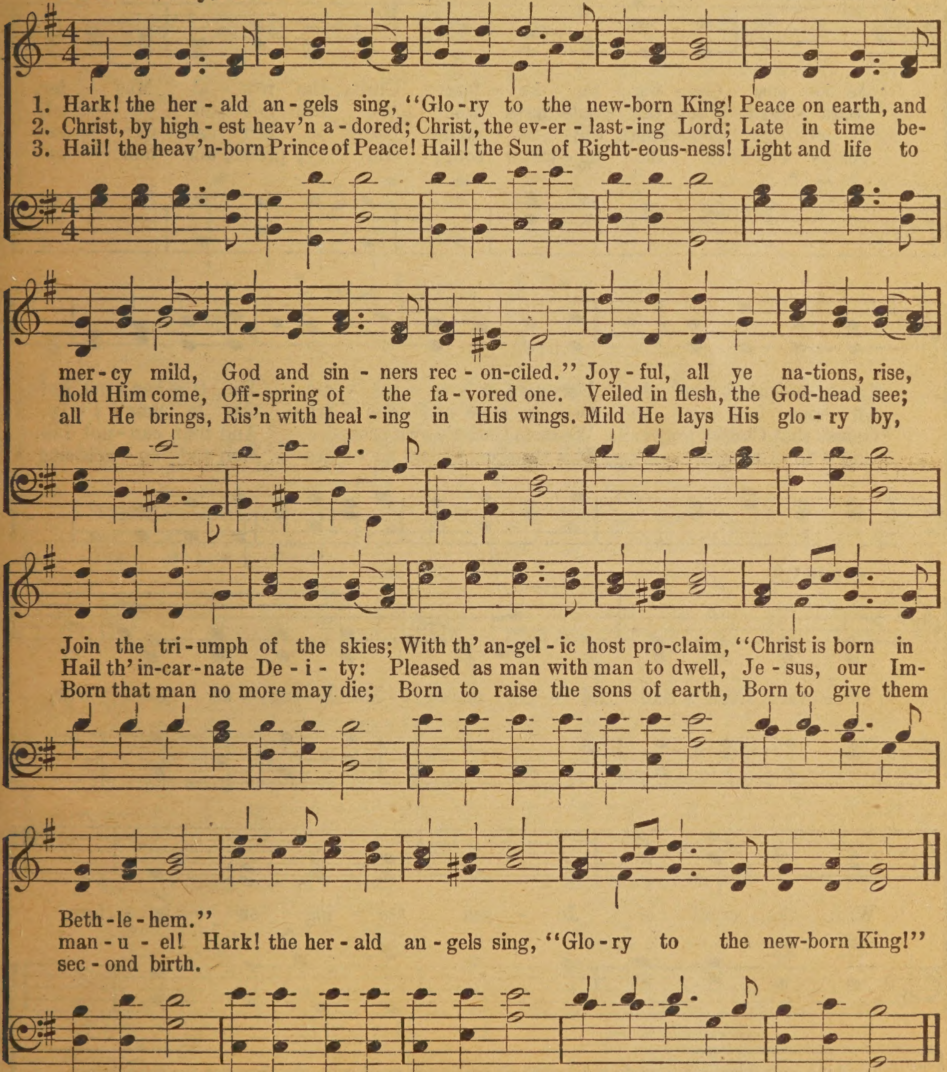
Holy Night.


pp
p
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior is born! Christ the Sav - ior is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

90

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing!

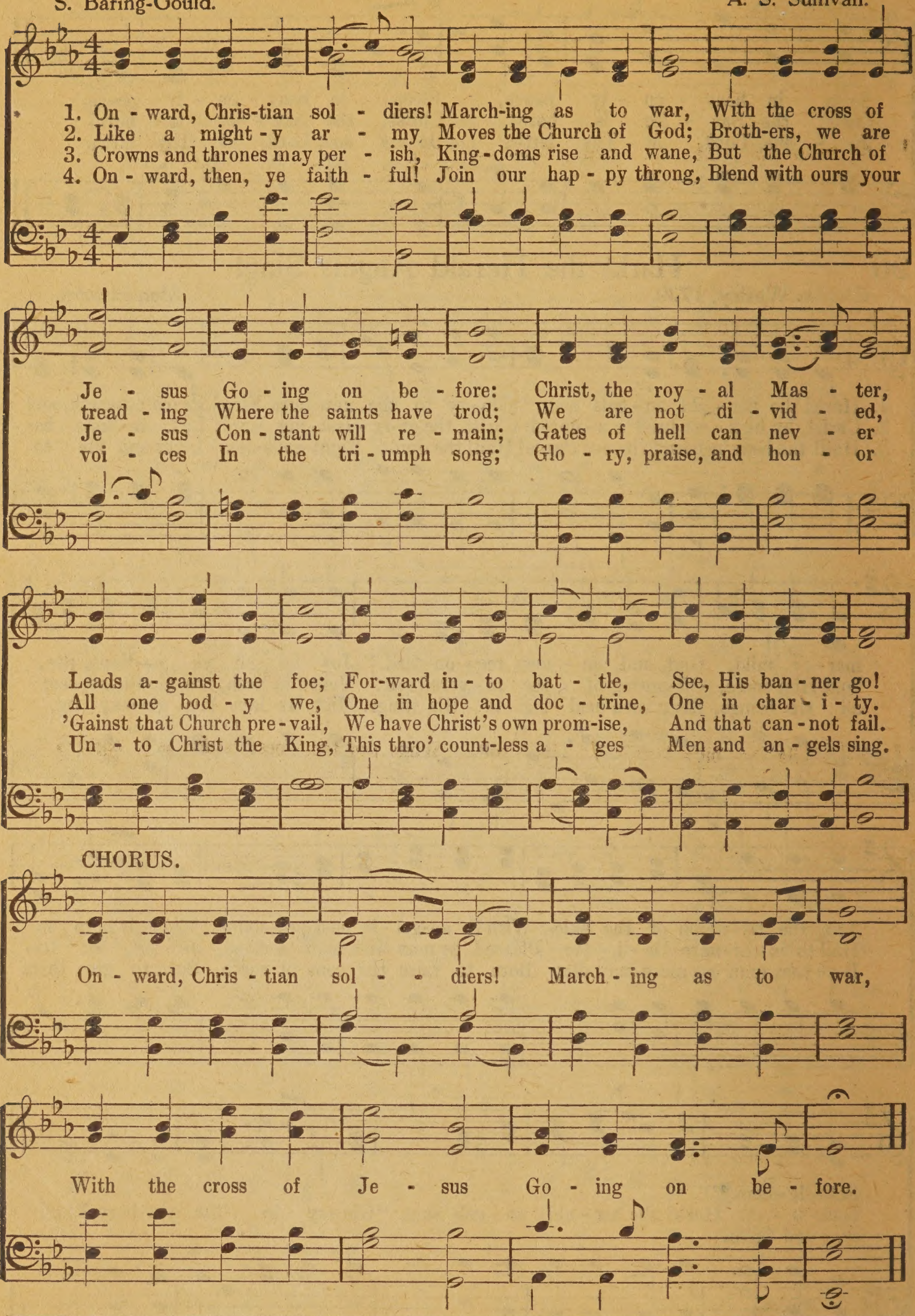
Charles Wesley, 1739. Mendelssohn.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Light and life to
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled." Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
hold Him come, Off-spring of the fa - vored one. Veiled in flesh, the God-head see;
all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,
Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in
Hail th' in-car-nate De - i - ty: Pleased as man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Im-
Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them
Beth - le - hem."
man - u - el! Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!"
sec - ond birth.

A man should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life.—*Goethe.*

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

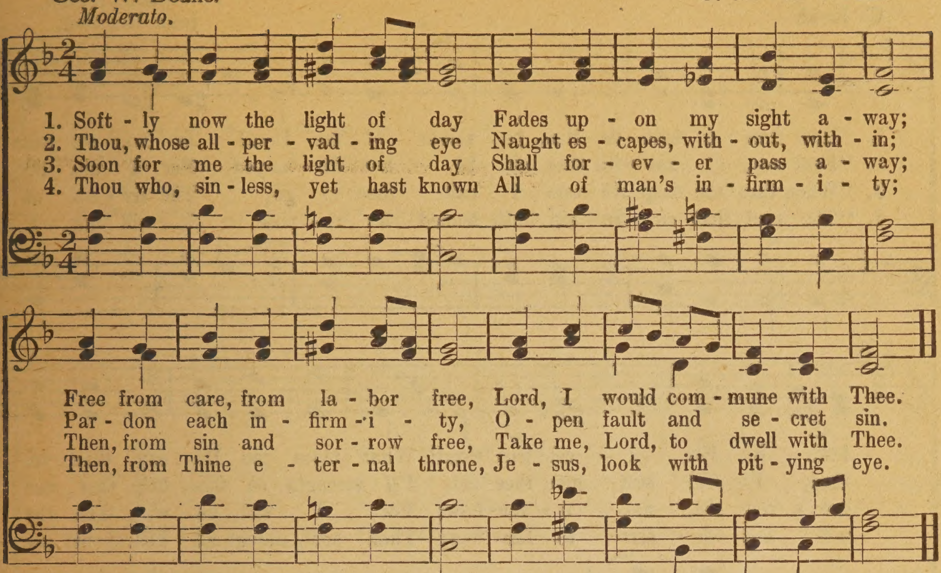
S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.


1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful! Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or
Leads a- gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ner go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre - vail, We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

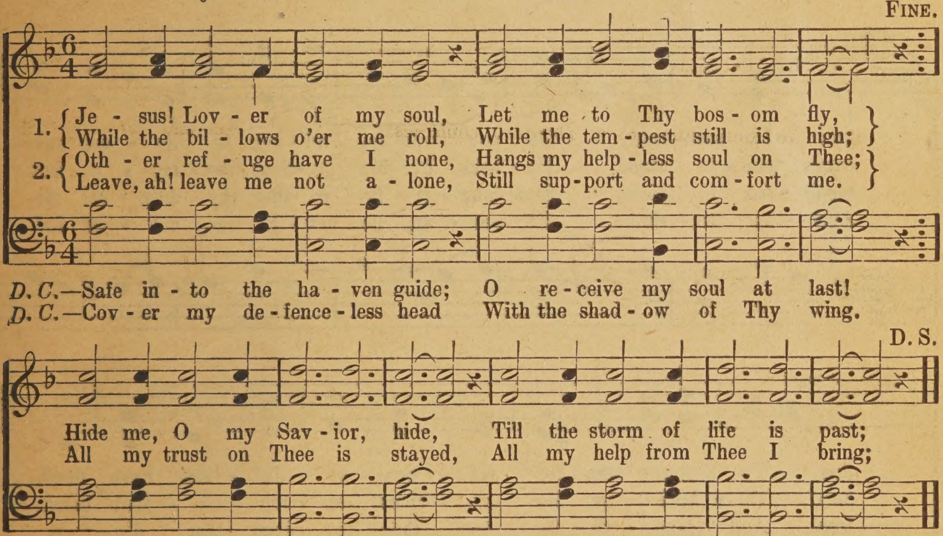
92 Softly Now the Light of Day.

Geo. W. Doane. C. M. von Weber.


Moderato.
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in;
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pit - ying eye.

93 Jesus! Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.


FINE.
1. Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the bil - lows o'er me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
D. C.—Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
D. S.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

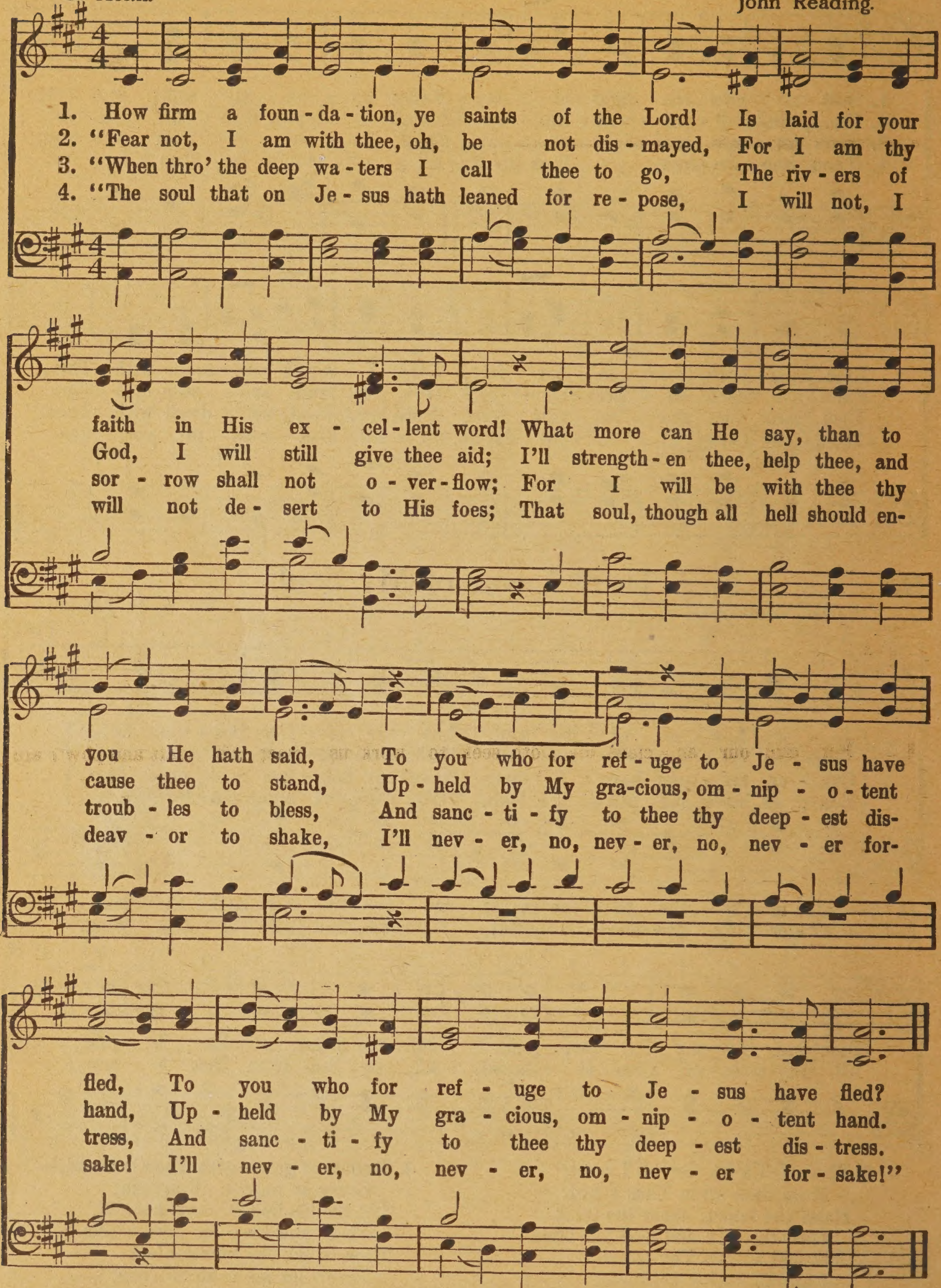
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than have the fame of all the kings that ever sat upon the thrones of power.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

How Firm a Foundation.

G. Keith.

Portuguese Hymn.
John Reading.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand,
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.

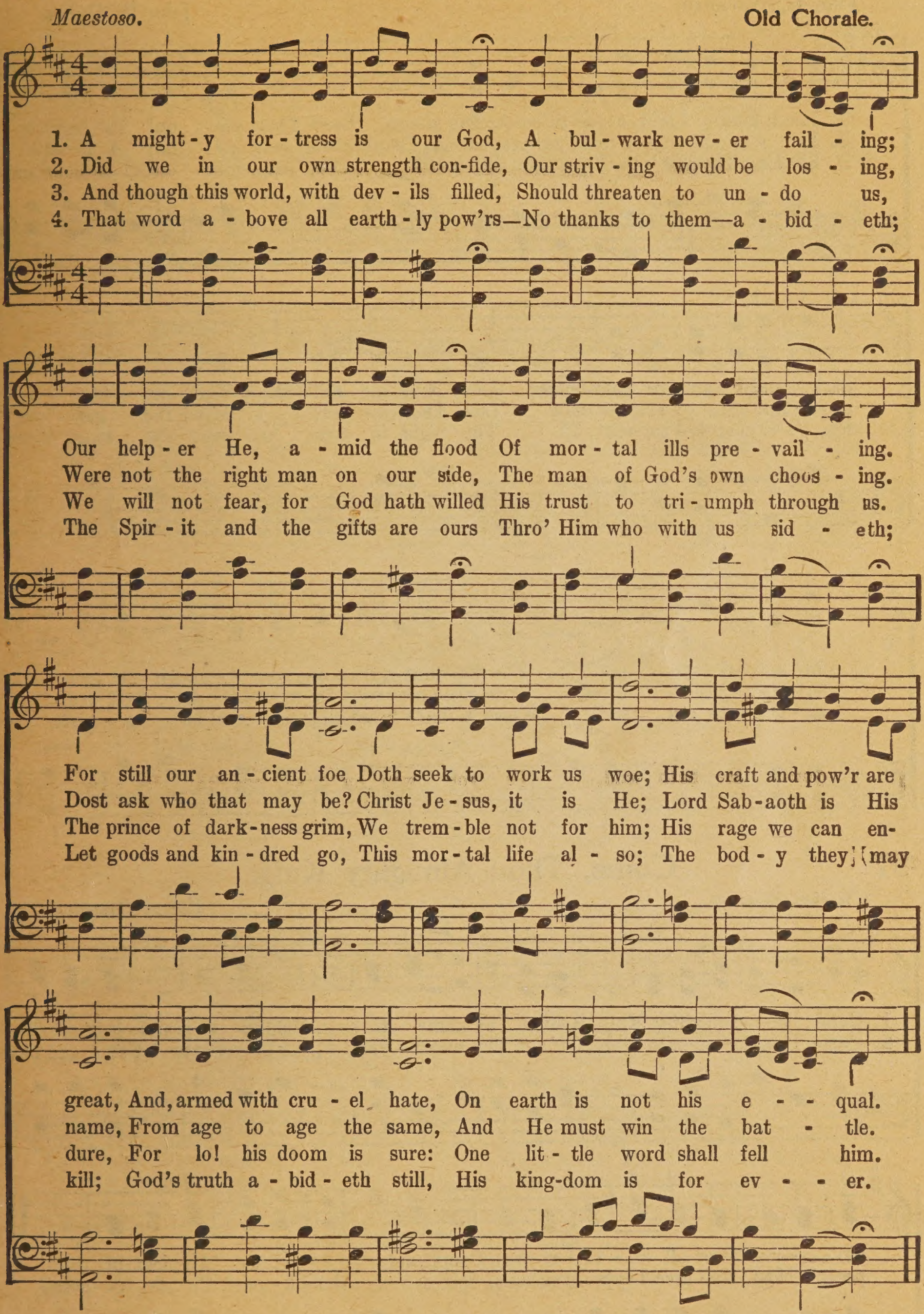
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!"

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.—*Johnson.*

95 A Mighty Fortress.

Old Chorale.

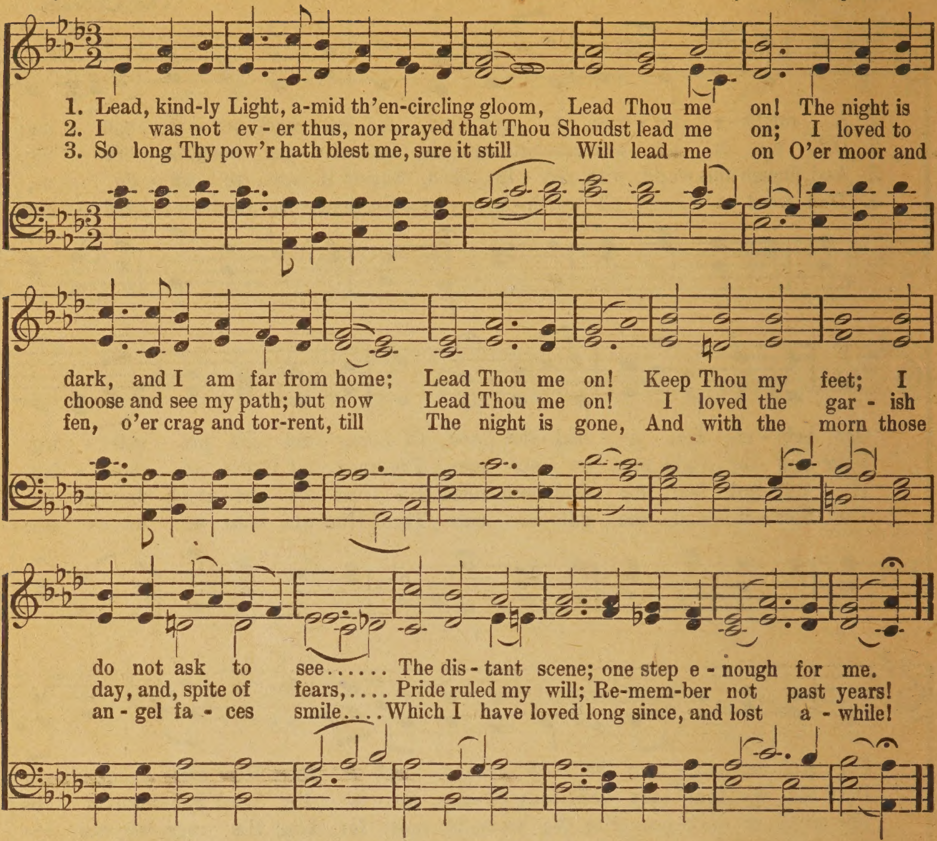

Maestoso.
1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing,
3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—abideth;
Our helper He, amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choosing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sideth;
For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim, We tremble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life also; The body they may
great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One little word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is for ever.

The King's name is a tower of strength.—*King Richard III.*
The name of the Lord is a strong tower.—*Prov. xviii, 10.*

96

Lead, Kindly Light.

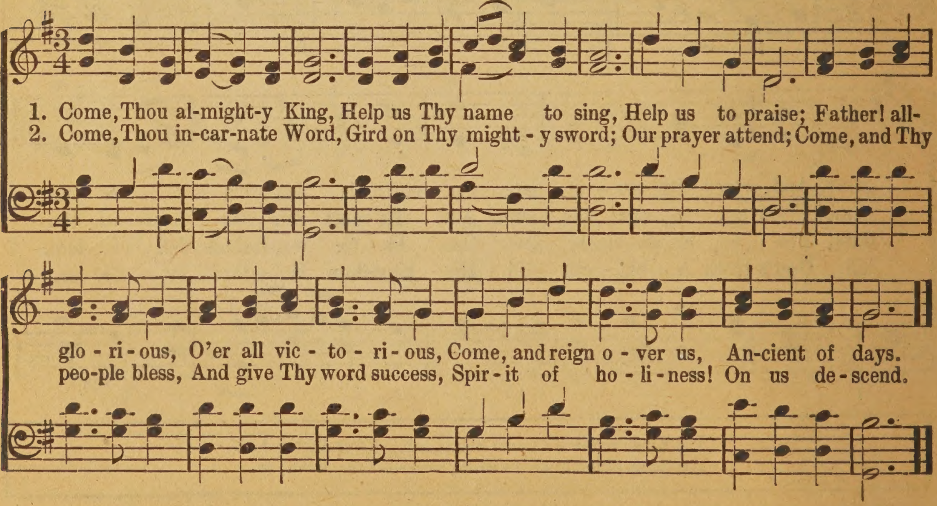
John H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shoudst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see...... The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears,.... Pride ruled my will; Re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile.... Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

97

Come, Thou Almighty King.

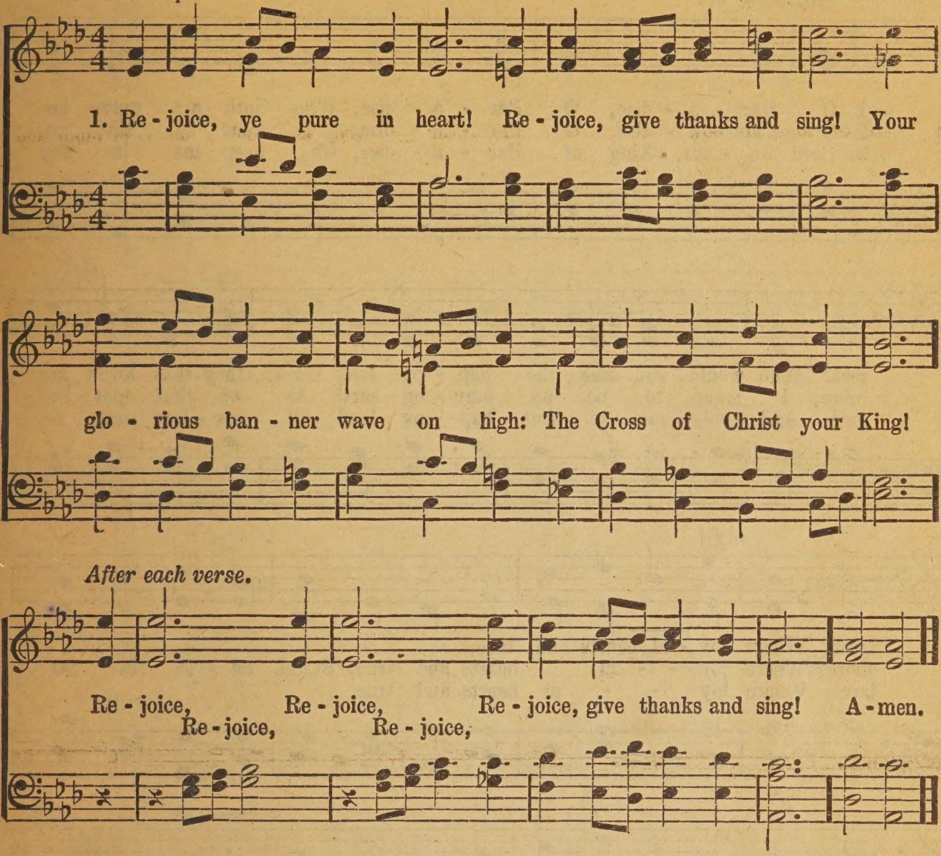
Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father! all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our prayer attend; Come, and Thy
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart!

E. H. Plumptre.

Marion.
A. H. Messiter.


1. Re-joice, ye pure in heart! Re-joice, give thanks and sing! Your
glo-rious ban-ner wave on high: The Cross of Christ your King!
After each verse.
Re-joice, Re-joice, Re-joice, Re-joice, Re-joice, give thanks and sing! A-men.

2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek:
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!

3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4 Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day!

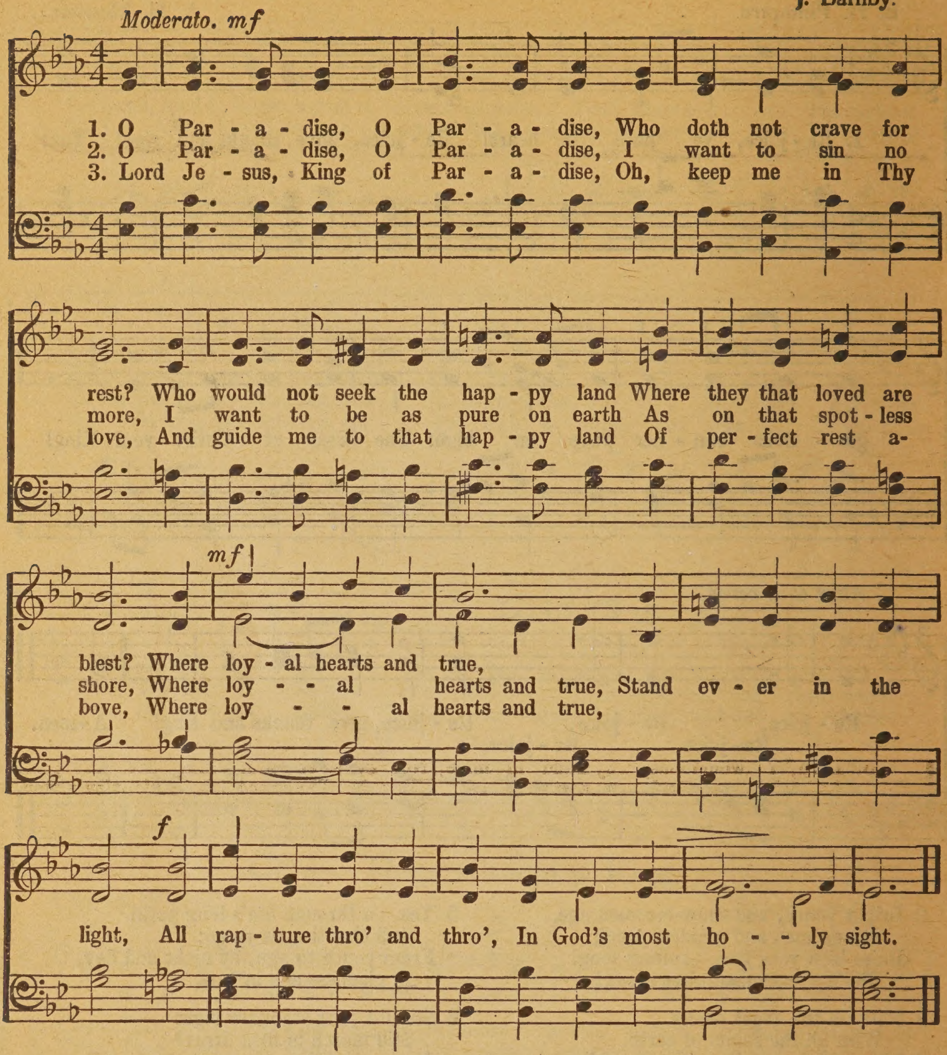
7 At last the march shall end;
The wearied ones shall rest:
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King. Amen.

"The wedding service was beautiful—impressive, and I shall not soon forget the joyousness with which the well drilled boy-choir sang 'Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart.'"

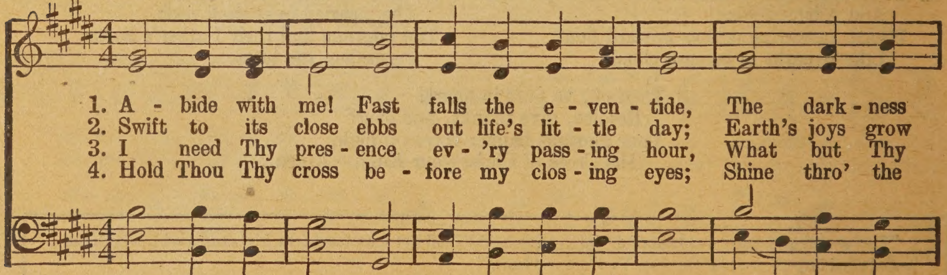
99 O Paradise.

J. Barnby.

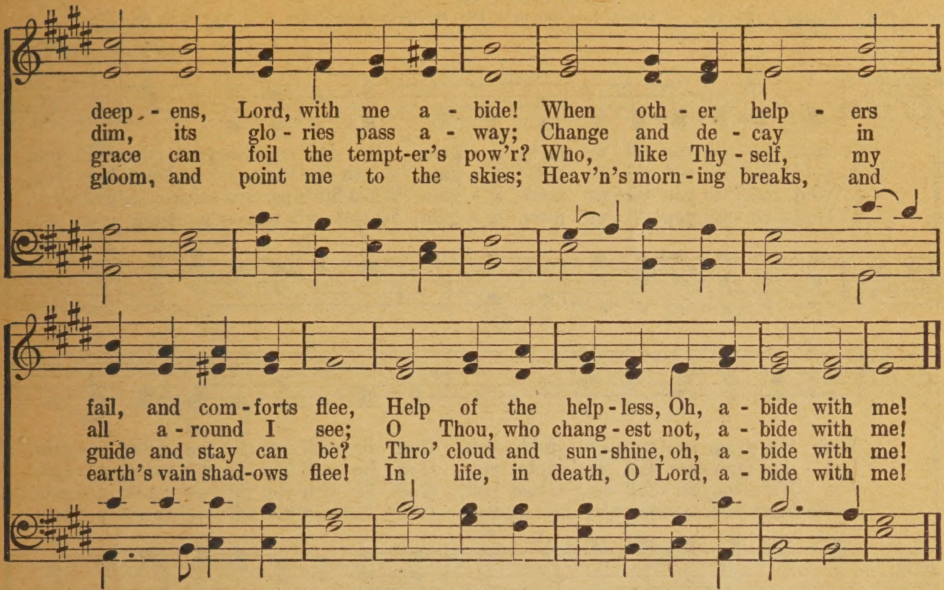

Moderato. mf
1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no
3. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy
rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are
more, I want to be as pure on earth As on that spot - less
love, And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a-
mf
blest? Where loy - al hearts and true,
shore, Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the
bove, Where loy - - al hearts and true,
f
light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - - ly sight.

100 Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte. (Eventide.) William H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

Abide With Me.

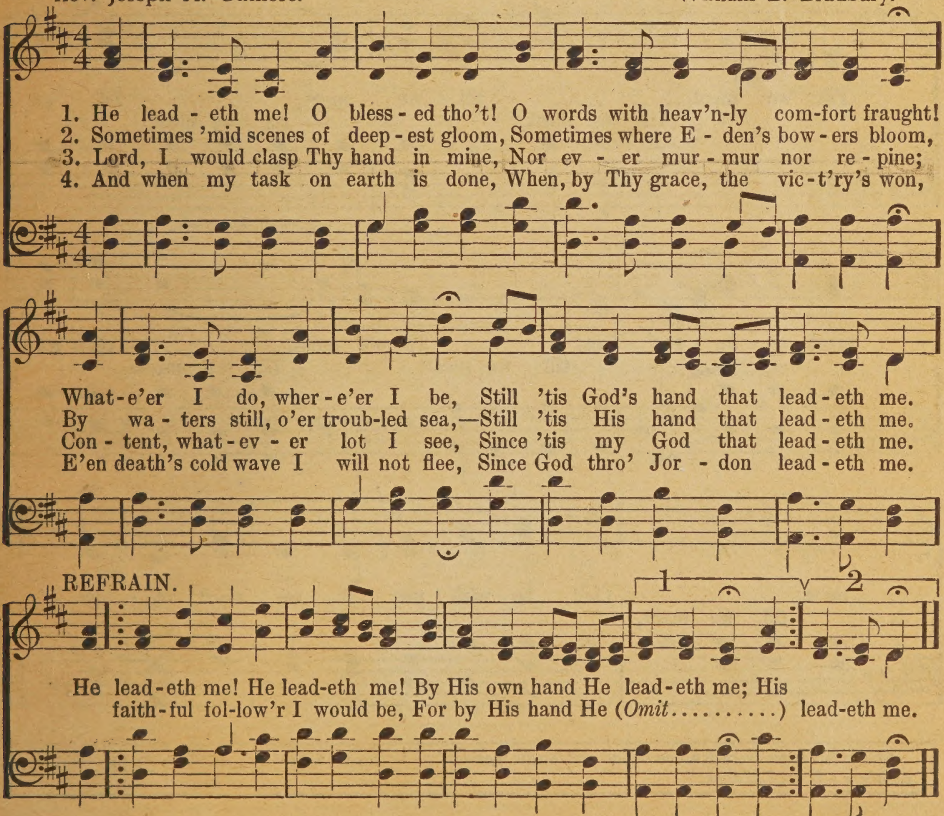

deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shad-ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

101

He Leadeth Me.

Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

William B. Bradbury.


1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep - est gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - don lead - eth me.
REFRAIN.
1
2
He lead - eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me; His
faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He (Omit..........) lead-eth me.

God Be With You—(Mizpah.)

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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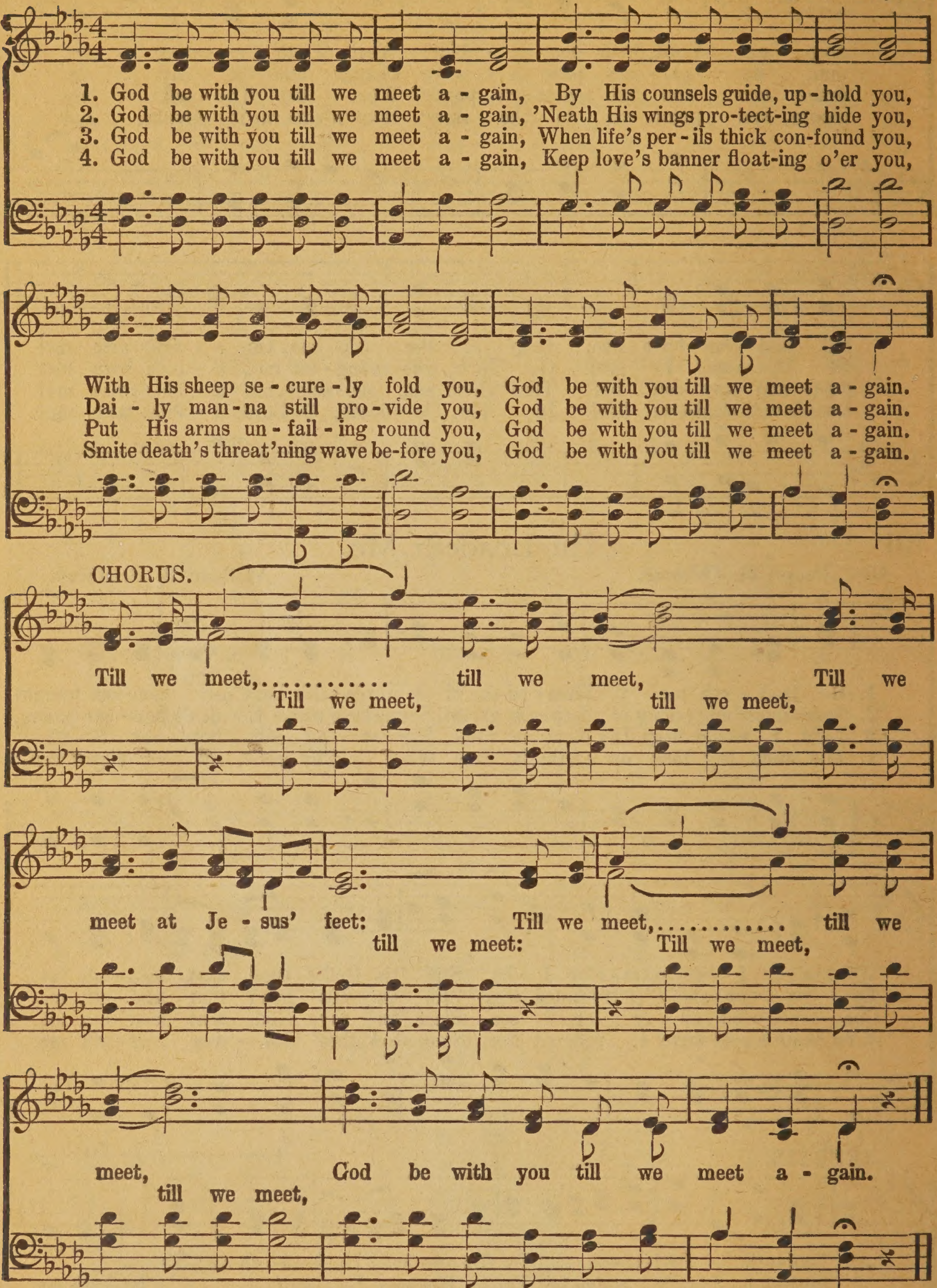
W. G. Tomer.
Arr. by Henry S. Sawyer.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide, up - hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Put His arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet,............ till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je - sus' feet: Till we meet,............ till we
till we meet: Till we meet,
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet,

Music can move or melt an audience and ought therefore to be made a powerful auxiliary to the faithful preacher —*Lowell Mason.*

The Spanish Cavalier.

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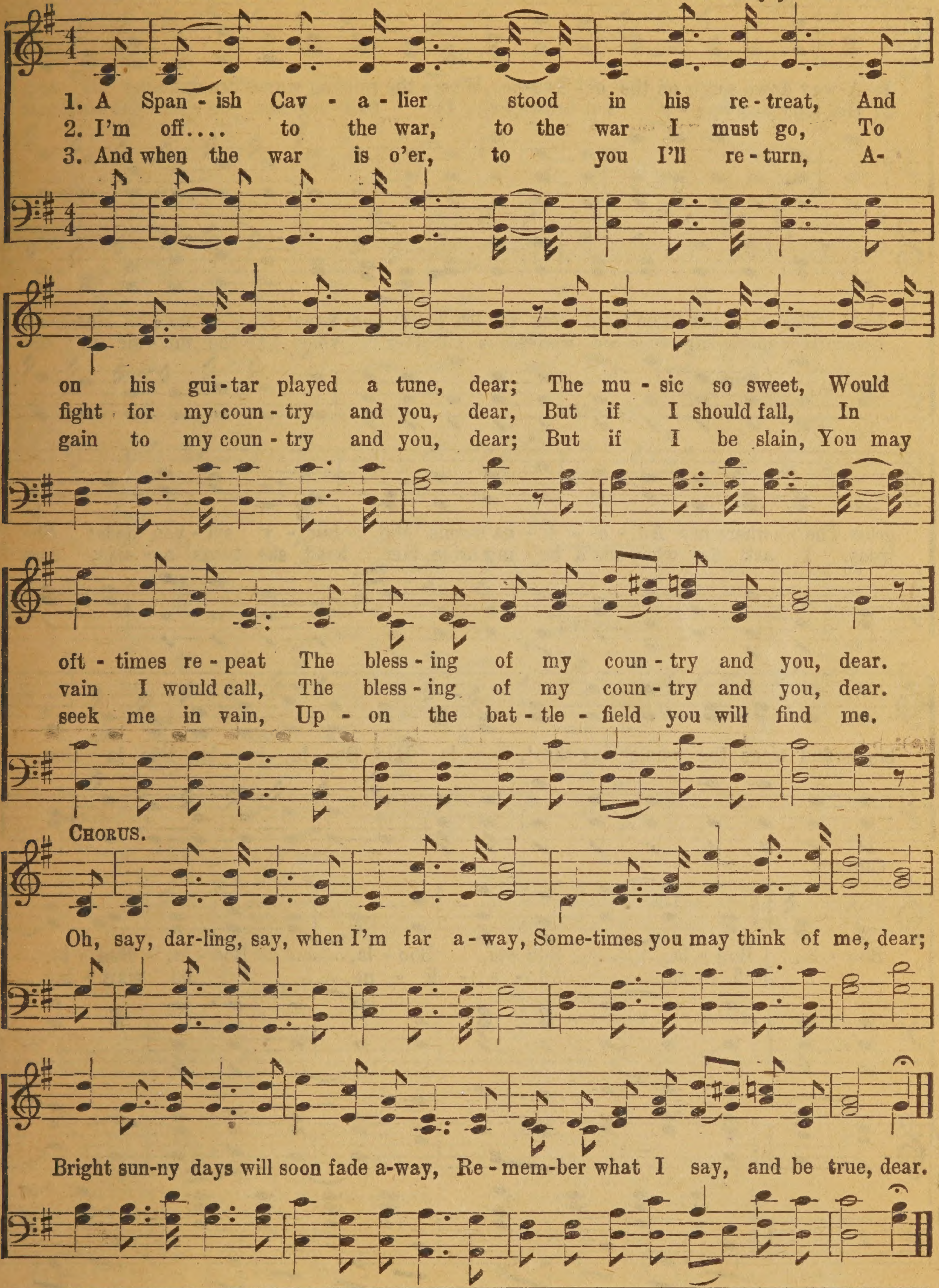
Wm. D. Hendrickson-1880.

Wm. D. Hendrickson.
Arr. by J. S. Fearis.


1. A Span-ish Cav-a-lier stood in his re-treat, And
2. I'm off.... to the war, to the war I must go, To
3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, A-
on his gui-tar played a tune, dear; The mu-sic so sweet, Would
fight for my coun-try and you, dear, But if I should fall, In
gain to my coun-try and you, dear; But if I be slain, You may
oft-times re-peat The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear.
seek me in vain, Up-on the bat-tle-field you will find me.
Chorus.
Oh, say, dar-ling, say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear;
Bright sun-ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.

"Through music a child enters into a world of beauty, expresses his inmost self, tastes the joy of creating, widens his sympathies, develops his mind, soothes and refines his spirit and adds grace to his body."—*National Child Welfare Association.*

Boola Song.

(ADELINA, THE YALE BOOLA GIRL.)

C. H. L.

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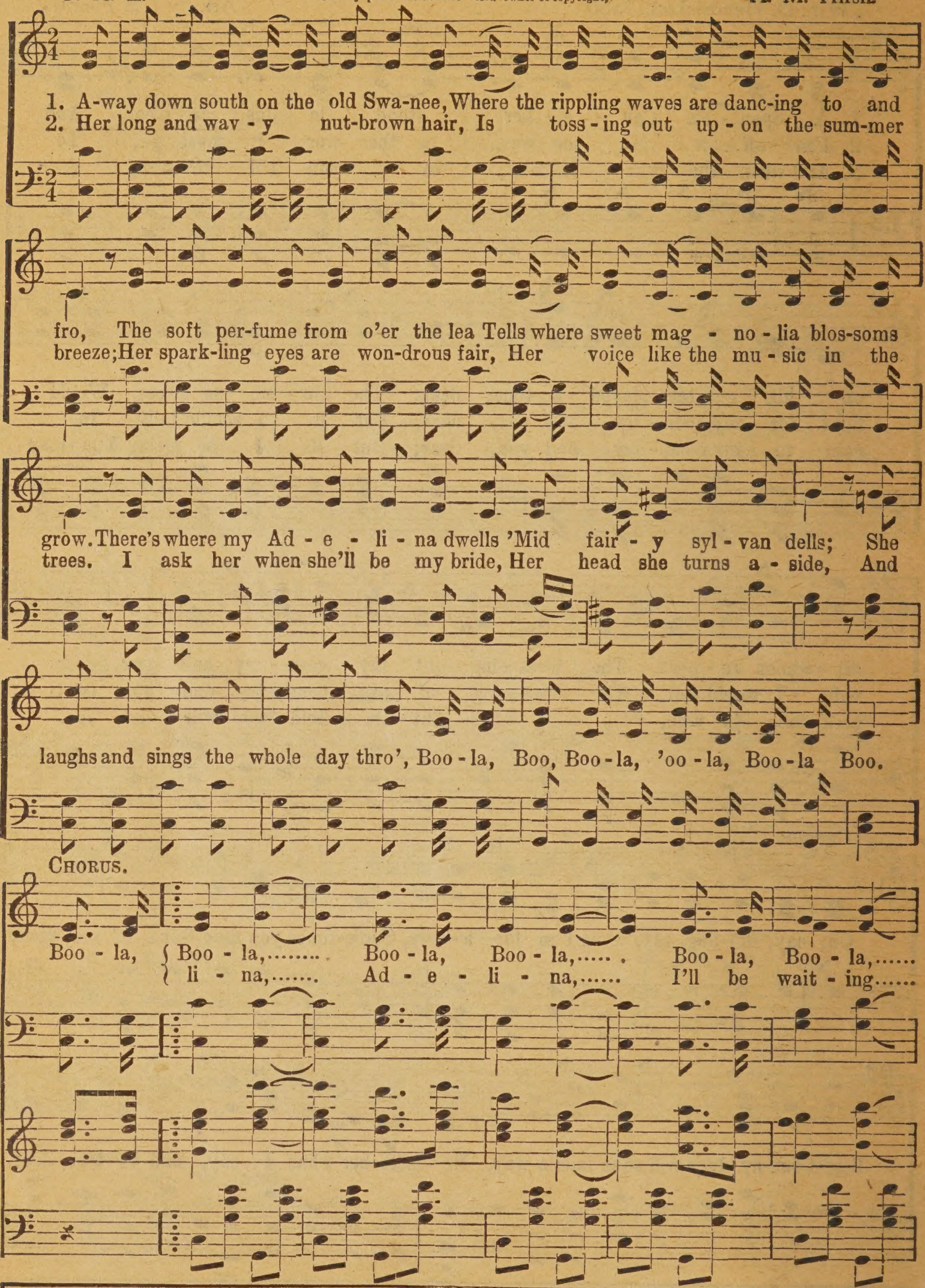
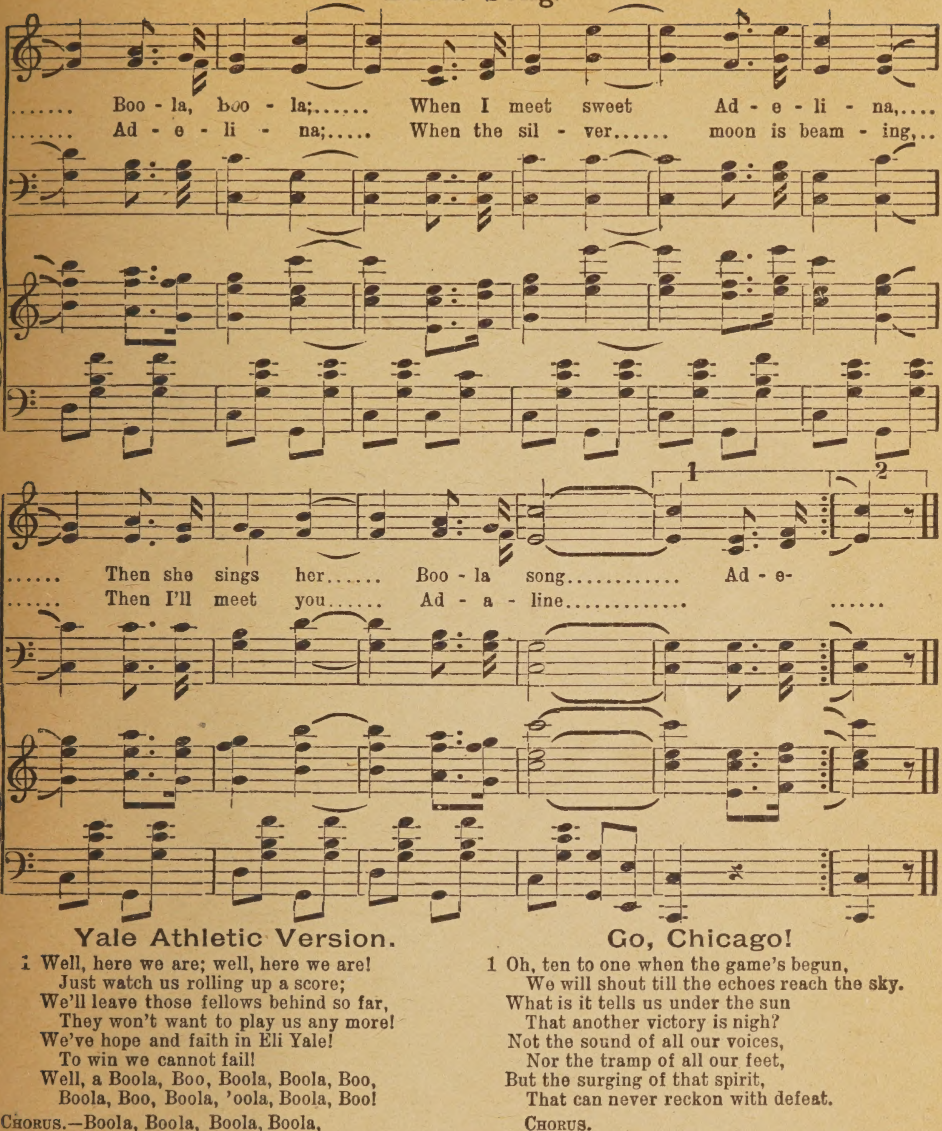
A. M. Hirsh.


1. A-way down south on the old Swa-nee, Where the rippling waves are danc-ing to and
2. Her long and wav-y nut-brown hair, Is toss-ing out up-on the sum-mer
fro, The soft per-fume from o'er the lea Tells where sweet mag-no-lia blos-soms
breeze; Her spark-ling eyes are won-drous fair, Her voice like the mu-sic in the
grow. There's where my Ad-e-li-na dwells 'Mid fair-y syl-van dells; She
trees. I ask her when she'll be my bride, Her head she turns a-side, And
laughs and sings the whole day thro', Boo-la, Boo, Boo-la, 'oo-la, Boo-la Boo.
CHORUS.
Boo-la, Boo-la,........ Boo-la, Boo-la,...... Boo-la, Boo-la,......
li-na,....... Ad-e-li-na,...... I'll be wait-ing......

> Music can noble hints impart,
> Engender fury, kindle love;
> With unsuspected eloquence can move
> And manage all the man with secret art.—*Addison.*

Boola Song.


.... Boo - la, boo - la;...... When I meet sweet Ad - e - li - na,....
.... Ad - e - li - na;..... When the sil - ver...... moon is beam - ing,..
...... Then she sings her...... Boo - la song............ Ad - e-
...... Then I'll meet you...... Ad - a - line............ ......
1
2

Yale Athletic Version.

1 Well, here we are; well, here we are!
Just watch us rolling up a score;
We'll leave those fellows behind so far,
They won't want to play us any more!
We've hope and faith in Eli Yale!
To win we cannot fail!
Well, a Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo!

CHORUS.—Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
When we're through with these poor fellows,
They will holler "Boola Boo!" (Rah, Rah, Rah)
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale, Oh, Yale, Eli Yale,
Oh, Yale, Eli Yale, Oh, Yale, Eli Yale!

2 Now isn't it a shame, now isn't it a shame,
To do those fellows up so bad?
We've done it before, we can do it once more,
Though they'll feel very, very sad.
We'll roll up the score so very high,
That you will hear them sigh,
Boola, Boola, Boo, Boola, Boola, Boo,
Boola, Boo, Boola, 'oola, Boola, Boo.

Go, Chicago!

1 Oh, ten to one when the game's begun,
We will shout till the echoes reach the sky.
What is it tells us under the sun
That another victory is nigh?
Not the sound of all our voices,
Nor the tramp of all our feet,
But the surging of that spirit,
That can never reckon with defeat.

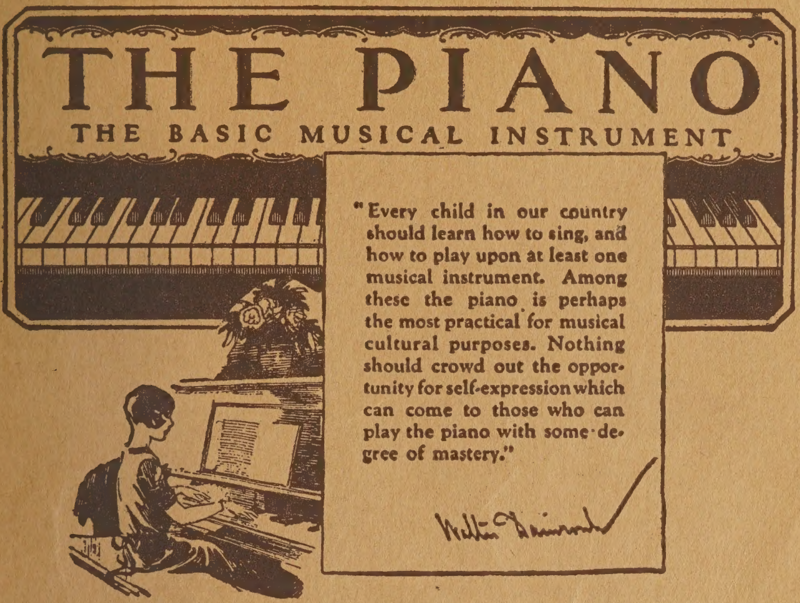
CHORUS.
Go, Chi—ca—go! Go, Chi—ca—go!
Go, Chi—ca—go! Go, Chi—ca—go!
Go, Chi—ca—go! Go, Chi—ca—go!
Go, Chi—ca—go! CHI—CA—GO, Go! Go,
Chi—ca—go!

2 Away 'way up on our bleachers high,
With our colors flaunting in the sky,
We make the air with "Chicago" ring.
And her praise with might and main we sing.
We'll stand by her when the fight is on,
And when the battle's won
We'll shout and sing the whole day long
Chicago's joyful triumph song.

The Cable Company's Pianos may be found in six of the great Universities of the Central West, in the State Universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Illinois, the University of Chicago, and Northwestern University.

THE PIANO

THE BASIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



> "Every child in our country should learn how to sing, and how to play upon at least one musical instrument. Among these the piano is perhaps the most practical for musical cultural purposes. Nothing should crowd out the opportunity for self-expression which can come to those who can play the piano with some degree of mastery."

PROBABLY no one is better qualified than Walter Damrosch to say just what part the piano should play in the life of every child. Forty-two years' experience as Conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra gives him the unquestioned right to say that the piano is the most practical of all instruments for musical cultural purposes.

Walter Damrosch knows that the ability to play the piano brings an infinite pleasure both to those who play and those who listen. For the piano is the basic musical instrument—the foundation of all music.

The new methods of teaching have made learning to play the piano simpler than ever before. This new process of Group Piano Instruction is a source of interest and pleasure because it carries the children into the actual playing of melodies from the start.

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